



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }
Vol. III., No. 1. }

JANUARY, 1866.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols. }

London Quarterly Review.

THE DANTE COMMEMORATION.*

THE celebration of the Dante Festival, so long enthusiastically anticipated and prepared for by all Italy, was held in Florence on the fourteenth and two following days of May last. It is worthy of observation, that this festival on the six hundredth birthday of the Florentine Poet, should so nearly synchronize with the elevation of his birthplace to the dignity of a royal city, and its promotion to be the metropolis of Italy. It is equally gratifying that this festival should occur so soon after the establishment of Italian Unity; an object of Dante's devout aspiration, and to which his immortal works have in some measure

contributed. It was the gathering of all Italy around her constitutional king, to do honor to the genius and patriotism of her greatest poet; whose name is one of her chief glories, and who has done so much to form her language and literature, to develop her national spirit, and to aid in advancing her to the position she now so proudly occupies. Even Venice and Rome, not yet politically united with the kingdom of Italy, though united with her in spirit and hope, were represented on the recent auspicious occasion, alike in the splendid procession moving from the square of Santo Spirito, and in the multitudinous and enthusiastic assemblage and impressive ceremonies in the Piazza di Santa Croce.

* 1. The Dante Festival. From our own Correspondent. *The Times*, May 19, 1865.

2. The Daily Telegraph, (Leading Article,) May 17, 1865.

3. The Inferno of Dante, Translated in the Metre of the original. By James Ford, M.A., Prebendary of Exeter. Smith and Co., Cornhill.

NEW SERIES—Vol. III. No. 1

4. Critical, Historical, and Philosophical Contributions to the study of the Divina Commedia. By Henry Clark Barlow, M.D. Williams and Co., 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

5. The Trilogy; or, Dante's Three Visions: Translated, with Notes and Illustrations. By Rev. J. W. Thomas. Bohn, 1861.

The spirit of Dante, though intensely Italian, was also cosmopolitan. He loved his country with an ardent affection, but he lived and breathed in an atmosphere far above his contemporaries; and although born in the thirteenth, and flourishing in the beginning of the fourteenth century, he belonged not to one age, but to all time. He had in his nature and character so much of the *VATES*—the prophet poet—that he anticipated the future of his country, and influenced her destinies through every subsequent age, preserving in his immortal verse for posterity the knowledge of his own times, and transmitting to us a more correct conception of them than their own prolix and discordant annals have afforded. Though “his soul was like a star and dwelt apart,” it shed its lustre on the scene above which it rose, and rendered attractive events which history overlooked, and which the pen of the mere historian could not have endowed with interest, or invested with importance.

The name of Dante is not only the most conspicuous in medieval history, but as a poet he takes rank among the foremost in any age or nation. Macaulay places him above all the ancient poets, except Homer. Many a name, illustrious during the middle ages, has been obscured by the lapse of time and the change of circumstances; but that of Dante still holds its place in the literary firmament, and shines with undiminished lustre. Of middle stature and grave deportment, his dress plain, and his manner at times a little absent and abstracted, he was endowed with extraordinary powers of mind; the mould in which he was cast was one of the choicest—

“The master-mould of Nature’s heavenly hand,
Wherein are cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave.”

The moral and political condition of Italy in Dante’s time was very lamentable. Its Christianity had long been debased by error and superstition. From the Church the glory had departed, and the Ark of God was in captivity among its enemies. The pretended successors of St. Peter had risen from the condition of subjects to

that of sovereign princes, and their dominion operated as a blight on public and private virtue and happiness. The commandments of God were made void by the traditions of men; and the system of clerical celibacy and priestly absolution tended to undermine and deprave the morals of society; while the traffic in indulgences, introduced by Urban the Second in the eleventh century, under pretence of raising funds for rescuing the Holy Land from the infidel, gave direct encouragement to licentiousness and crime. These evils were aggravated by the violence of party-spirit, which appeared to rage without control. Every town and city was rent by the contending parties of Guelph and Ghibeline, and whenever either of these prevailed the other was driven into exile. The popes endeavored to maintain their political ascendancy by encouraging the animosities of the two factions, and sometimes by inviting the assistance of foreign potentates. Thus Italy became the theatre of bloody and desolating wars; and the German emperor, the Frenchman, and the Spaniard, successively made her their prey. Unity, alone, was wanting, to make the Alps impassable to the invader, and to preserve Italian freedom from the yoke of the stranger; but the consummation of this obvious means of security was delayed for six hundred years by virulent hatreds, and by the rivalry and furious passions of contending republics which led them to sacrifice material prosperity, and civil and political freedom and welfare, to native tyrants and foreign invaders; thus preparing the way for ages of ignominy and bondage.

Yet these Italian states had been the birth-place and cradle of European civilization, laws, literature, arts, and sciences. We are more indebted to their example and influence than most persons are aware. When the rest of Europe was comparatively poor and barbarous, Italy was prosperous and civilized. The open country round each city was cultivated by an industrious peasantry, whose labor placed them in easy and often affluent circumstances. The citizen proprietors advanced them capital, and shared

their harvests. At vast expense and with immense labor, embankments were constructed to preserve the plains from inundation by the rivers annually swollen through the melting of the Alpine snows. They are alluded to by Dante, *Inferno*, xv. 7-9. The Naviglio Grande of Milan, which connects the Ticino and the Po, was constructed in the twelfth century, chiefly for the purpose of irrigation, and was the earliest artificial canal in Europe, with the possible exception of that between Bruges and Ghent. It is still useful for its original purpose, the country on each side, which is the finest part of Lombardy, being watered by its numerous branches. At a time, too, when the inhabitants of London and Paris could not step out of their houses without plunging deep into mud, the cities of Italy, walled and terraced, were for the most part paved with broad flagstones; the rivers were spanned by bridges of bold and elegant structure; and the palaces of the magistracy united strength with grandeur. One of the most magnificent of them, the *Palazza Vecchio*, or old palace, was built in 1298 by Arnolfo, as the residence of the Gonfaloniere and the Priori. There were commenced by him before A.D. 1300, the Church of Santa Croce, which has been called the Westminster Abbey and the Pantheon of Florence, in front of which the Dante Celebration was held in May last; and the Church of Santa Maria Fiore, which is the Cathedral of the city. The cupola of the latter is the largest dome in the world; it was erected in 1420 by Brunelleschi, who was born several years after Dante's decease. This dome served Michael Angelo as a model for St. Peter's. His admiration of it was so great, that he used to say: "Come te non voglio, meglio di te non posso," (Like thee I will not build, better I can not.) In the year 1300, that of Arnolfo's death and Dante's vision, Andrea di Pisa cast the admirable bronze gates of the Baptistery of St. John standing opposite the Duomo at Florence, which Michael Angelo pronounced "worthy to be the gates of Paradise." Dante's attachment to this building appears from his calling

it "Il bel mio san Giovanni," (My beautiful St. John.) On the south side of the piazza or square, common to the Baptistery and Duomo, is a flagstone inscribed *Sasso di Dante*, where formerly stood a stone seat on which he used to sit and contemplate the cathedral and its magnificent campanile. In the same age the art of painting was revived by Cimabue and his greater disciple Giotto, and that of music by Casella, both of whom were friends of Dante, and are all three celebrated by him in the *Divina Commedia*. Throughout Italy the study of the classics, of history, philosophy, and ethics, was now revived; but it was in Florence that the love of liberty was most pervading and persistent; her judicial institutions were the first that guarded the welfare of the citizens; here improvement in legislation soonest appeared, and mental cultivation was carried farthest.

The poetry of Dante was greatly influenced by the early poetry of France. The Romance language in Gaul preceded that of Italy, and was divided into two dialects. The Provençal, the earliest of the European languages that sprang out of the decay of Latin, was the one employed by the Troubadors, the instructors of Europe in the rules of modern versification. At the beginning of the twelfth century, Italian was not believed capable of becoming a polished language, or worthy to be employed in the composition of poetry. The first lisplings of the Italian muse were but faint echoes and humble imitations of the Provençal lyrics. It was after the long night of ages that these stars of the dawn had risen, so famous in their time; but they were soon made to pale their ineffectual fires before the superior splendor of Dante's genius. Besides the Troubadors, whose genius was lyric, and who sang of "faithful" or faithless "loves," there were the Trouveurs of Northern France, whose genius was epic, and who in the Wallon dialect (Norman French) sang "fierce warres." In three different parts of his poem, Dante alludes to the romance of *Lancelotte du Lac*, and besides these allusions to the romances of the Trouveurs, their spirit may be recognized in the

majestic allegories of Dante, who, according to Sismondi, took for his model the most ancient and celebrated of them, the *Romance of the Rose*, which, however, he has infinitely surpassed.

DANTE was born at Florence, May fourteenth, 1265. His baptismal name was Durante, afterward abbreviated to Dante. His ancestry, connections, and the incidents of his life, are best gathered from his works. His grandfather, Cacciaguida D'Elisei, married a lady of the Aldighieri or Alighieri family of Ferrara, whose children assumed the arms and name of their mother. Cacciaguida accompanied the Emperor Conrad the Third in his crusade to the Holy Land, was knighted for his valor, and died in battle against the Saracen Infidels, A.D. 1147. Hence the poet, in his *Paradiso*, exalts him to the rank of a martyr, and makes him relate his adventures and describe the condition of Florence, and the simple and primitive manner of its inhabitants, before the breaking out of the great feud between the Guelphs and Ghibelines. While Dante was yet a child, his father died and left him to the care of his mother, who, being wealthy and a woman of sense, gave him the best education that could be procured. One of his preceptors was Brunetto Latini, an eminent scholar and poet, who from the early indications of his pupil's genius, appears to have prognosticated his preëminence and renown.

Dante relates his meeting with him in the Shades below :

" 'A glorious port thou canst not miss, thy star
So thou but follow,' he to me replied,
'If well I judged thee in the life more fair.' "

Dante's gratitude to his preceptor is shown in his reply :

"E'er in my memory fixed, now grieves my heart
The dear and good paternal image known
Of you on earth, where with a master's art
You taught me how eternity is won.
How dear I hold the lesson, while I live
'Tis fit should by my eloquence be shown."

In the ninth year of his age, he first saw a young lady a few months older than himself, an event which left an indelible impression on his mind and

character. Such early attachments are often the purest, and the most lasting in their influence: how often has some object of boyish passion, removed by death, been enshrined in the memory, and visited the dreams to the end of life! But never was the early love of human genius immortalized like Dante's. The vision of Beatrice Portinari, seen at a festival given by her father to the young people of the city, on May-day, 1274, never departed from him. In *La Vita Nuova*, the earliest of his known productions, he relates, with infinite delicacy, the incidents of that youthful passion which helped to stamp his destiny as a poet, and inspired his hymn of the eternal rest. As in the case of another great poet—one of our own country—the object of this first and passionate love could not be his. Yet

"She was his life;
The ocean to the river of his thoughts."

After several years of declining health, she died at the age of twenty-five; unconscious, probably, or but half-conscious of the interest which she had awakened in the breast of her youthful admirer, who has linked her name with his own in the immortality of his great poem. To her he consecrated the earliest strains of his lyre; in his maturer age, when passing through the regions of blessedness, she is his chosen guide; and while he listens to celestial harmony, amidst the shining company of saints and angels, her presence heightens heaven.

Dante's youth was distinguished by a noble and contemplative disposition, and that enthusiasm for study which is the surest presage of distinction, and which accompanied him through every period of his life. Among his most intimate friends were some of the distinguished men of his time—philosophers, poets, and artists. In the pursuit of wisdom, he not only studied in the famous universities of Padua and Bologna, but is also said to have visited those of Paris and Oxford. He belonged to the Guelph party, which at that time ruled in Florence; and although not a warrior by profession, was in the battle of

Campaldino; in which, June, 1289, the Ghibelines of Arezzo were defeated. Thus he commences the twenty-seventh canto of *Inferno*:

"I have seen horsemen shift their camp, and I
Have seen them join in fight, and at review,
And sometimes quit the battle-field and fly.
I've seen the light-armed squadrons riding
through
Thy plains, Arezzo, and the troopers fleet."

Soon after this he married Gemma Dinato, a lady of a powerful Guelph family; and in 1300, at the age of thirty five, was elected chief magistrate, or first of the Priori. It was not long, however, before a schism occurred in the Guelph party, which gave rise to the two factions of Bianchi and Neri, (whites and blacks;) the Donati, with whom the poet was allied in marriage, taking part with the Neri, while Dante himself, induced by personal friendship and the claims of justice, united himself with the Bianchi. Dante and his fellow magistrates having called the citizens to their protection and aid, sent the chiefs of both factions into temporary banishment. The Neri betook themselves to Pope Boniface the Eighth, who sent Charles de Valois, brother of the French King, to the help of that party in Florence. This led to a general proscription of the Bianchi, many of whom were slain, and their houses plundered and burnt; others were driven into exile. Dante had been deputed to Rome by the Bianchi, to counteract, if possible, the machinations of their adversaries. His house was plundered in his absence; and he, on hearing of the proscription, left Rome, and joined his exiled friends at Arezzo. In January, 1302, a sentence was passed by the Florentine magistrates, condemning him to two years' exile, and a fine of eight thousand florins. By a second sentence, he and others were condemned, as *barrattieri*, (swindlers,) to be *burnt alive*! The sentence was grounded on "publica fama," which, in this case, meant the slander of his enemies.

On the death of Boniface the Eighth, and the election of Benedict the Eleventh, a man of mild and conciliating disposition, some hopes of reconciliation were entertained by the exiles. The new Pope sent a legate to Florence

for the purpose of restoring peace; but the ruling party thwarted his endeavors, and the legate retired, leaving the city a prey to anarchy; during which, in June, 1304, nineteen hundred houses were destroyed by a conflagration. The Bianchi and Ghibelines, during the confusion, made an unsuccessful attempt to surprise and reënter the town.

Dante's life thenceforward was to be a life of wandering and dependence; and with that susceptibility which belongs to poetic natures, he felt the more keenly the miseries of such a condition. Thus his grandfather tells him:

"Thou wilt leave every thing which thou most
dearly
Hast loved; and this first shaft which thou
must bear,
Will from the bow of exile touch thee nearly.
Next thou wilt find how hard it is to share
The bread of others, and how hard the wending
To mount and to descend another's stair.
But the worst load thy shoulders then offending
Will be the vile and senseless concourse
thrown
Along with thee, and in that vale descending,
Which all ungrateful, mad, and impious grown,
Will turn against thee; but in little space,
Not thy brows will be crimsoned but their
own,
Of their brutality with rapid pace
They'll give plain proof; 'tis therefore well
for thee
That thou a party by thyself dost place."

Paradiso, canto xvii. ll. 55-69. (Thomas's tr.)

Dante endeavored to obtain a revocation of the sentence which had been pronounced against him; for which purpose he addressed his countrymen in a pathetic letter, commencing: "Popule mi, quid tibi fecisti?" (My people, what have I done to thee?) But it had no effect; the family of Adimari, who had got possession of his estate, opposed with all their influence an act of justice which would have deprived them of their newly-won spoil. In 1306, he resided at Padua, and in 1307 was hospitably entertained at Sinigiana, by the Marquis Morello Malespina. He went thence to Gubbio, and remained some time with Busone, between whom and himself there existed a strict friendship. His next sojourn was again at Verona, drawn thither by the amiable and enlightened charac-

ter of its joint rulers, Can Francisco and Alboino Scagligeri, the former of whom had the title of *Il Grande*, on account of his exploits in the war with Padua, and both being celebrated throughout Italy for the splendor of their court, and their munificent patronage of learning. On the death of the Emperor Albert, May, 1308, Dante exerted himself with the utmost vigor on behalf of Henry, Prince of Luxembourg, one of the candidates for the imperial crown; from whose interposition, if successful, the Bianchi hoped for a favorable change in their condition. It was to encourage the partisans of Henry, that Dante wrote his treatise *De Monarchiâ*, in which he advocates, with great strength of argument, the independence of the civil power. To his great joy, the election of Henry was proclaimed, and the imperial army was shortly on its way to Florence. Henry halted before he got within sight of the walls, and then withdrew his forces, to pursue other measures more in accordance with his policy. The last glimmer of hope was extinguished by his premature death in the following year, 1313.

Dante's next and latest sojourn was at Ravenna, with Guido Novella da Polenta, the lord of that ancient city and "fortress of falling empire," a nobleman of singular liberality, the father of the unfortunate Francesca di Rimini. His love of literature and admiration of the greatest man that Italy had produced in modern times, made him rejoice in the society and feel honored by the presence of such a guest. Here, enjoying the friendship of his generous and accomplished host, the venerable exile, after many years of wandering and anxiety, like a tempest-tost vessel that had reached the haven, was permitted to enjoy a season of repose.

It is said that about the year 1316 it was intimated to him by a friend, that on condition of acknowledging his fault and soliciting pardon, he might yet be permitted to return to Florence. But he refused, in words resembling those of Job, "Till I die, I will hold fast mine integrity;" nor would he degrade himself, even to escape the bitterness of dependence on strangers,

and the anguish of irrevocable exile. His last public act was an endeavor to negotiate peace on behalf of his patron with the State of Venice, with whom he had for some time been at war; but the proud rulers of that city refused him even an audience. His physical strength at length yielded to the weight of sorrow rather than years, and in September, 1321, at the age of fifty-seven, he died at Ravenna, in the palace of his patron, who testified his sorrow and respect by the splendor of his obsequies, and by giving orders to erect a monument, which however he did not live to complete. But even his death did not put an end to the hostility of his enemies. He was excommunicated after his death by the Pope.

"Yet by their curse we are not quite so lost
But that eternal mercy from on high
Can save, while hope the least green bloom can
boast."

Purgatorio, canto iii. 132.

Pope John XXII. had his treatise *De Monarchiâ* publicly burnt, and we have seen a copy of the Roman index of prohibited books in which it is honored with a place. On the expulsion of Guido da Polenta from Ravenna, the bones of Dante narrowly escaped a treatment similar to that undergone just a century later by those of Wicliff, whom in many respects he so much resembled. In 1677 Cardinal Beltramo del Pogetto ordered his bones, being those of an excommunicated heretic, to be taken from their coffin and burnt. It was not known till very recently by what means they escaped. The original monument having gone to decay—

"Quandoquidem data sunt ipis quoque fata
sepulchris" *Juvenal*, x. 146

—it was repaired and decorated in 1483 by Bernardo Bembo, Podesta of Ravenna for the Republic of Venice, and father of the Cardinal. Again, in 1692 it was restored at the public expense; and finally replaced by the present structure in 1780, at the cost of Cardinal Gonzaga of Mantua, the legate of that period. This mausoleum and the sarcophagus of Greek marble bearing the poet's portrait, and supposed to contain his ashes, have been

visited by thousands, including some of the greatest poets. Alfieri prostrated himself there, and expressed his feelings in one of the finest sonnets in the Italian language. Byron deposited a copy of his works on the tomb, and wrote:

"I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid:
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust."

They were deceived. "The monument was but an empty cenotaph." While we write, a statement respecting "the discovery of Dante's bones twelve days after the celebration of his sexcentenary birthday," is going the round of the papers. It seems almost a coincidence too good to be true, and too striking to be real, that the preparation for the Dante festival should have been the cause of the discovery. We copy from the *Athenæum*:

"In the year 1677, Cardinal Pogetta, of Ravenna, expressed his intention of having Dante's bones, being those of a heretic, taken from the coffin and burnt. The Archbishop, less of a bigot than the Cardinal, and a sincere admirer of the poet, had the remains secretly excavated and concealed in another part of the church. When the danger was over, the Archbishop died, and Dante's remains were not replaced in the original coffin. A few years more, and the grave in which they had been concealed was forgotten. . . . On the occasion of the festival, the town council had ordered some improvements to be made at the gravestone of the poet: this made some digging necessary between a building called Braccio-forte and the chapel in which Dante's sarcophagus stood. When the workmen tried to fix a pump to get rid of the superfluous water, and broke down an old wall of Braccio-forte, they discovered in this very wall a wooden box which fell to the ground. The box, being made of deal and badly joined, opened in the fall and the bones fell out. The box had two inscriptions written with a pen. On the outside, 'Dantis ossa à me Fra Antonio Santi hic posita, anno 1677, die Octobris.' The inscription inside is, 'Dantis ossa de nuper revisa 3 Junii 1677.' The bones are well preserved; it is evident they have never been underground. They have been replaced in the box, this one locked in another box, and deposited for the present in the Dante Chapel."

During the life-long struggle of Dante, not all the kindness and distinction with which he was treated by his generous, hospitable, and illustrious

friends, could overcome the weariness of exile, or mitigate the unquenchable desire which he ever felt for a return to his native home and family hearth. His woes, and the injustice which inflicted and perpetuated them, had wrung from him expostulation, complaint, and entreaty; and their want of success infused into his mind an enduring bitterness against Florence. Yet amidst all his eloquent appeals and denunciations, we recognize a deep and ardent love to his ungrateful country, a love which glowed amidst his anger, and refused to turn itself to hatred. Throughout the *Divina Commedia* we see the banished magistrate of Florence, the exiled statesman, whose bowels yearn to be restored to "the City of Flowers."

"La carità del natio loro mi strinse."

For the love which he bears to Florence, he stoops to gather up and reverently deposit the human spoils of one of her citizens, whom he meets with in the hell of suicides. Like our own Milton, he was one of the sternest and most active politicians, at a most eventful era of his country's history: like him he shared the ruin of his party; and solaced his exile and dependence, as did Milton his obscurity and poverty, by the composition of his immortal work. Without a home on earth, he made his home in eternity. Like Milton he boldly plunged into the dark infernal abyss, and then, passing through the region of milder sorrow and corrective suffering, he uprose, as on the wings of seraphim, to gaze with reverential awe on the splendors of the eternal throne. His great soul, filled with his mighty subject, and long brooding over it in speechless thought and wonder, at length broke forth into mystic and unfathomable song. But the memory of his wrongs pursues him into the immensity of eternal light. Florence, to her lasting shame, refused him the satisfaction of returning even to die. She kept aloof the heart that beat only for her, the breast that would gladly have bled in her cause.

"What mighty wrongs, what grief, great bard,
could turn
Thy love of Florence to indignant ire,

Which, long pent up within thy breast like
 fire,
 At last flashed forth to make the guilty mourn,
 And in thy verse through distant ages burn?
 The pangs of hope deferred, the vain desire
 Of lingering exile, tuned the poet's lyre,
 While for his native soil his bowels yearn.
 O ingrate people! thy sublimest son
 Thy malice doomed in misery to pine.
 Too late shalt thou repent what thou hast done;
 For he who entered, by the Power Divine,
 The gates of Paradise, like banished John,
 Was not permitted to reënter thine."

Yes, Florence, that refused him a home when living, would gladly have received him to her bosom when dead. Like the Hebrew scribes and rulers, who slew the prophets and then built and adorned their sepulchres, the Florentines at length awoke to a perception of their error, and eagerly desired to bring home the remains of their illustrious countryman, and proposed to erect a mausoleum for their reception. The people of Ravenna, however, resisted all their supplications. Michael Angelo, whose pencil had portrayed in the Sistine Chapel some of the scenes with Dante's pen had painted in song, was vainly employed by the Pope of his time to renew the entreaty. And now, after a remorse that has endured for five centuries, we have seen in that very Florence all Italy assembled to testify her deep repentance, and to inaugurate in front of her holiest place the marble effigy of her illustrious exile, sculptured by a son of Ravenna,* the city in which his ashes were deposited, and where they still sleep. It is true that no papal canonization has been decreed him: this was not to be expected. The miracle of an awakened and renovated nation was not signal enough to prove his title to *that* honor, which *for him* would have been singularly inappropriate. But he has received from *his country*, united under her constitutional though excommunicated king, *all but an apotheosis*. For,

* The statue of Dante thus inaugurated is by Enrico Pazzi, of Ravenna; its height near twenty feet. It stands on a pedestal in the style of the fourteenth century, designed by Luigi del Sarto; with the simple but sufficient inscription: "TO DANTE ALIGHIERI, ITALY, MDCCCLXV." The likeness, expression, and attitude of the poet's figure in this work of modern Italian art, have been very generally praised.

on the unvailing of his image in the presence of eighteen thousand spectators—besides the ringing of the bells of the Palazza Vecchio just at hand, the shouts of the multitude, the speeches of the Gonfaloniere and other dignitaries, and the grand symphony of the band, *A Hymn to Dante*, composed for the occasion, was sung by a band of vocalists and the great orchestra. This will probably appear to some, if not actual hero-and-image-worship, a narrow escape from "peril of idolatry!" Aided by this example, we can easily understand the origin of pseudo-religions; and but for the light and influence of Christianity, the pilgrimage to Florence and Ravenna might become for the admirers of the hero-poet what for a thousand years Mecca and Medina have been for the Moslem followers of their hero-prophet; or Dante and Garibaldi might be first idolized and then deified, as heroes and public benefactors were in ancient times. But the spirit of Dante, enshrined in his volume, and so largely imbued with Christianity, however it may be supposed to tolerate the inauguration of the new colossal statue, would frown on the inauguration of a new religion. There his lone figure stands, overlooking the multitude, wrapt round with folded robe, the laurel-wreath shading the brow, and showing those worn features of sorrow and disdain, which the pencil of Giotto had preserved, and the chisel of Pazzi has now sculptured. The frown is there, as on the original so many centuries ago, though now, by the artist's care, somewhat lightened and mitigated. But what hand can erase, what art can cancel, those burning lines in the *Trilogy* of Dante, which record his wrongs and his country's injustice?

"Florence exult! thy greatness who can tell?
 O'er sea and land thy rushing wings resound:
 Meantime thy name hath spread itself o'er hell.
 Five such among the plunderers there I found
 Thy citizens, whence shame befalleth me,
 And to thyself no glory can redound.
 But if our dreams near dawn may claim to be
 The truth, much time will not elapse ere thou
 Feel what not Plato only wisheth thee;
 And 'twould be not untimely if 'twere now;
 Would that it were so, since it must take place,
 'Twill grieve me more the more with age I bow."

Inferno, canto xxvi. ll. 1-12.

In the *Daily Telegraph* leader, indicated at the head of this article, Dante is vividly described as, "wearied by ineffectual struggle, he strode through the throng in silence and contempt, or sate against the wall with downcast eyes, in that street which leads nowadays from the Duomo to Benvenuto Cellini's house. The old stone bench remains where he might often be seen, as far away from Florence as heaven and hades are, meditating the boldest flight of fancy that human genius ever dared to take. Donne, and Donzelle, and Signori passing by, to flirt and pray, and make the most of a merry, doubtful world, pointed to him, and said to each other, with a shudder, 'There sits the maestro who puts people into hell!' for cantos of his tremendous comedy were already about Italy, and crimes, and treacheries, and villainies, of the past and present, sometimes found themselves punished with the damnation of a line, in that lovely Tuscan, which sung in men's ears like the trumpet of the angel of doom."

Dante was one of the very few master spirits who have created the national poetry of their country, and whose works, having stood the test of ages, are secure of immortality. He is the spokesman and interpreter of Medieval Europe, and in him ten silent centuries found a voice. He uttered what they had thought and felt; without him they would have remained mute for us. He has expounded the meditations of the wise and good, and embodied them in strains whose music has charmed every subsequent age, and will continue to exert their charm to the latest posterity.

The *Divina Commedia*, or, as we prefer calling it, the *Trilogy*, of Dante, is unique in its character; a narrative largely interspersed with dialogue, description, and discussion, theological and philosophical; a vision of hades, or the intermediate state of souls, both good and bad, between death and the resurrection. It is thick-sown with beauties, as the dark blue vault of midnight is with stars; while scenes of exquisite pathos, and others of terrible sublimity, are ever and anon presented to the mind of the reader. In com-

mon with many readers, we have a distinct and vivid remembrance of our first introduction to Dante, when a single line—the terrible inscription over the gate of Hell—stamped itself on our memory, and determined at at once and forever our admiration of his genius. The whole passage is thus rendered:

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate."

"Through me men reach the city of deploring,
Through me the path to endless woe they prove,
Through me they join the lost beyond restoring.
Justice did my Supreme Creator move;
I am the work of Power Divine, designed
By Sovereign Wisdom and Primeval Love.
Before me nothing save immortal mind
Was made, and I eternally endure.
O ye who enter, leave all hope behind."

Thomas Carlyle observes: "I know nothing so intense as Dante. Consider how he paints. He has a great power of vision—seizes the very type of a thing—presents that and nothing else. You remember the first view he gets of the Hall of Dis, *red* pinnacle, red-hot cone of iron glowing through the dim immensity of gloom; so vivid, so distinct, visible at once and forever! It is an emblem of the whole genius of Dante."

It is impossible to do full justice to a long poem by selecting a few brief quotations; for, as in a building or a statue, the several parts derive much of their beauty from the relation they bear to each other and to the whole. Let the reader bear this in mind, while we present him with a few of the passages which are likely to suffer least by being separately given. In the passages referred to by Mr. Carlyle, when reading the poem, the mind is prepared by what precedes—"the signal fires," which the poet perceives at a distance; the light skiff steered by the solitary pilot over the stagnant channel to meet the poets; their voyage across; and the plunge of Philippo Argenti in the "hell-broth" of the lake. Dante then says:

"Now smote mine ears a lamentation loud;
Hence with mine opening eyes I gazed before,
And my good guide said, as the waves we ploughed,
'Now to the city named of Dis we come,
With its grieved citizens, a mighty crowd.'
'Master,' I said, 'its towers already loom;
There, certes, in the vale I see them well."

Vermillion—as if issuing through the gloom
All fire.' Then on mine ear his answer fell :
'The eternal fire within makes them appear
All red, as thou behold'st in this low hell.'
Moated around was that sad region there,
And we arrived within its fosses deep,
The walls, it seemed to me, of iron were."
Inferno, canto viii. ll. 65-78.

Here is his description of what he
saw on the arid plain of the seventh
circle:

"And hovering o'er the land with slow descent,
Broad flakes of fire were falling all around,
Like Alpine snow through the calm element.

Even so descended the eternal fire
From which the sand, like tinder from the
steel,
Was kindled up, doubling the anguish dire.
Without repose forever was the wheel
Of wretched hands, now turning here, now there,
To shake from them the fresh fallen fire they
feel."

He then describes Capaneus, unsoft-
ened by the eternal fire, and obdurate
as ever; a description which hardly
yields in grandeur to the *Prometheus*
of Æschylus, and is probably the pro-
totype of Milton's Satan in *Paradise*
Lost:

"Who is that mighty one, morose and grim,
Who careless of the burning seems to lie,
So that the fire-shower can not soften him?
And he, as to my leader I apply,
Perceiving 'twas of him I thus inquire,
Cried, 'What I was alive, such dead am I.
If incensed Jupiter his workmen tire,
From whom he snatched the thunderbolts that
day
Which was my last, and struck me in his ire;
If he—the rest all spent by turns while they
The sledge in Mongibello's black forge wield—
Cry, 'Help, good Vulcan, help!' as in the fray
He cried of old in the Phlegrean field,
And launch his bolts at me with all his might,
A joyful vengeance it shall never yield."
Inferno, canto xiv. ll. 28-80.

As another instance of Dante's won-
derful imagery and word-painting, we
quote the comparison of the boiling
pitch seen below by the poets, when
standing on the bridge across the fifth
chasm of Malebolge:

"As in the arsenal at Venice, where
Boils through the winter the tenacious pitch,
Wherewith each damaged vessel they repair;
For now they can not sail, instead of which
Some build the bark, and some the ribs will stop
Of that which hath made many a voyage rich:
One hammers well the prow, and one the poop;
Some shape the oars, and some the cables
twine;
The mizzen and the mainsail some sew up:

So, not by fire but by the art divine,
There boiled below a thick and pitchy mass,
Daubing in every part the steep decline."
Inferno, xxi. ll. 7-18.

In sublimity, Dante is surpassed only
by the Hebrew prophets, by Homer,
and by our own Milton. Yet, even in
his most thrilling and tremendous de-
scriptions of eternal misery, we are fre-
quently surprised by images of beauty
and calm delight, all the more welcome
and pleasing from their contrast with
the scenes of suffering, the timeless
gloom, and the air forever shaken,
from which we have just escaped, and
into which we have again to pass. It
is as if when treading "over the burn-
ing marle," we suddenly came upon
some happy valley, or entered some
sylvan shade, where the song of birds
is heard amidst the foliage, or the mu-
sic of the rill that murmurs on the
verge of the enameled green. Take,
for instance, the Limbo of the Unbap-
tized—a passage which also discovers
his veneration for the great writers of
antiquity, and his revulsion from the
doctrine which dooms all unbaptized
persons to eternal misery: for the ex-
press accommodation of the heroes,
poets, and philosophers of heathen an-
tiquity, whom the orthodox theology
of the age excluded from heaven, he
has contrived a kind of paradise in
hell:

"Now to a noble castle's foot we came,
Seven times with lofty walls encompassed
round;
And round it also flowed a pleasant stream,
O'er which we passed, as if upon firm ground:
Through seven gates entering with the sages
there,
We reached a meadow with fresh verdure
crowned;
With grave slow eyes, the crowds assembled
were
In their appearance of great majesty;
And as they talked their words were sweet and
rare,
Thus to one side retiring entered we
An open place, light, lofty, and serene,
So that all there were visible to me.
There just above, upon the enameled green,
The mighty spirits I could recognize,
Whom I esteem it honor to have seen."
Inferno, canto iv. 106, etc.

But while the *Trilogy* abounds in
vivid word-painting and striking de-
scription, it also excels in depicting the
deep workings of the mysterious hu-
man heart. Shakespeare is acknow-

ledged to be preëminently the poet of human nature, which is doubtless the noblest earthly object of contemplation. But while we admit the supremacy of Shakespeare in this respect, we must also allow that Dante approaches him the nearest, and is unrivaled by any other. What Piëro della Vigne did for his imperial master, Frederick the Second, Dante does for his readers:

"I then am he who once held both the keys
Of Frederick's heart, and who in that high
post,
Opening and shutting, turned them with such
ease,
None else his secret confidence could boast."
Inferno, canto xiii. 58.

This mastery over the passions is shown alike in the despair which petrifies Ugolino, as the wretched father sees his children pine from day to day, and one after another droop and die with hunger, shut up in the *Torre del Fame*, the keys of which he had heard flung into the Arno by his arch-enemy; in the self-devotion of Francesca and her love, unquenched by misery and death; in the blasphemies of the lost on the shores of Acheron; in the milder sorrows of the repentant in purgatory; and in the joy with which the poet hails the object of his undying attachment in the realms of blessedness. Even before he ascends thither, the mention of her name overcame his reluctance to pass through the flaming barrier of purgatory.

"As Pyramus, at Thisbe's name, his eyes
Opened in death, once more on her to look,
What time the mulberry gained its crimson dyes,
Even thus one word my obstinacy shook."
Purgatorio, canto xxvii. ll. 36-40.

The exquisite opening of the eighth canto, where he describes the hour of twilight, proves how keen was his observation of human nature.

"The hour was come that wakes desire anew,
And melts the heart in voyagers, when they
That day to their sweet friends have said 'Adieu'
And thrills the new-made pilgrim on his way
With love, if he from far the vesper bell
Should hear, that seems to mourn the dying
day."

Purgatorio, canto viii. ll. 1-6.

We do not agree with Lord Macaulay in the opinion that the external world made little impression on the mind of Dante, or that his observation

was fixed *exclusively* on human nature. Innumerable passages might be pointed out which would prove the incorrectness of his remark. We shall content ourselves with one description of a scene of surpassing beauty, that of *Matilda gathering flowers*.

"Already had my slow steps wandered o'er
The ground so far within an ancient wood,
That I its entrance could perceive no more;
And, lo, a brook my onward march withstood;
While toward the left the herbs that by it grow
Bend with the wavelets of its crystal flood:
The purest streams that from earth's fountains
flow

With them some taint or feculence combine
Compared with this, which nothing hides below;
Yet black with shade its limpid waves decline
Under that verdant roof's perpetual screen,
Through which no sun or moon can ever shine.
My steps were stayed, but with mine eyes the
scene

Beyond the stream I reached, amazed to see
The varied bloom of branches fresh and green.
All on a sudden there appeared to me,
As when aught strikes us with astonishment,
Causing all other thoughts at once to flee,
A lady unaccompanied, that went
Singing, and gathering flowers from flowers,
that wove

Along her path its rich embellishment."

Purgatorio, canto xxviii. ll. 23-42.

The interest which Dante took in the stirring events of his own time is everywhere manifested. His conversation with Farinata in the tenth canto of *Inferno*, says Mr. Hallam, "is very fine, and illustrative of Florentine history." That with Piëro della Vigne, in the thirteenth canto, exhibits in a light equally striking the cabals that infested the court of the Emperor Frederick the Second, while the narrative given of himself by Guido Montefeltro is a damning exposure of the Papal Court and its intrigues and tyranny under the ambitious and unprincipled Boniface the Eighth, "the Prince of the new Pharisees." His power of sarcasm and invective was terrible; witness the imprecation against Pisa for its heartless cruelty to the innocent children of Ugolino, the reproof of the Emperor Albert for permitting the continuance of Italian anarchy, and the reproach with which he thunder-strikes the Simonists and Pope Nicholas the Fourth in hell. We quote the first and last of these examples:

"Ah! Pisa! Shame of all who appertain
To that fair land with language of soft sound,

To punish thee, since neighbors yet abstain,
 Capraia and Gorgona from the ground
 Rise, and a mole o'er Arno's entrance throw,
 Till with her waters all in thee be drowned.
 That he thy castles had betrayed although
 Count Ugolino was accused by fame,
 His children thou should'st not have tortured so.
 The shield of innocence which youth may claim
 (New Thebes) Uguccio and Brigata share."

Inferno, canto xxxiii. ll. 79-89.

In relating his conversation with
 Pope Nicholas the Fourth, he says :

"I know not if too rashly I my mind
 Expressed, but my reply this burden bore :
 'Alas ! now tell me, when our Lord inclined
 To put the keys into St. Peter's power,
 What treasures did he first of him demand ?
 None—' Follow me,' he said, and asked no
 more.
 Peter and th' others of Matthias's band
 Nor gold nor silver took, when lots they cast
 For one in Judas's forfeit place to stand.
 Then stay where thy just punishment thou
 hast,
 And look that well thou guard that wealth ill
 gained,
 Whence thou against King Charles embold-
 ened wast.
 And if it were not that I am restrained
 By reverence for the keys which once did fill
 Thy grasp, while cheerful life to thee remained,
 The words I speak would be severer still ;
 Because your avarice the whole world hath
 grieved,
 Trampling the good, and raising up the ill.
 You shepherds the Evangelist perceived,
 When her who on the waters sits he saw,
 And who with kings in filthy whoredom lived.
 Her who with seven heads born could also
 draw
 From the ten horns conclusive argument,
 While yet she pleased her spouse with virtue's
 law.
 What could the idolater do more, who bent
 To gold and silver, which you make your
 God ?
 But worship to a hundred ye present
 For one ! Ah ! Constantine, what ills have
 flowed
 Though not from thy conversion, from the
 dower
 Which to thy gift the first rich father owed."

Inferno, canto xix. 88.

Dante, without question, like Luther
 at the commencement of his career,
 acknowledged the spiritual supremacy
 of the Pope, and held most of the
 doctrines of the Church of Rome. In
 short, he was a sincere Catholic. But
 in early life he had become acquainted
 with the Holy Scriptures, and the re-
 sult is obvious throughout his poem.
 To them, and not to his own labors,
 learning, experience, or philosophy, he
 ascribes the light of truth which had

been poured into his soul. In reply
 to the question, "What is faith ?" he
 answers : "Faith is the substance of
 things hoped for, the proof of things
 not seen." In answer to St. Peter's
 question : "This previous faith, whence
 comes it ?" he replies : "The copious
 rain of the Holy Spirit, which is poured
 out on the Old and New Testament,
 and an argument which so conclusively
 convinces me that every other proof
 seems obtuse in comparison therewith."
 After having recited the articles of his
 belief, he concludes :

"And this revealed profundity divine
 Which now I touch on, to my heart has
 given
 And sealed the evangelic doctrine mine.
 This is the root, the spark whose fiery leaven,
 Wide spreading, kindles to a vivid flame,
 And in me sparkles like a star in heaven."

Paradiso, canto xxiv. ll. 142-147.

Dante regarded the temporal sov-
 ereignty of the Pope as the source of
 papal corruption, and of the misery of
 his country.

"Rome, that of old reformed the world, bestowed
 Light from two suns, to show how each way
 tends—
 That of the civil state, and that of God ;
 One has the other quenched, confusion blends
 The sword and crosier ; and when thus together,
 They can not fitly work to their due ends ;
 Because when joined the one fears not the
 other.
 But if thou doubt it, see what fruits abound ;
 Each plant is known when we the harvest
 gather.

The Church of Rome, now fallen in mire con-
 fess,
 By her confounding these two regiments,
 Herself makes filthy and her charge no less."

Purgatorio, canto xvi. ll. 106-129.

Although Dante has interpreted to
 us the Middle Ages, it would seem
 that, in many cases, he himself needs
 an interpreter. Accordingly his works
 have had a greater number of com-
 mentators and translators than any
 other literary production, except the
 sacred writings. This may be ac-
 counted for from the interest they have
 excited, as well as from their profund-
 ity. "All knowledge," says Coleridge,
 "begins with wonder, passes through
 an interspace of admiration, mixed
 with research, and ends in wonder
 again." Among the commentators of
 Dante, the greatest diversity of inter-

pretation has prevailed. In a passage probably suggested by acquaintance with Dante, Milton describes himself with his lamp at midnight, on some high lonely tower, where he might outwatch the bear, or "unsphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook."

There is no need for wishing that we could unsphere the spirit of Dante, to know "what he means" in the above passage from *Paradiso*.^{*} Yet Gabriele Rossetti, a countryman of Dante's, published two octavo volumes to prove his poem to be a covert, allegorical, and political satire on the Papacy; and that there exists a key to explain it, which, in the author's time, only the initiated possessed. "The voice of ages," he writes, "proclaimed Dante to be no less profound as a theologian than matchless as a poet; deeply did I meditate on his works, and compare them, one with another. I confronted them with those of other authors; and as doubt swelled into suspicion, and suspicion became certainty, I can not describe the feelings with which the full (conviction) of his *hypocrisy* overwhelmed me." (*Disquisitions*, vol. ii. p. 198.) We think the author, "come quei ch'ha mala luce," looks a great way off to discover what is just at hand. That some parts of the *Triloggy* are to be understood in a figurative sense, Dante himself has told us. Milton has introduced into *his* poem the allegory of Death and Sin; but we do not, on that account, regard *Paradise Lost* as an allegory the sense of which is esoteric, or as a political mystification like the jocular narratives of Rabelais. The spirit of Dante was too

bold and lofty to seek the shelter of "hypocrisy," and he has in the most outspoken and daring manner launched his tremendous invectives against the Court of Rome. It is probable, indeed, that in the opening of his poem, the panther, the lion, and the wolf, are intended as emblems of the Neri and their allies; this was according to the spirit of the time; but he soon drops all metaphor, inveighing against them in the plainest and most bitter terms, in open and undisguised warfare.

The opinion, therefore, of Thomas Carlyle respecting the *Divina Commedia*, commends itself to our judgment as well as to our feelings, which revolt from Rossetti's odious charge of hypocrisy:

"It is the *sincerest* of all poems! It came deep out of the author's heart of hearts; and it goes deep, and through long generations, into ours. Sincerity, too, we find to be the measure of worth. No work known to me is so elaborate as this of Dante's. It has all been molten in the hottest furnace of his soul. Every compartment is worked out, with intense earnestness, into truth, into clear visuality. It is the soul of Dante, and in this the soul of the Middle Ages, rendered forever rhythmically visible there. There is a brevity, an abrupt transition in him. Tacitus is not briefer, more condensed; and then, in Dante, it seems a natural condensation, spontaneous to the man. One smiting word, and then there is silence; nothing more is said. This silence is more eloquent than words. With what a sharp decisive grace he snatches the true likeness of a matter; cuts into it as with a pen of fire. Plutus, the blustering giant, collapses at Virgil's rebuke, 'as the sails sink, the mast being suddenly broken.' Or that poor Brunetto Latini, with the *cotto aspetto*, face 'baked,' parched brown and lean; and the 'fiery snow-wind,' slow, deliberate, never-ending! Or the lids of those tombs; square sarcophaguses, in that silent, dim-burning hall, each with its soul in torment; the lids laid open there, to be shut at the judgment-day, through eternity. And how *Farinata* rises; and how *Cavalcante* falls at hearing of his son, and the past tense 'fue.'

"Dante's painting is not only graphic, brief, true, and of a vividness as of fire in a dark night, it is every way noble, and the outcome of a great soul. Francesca and her lover! a thing woven of rainbows, on a ground of eternal black. A small, flute-voice of infinite wail, speaks there into our very heart of hearts. A touch of womanhood in it too: *della bella persona, che mi fu tolta*; and even in

^{*} It would perhaps take many a *modern* poet by surprise, and put him to no small embarrassment, to be asked the *meaning* of such and such a particularly fine phrase. It is said that some gentlemen, having got into a dispute about the meaning of a passage in Goethe's poetry, determined, as the most sure and satisfactory method of deciding, to apply to the bard himself and ask an explanation. This they did, and begged he would kindly inform them what his meaning was in the passage referred to. Goethe replied; "Really, gentlemen, I do not know, and can not possibly say, what I did mean!"

the pit of woe, it is a solace, that he will never part from her! Saddest tragedy in these *altai guai*. And the racking winds in that *aer bruno*, whirl them away again to wail forever! Dante was the friend of this poor Francesca's father. Francesca, herself, may have sat upon the poet's knee, when a bright, innocent child. Infinite pity, yet infinite rigor of law; it is so nature is made,* it is so Dante discerned that she was made. What a paltry notion is that, of his *Divine Comedy's* being a poor splenetic, impotent, terrestrial libel; putting those into hell whom he could not be avenged upon on earth! I suppose, if ever pity, tender as a mother's, was in the heart of any man, it was in Dante's. But a man who does not know vigor, can not know pity either. His very pity will be cowardly, egotistic sentimentality, or little better. I know not in the world an affection equal to Dante's. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love, like the wail of Æolian harps, and soft as a young child's heart. Those longings of his toward Beatrice; their meeting in Paradise; his gazing in her pure, transfigured eyes; her that had been purified by death so long, separated so far. One likens it to the song of angels; it is among the purest utterances that ever came out of a human soul.

"Dante is intense in all things. His scorn, his grief, are transcendent as his love; as, indeed, what are they but the inverse or converse of his love? '*A Dio spiacenti, ed a' nemici sui*.' Hatred both to God and to his enemies! Lofty scorn, unappeasable silent reprobation and aversion; '*Non ragionam di lor*.' We will not speak of them, but look and pass. Or think of this, '*Non ha speranza di morte*.' They have not the hope to die. For rigor, earnestness, and depth, Dante is not to be paralleled in the modern world; to seek his parallel, we must go to the Hebrew Bible, and live with the antique prophets.

"Dante's poem is a sublime embodiment of the soul of Christianity. It expresses how he felt good and evil to be the two polar elements of this creation, on which it all turns; that these two differ, not by *preferability* of

one to the other, but by incompatibility absolute and infinite; that the one is excellent and high, as light and heaven, the other hideous, black—black as Gehenna and the pit of hell. Everlasting justice, yet with penitence, with everlasting pity."

It must, however, be admitted, that the *Divina Commedia* is not without its faults. What human work is perfect? Homer sometimes nods, particularly in the management of his machinery, or treatment of the gods of Olympus. The blending of Pagan mythology with Christian tradition and the truths of Holy Scripture, makes Dante's poem in some parts appear like the debatable ground between the ancient superstition and the newer faith; in which, however, the latter is victorious, and the dethroned and desecrated gods of the Pantheon, transformed to demons, are dragged at the chariot-wheels of the conqueror. In Dante's age, the Ptolemaic system was universally received; the poet, accordingly, regards the earth as immovably fixed in the centre of the universe; and the sun, with all the planets and fixed stars, as moving round it once in every twenty-four hours. At that time, too, the authority of Aristotle was undisputed and paramount; so that a quotation from his works, with an *ipse dixit*, was deemed sufficient, and all-conclusive in any controversy. Even in theology, though himself a heathen, his authority was appealed to by Christian divines. Dante makes a somewhat prodigal display, occasionally, of his Aristotelian lore. Yet, endowed as he was, with a rare sagacity, he went far ahead of his time, not only in theology, as we have seen, but also in physics. It was not until after the middle of the fifteenth century, that European voyagers crossed the line; yet in the imaginary voyage of Ulysses to the Antipodes, Dante has foreshadowed the discoveries of the Portuguese, and may have given a hint to Columbus himself. Ulysses in describing his voyage southward, says:

"Each star of the other pole, as on we bore,
The night beheld, and ours had sunk so low,
That now it rose not on the ocean-floor."

Inferno, canto xxvi. ll. 137-139.

And in relating his own voyage to the Mount of Purgatory, Dante says:

* We are told by Goethe, in his autobiography, that he had attained his sixth year when the terrible earthquake at Lisbon took place; "an event," he says, "which greatly disturbed his peace of mind for the first time." He could not reconcile a catastrophe so suddenly destructive to thousands with the idea of a Providence, all-powerful and all-benevolent. But he afterward learned, he tells us, to recognize in such events the "God of the Old Testament." Yes, it is the God of the Old Testament whom we see exhibited in all nature and all providence; and it is our wisdom and duty, however little we can comprehend his proceedings, to exercise full confidence in their justice and propriety. "Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

"I turned me to the right, and fixed my mind
On the other pole, and those four stars I saw,
Ne'er seen save by the earliest of mankind."
Purgatorio, canto i. ll. 22-24.

Amerigo Vespuccio, Dante's countryman, in his third voyage, in 1501, first applied these lines to that magnificent constellation, the Southern Cross, which consists of four stars, and is to the southern what our Pole-star is to the northern hemisphere.

Dante displays his knowledge of gravitation, and the sphericity of the earth, when he speaks of the centre as the place—

"Toward which all heavy things from all parts
tend." *Inferno*, canto xxx. l. 3

We have Cuvier's Theory of the Earth anticipated in a single line, *Inferno*, canto xii. l. 43 :

"The world has oft been into chaos turned."

And one can hardly help supposing that Dante must have had some acquaintance with the condition of the pre-Adamite earth, and with its enormous occupants, now extinct, and so recently disclosed by geology. Of "the horrible giants," he says :

"Nature, indeed, when she declined the art
Of forming such as these, did what was meet,
Taking from war these vassals grim and swart;
And if the elephant and whale so great
Repent her not, who ponders as he ought
Holds her herein more just and more discreet."
Inferno, canto xxxi. l. 49.

That Dante was deficient in the feeling of humor, is true, but this can hardly be imputed to him as a fault. He never appeals to our sense of the ridiculous: he was much too earnest for jocularities, and he made his poem as serious as the grave and the world beyond it. Hence the inappropriateness of the word Comedy, which is not a true rendering of the word *Commedia*, as used by Dante, and understood in his time. A Comedy—without the least gleam of the comic from beginning to end, but much of the tragic, and more of the grand and sublime! Nor is it properly dramatic. Milton and Byron wrote dramas, but the genius of each was essentially undramatic. So was Dante's: in this respect it was in direct contrast with that of Shakespeare. The genius of Shakespeare was many-sided; and

he sympathized with much which Dante would have condemned and scorned. The perfect dramatist never intrudes his own personality, but, forgetting himself, lives only in the character which he portrays. He displays the virtues and the vices, the wisdom and the folly of the different characters whom he undertakes to represent. It is his business to describe what is, and not to decide what should or should not be. Shakespeare's power of sympathy took a wider range than Dante's; and his creative power could identify itself with all it saw; could think their thoughts, and speak their language. In his historical plays we may discover, indeed, a genuine warmth of patriotism, but in his other writings we learn little of himself. His genius flashed its light over the whole world of human nature, describing actions without deciding on their merits or demerits. With Dante it was otherwise: he too has described mankind as he found them; but he has passed judgment on all he saw and heard, applauding their virtues with just praise, and branding their vices with the stamp of indelible infamy. There is also in his works (as in those of Byron) a constant and unavoidable self-portraiture. In reading Shakespeare we seldom think of the author; in reading Dante we are never allowed to forget him. Shakespeare's presence is masked by the immense variety of characters which he assumes; but Dante ever accompanies us in his own. To Shakespeare's facile temperament fun and frolic appear to have given delight; he smiled on the follies of mankind, and seldom frowned on their vices; but from the severer moral judgment of Dante, and his unbending sternness, they always met with reprobation and condemnation.

The most extensively known translation into English of Dante's *Divine Comedy* is Cary's, of which many thousand copies have been sold since it was first published by subscription. But it is in *blank verse*, which can give the reader no idea of Dante's music—the *terza rima* of the original—that continuous and interchanging harmony, so suitable to Dante's great and solemn theme, "like a chime on the

bells of eternity." That so many translations of the Florentine poet should have recently appeared, is a tribute to his greatness, and a proof that a correct and elevated taste is increasing among English readers. There is no lack of correct versions of Dante; the most common and fatal fault in translations is the absence of the *vis poetica*. "A good translation," says the *Times*, (Saturday, January 15th, 1859,) "implies ability of the highest order, and this especially in poetry, where the idea is expressed in the most perfect form—in a form which can not be altered in its minutest detail without injury. To translate the perfect crystal of one language into the perfect crystal of another is no mean effort, and the instances in which this has been done so well as to preclude every attempt at rivalry are very few It is nonsense to translate the *ottava rima* of Tasso into English heroics; it is an injustice to translate the *terza rima* of Dante into blank verse."

It has been observed by Mr. Gladstone, in his work on "Homer and the Homeric Age," that Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante have succeeded, as none others have done, in expressing fully, by the flow and rhythm of their verse, the thoughts they intended to convey, and this without any straining after effect, or unnatural distortion of language; indeed, without leaving a trace to show that the effect produced has been in any way the result of care or labor.

The translation of the *Inferno*, the title of which stands at the head of our article, is the most recent that has come under our notice. It is, as far as we can judge, correct, in good taste, and certainly superior to several of its predecessors.

Dr. Henry C. Barlow, the title of whose recent work we have given, is well known, from his previous publications, as a warm admirer of the great Italian poet. He is said to have originated the proposal for a Dante celebration, and to have been the author of the programme which was observed on the occasion. By his Italian studies and travels, he appears to have acclimated his genius to that people and

their delightful country, so that in one part of the proceedings in Florence, during the festival, he delivered a speech in the Italian language. His recent volume of *Critical, Historical, and Philosophical Contributions to the Study of the Divina Commedia*, displays great industry and extensive research. We have an introductory account of Codices; an account of Codices at Rome, in Florence, in other parts of Italy, in France and Belgium, in England, in Denmark, and in Germany; then an account of the various readings in the *Inferno*, in *Purgatorio*, and in *Paradiso*, with a copious index and supplement. The readings constitute the great bulk of the volume, of which the largest space is given to *Paradiso*. Some of these have previously appeared in the *Athenæum*. We do not agree with the learned doctor in all his conclusions; but his criticisms on various passages, his illustrations of Dante's great work, and view of its literary history, deserve the attention and must command the respect of every student of the *Trilogy*; while his thorough appreciation of the illustrious Florentine is worthy of all commendation.

At the close of the first day's proceedings in celebration of the six hundredth birthday of Dante, the City of Flowers was the scene of a splendid illumination. The winding Arno reflected myriads of lamps, the bridges that cross it and streets on either side of it might be traced in long lines of light, amidst which rose conspicuous the Duomo, the Campanile, and the church of Santa Croce; and far away among the cypresses, old San Miniato shone out resplendent against the evening sky; while in the heart of the city, the Bargello seemed on fire; and soaring above all, the grand tower of the Palazzo Vecchio shone brightly—like the rekindled Pharos of Liberty. May the auspicious omen be fully realized! May the recent happy gathering in Florence, which we regard as a sign of the unity and freedom to which Italy has already attained, prove also a means of strengthening that unity, without which Italian freedom can not long exist, and a truthful augury of that complete emancipation of all her

children from the yoke of the Austrian, from the tyranny of the Popedom, and from the dominion of error, superstition, and vice, which, in the counsels of a wise and gracious Providence, we have no doubt is intended for her.

Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

LEIGH HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT, the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October nineteenth, 1784. Like Coleridge and Lamb, he was educated at Christ's Hospital, and chiefly under the same grammar-master, and, like Lamb, he was prevented from going to the University (which, on the Christ's Hospital foundation, is understood to imply going into the Church) by an impediment in his speech, which, however, he had the better luck to outgrow. At school, as afterward, he was remarkable for exuberance of animal spirits, and for passionate attachment to his friends, but did not evince any great regard for his studies, except when the exercises were in verse. His prose themes were so bad, that the master used to crumple them up in his hand, and throw them to the boys for their amusement. Animal spirits, a power of receiving delight from the commonest every day objects, as well as remote ones, and a sort of luxurious natural piety, if we may so speak, are the prevailing influences of Mr. Hunt's writings. His friend Hazlitt used to say of him, in allusion to his spirits, and to his family stock, (which is from the West-Indies,) that he had "tropical blood in his veins."

"He has been an ardent politician in his time, and has suffered in almost every possible way for opinions, which, whether right or wrong, he has lived to see, in a great measure, triumph. Time and suffering, without altering them, we understand, have blunted his exertions as a partisan, by showing him the excuses common and necessary to all men; but the zeal

which he has lost as a partisan, he no less evinces for the advancement of mankind."

The passages printed above are contained in a letter addressed to me by Leigh Hunt in 1838, and were notes for a biography I wrote of him in the *Book of Gems*. His ancestors, who originally "hailed" from Devonshire, were, on the father's side, Tories and cavaliers who fled from the tyranny of Cromwell, and settled in Barbadoes. His grand-mother was "an O'Brien, and very proud of her descent from Irish kings." At the outbreak of the American revolution, his father, for the zeal he displayed in his speeches and writings on the royalist side, became obnoxious to the popular party. He was dragged out of his house, and after having narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered, was carried to prison, but was enabled to escape by a heavy bribe to one of the sentinels who guarded him, and getting on board a ship in the Delaware, made his way to Barbadoes, and thence to England. By his loyalty, a very considerable landed estate was lost to his family. He ultimately, however, became a republican and an "Universalist, a sect that believed all mankind, and even the demons, would be eventually saved." After some time practicing as a lawyer in Philadelphia, he "emigrated" to England, and entered the Church, having wedded a lady of Pennsylvania, against the consent of her father, "a stern merchant." "She had Quaker breeding," and although of a proverbially "fierce race"—the Shewells—she was meek, kindly, and Christian, and from her, no doubt, the poet derived much of the gentle urbanity and generous sympathy that were essential features in his character. To her, also, he traces a "constitutional timidity," that "often perplexed him through life;" it is not so much seen in his books as it was in his conversation and conduct. This characteristic was noticed by many, who wondered that so "mild" a person should have embarked on the stormy sea of politics, and have become a fierce partisan of the pen.

Not long after he made his home in England, his father, having taken or-

ders, became tutor to the nephew of the Duke of Chandos, whose name was Leigh, after whom he called his latest born,* who was nine years younger than the youngest of his brothers, of whom there were several. His father had the spiritual cure of Southgate; and there, Leigh Hunt writes, "I first saw the light." Southgate was then "lying out of the way of innovation," with a pure sweet air of antiquity about it, on the border of Enfield Chase, and in the parish of Edmonton. The house is yet standing. The neighborhood retains much of its peculiar character; it has still "an air of antiquity;" of old houses and ancient trees many yet remain; the forest is indeed gone, but modern "improvements" have but little spoiled the locality.

In 1792 he entered Christ's Hospital; for eight years he toiled there, bare-headed all that time, save now and then when "he covered a few inches of pericranium with a cap no bigger than a crumpet." Here, however, he obtained a scholarship, under the iron rule of the hard taskmaster of whom something has been said in the "Memory" of Coleridge. No doubt much of the after-tone of his mind was derived from his long residence in the heart of a great city, and to it may be traced not only his love of streets, but his love of flowers—his luxuries at every period of his life. He was grateful to the Hospital for having "bred him up in old cloisters," for the friendships he formed there, and for the introductions it gave him to Homer and to Ovid. In 1802 his father published a volume of his verses under the title of *Juvenilia*, of which the poet in his maturity grew ashamed. For some time he was "in the law-office of his brother Stephen." Gradually he drew in, and gave out, knowledge. He next obtained a clerkship in the War-office, which he relinquished when he became a political writer—first in a weekly paper called *The News*, and afterward in the *Examiner*. He was, by profession, a man of letters, working with

his pen for his daily bread, and becoming, all at once, a critic of authors, actors, and artists.

In 1808, the two brothers, John and Leigh, "set up" "the *Examiner*," the main objects of which were (as Leigh states in his autobiography) to assist in producing reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general, (especially freedom from superstition,) and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever."

They soon made it popular, but had to pay a penalty for the freedom of speech that was then, even in its mildest tones, a crime in England. They were tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of one thousand pounds,* for a libel on the Prince of Wales, and they remained in different prisons until the third of February, 1815, John at Coldbath Fields, and Leigh in Surrey Jail, where, however, he was allowed to have his wife (he had married in 1809) and his children with him, and in various other ways his incarceration was made comparatively light; for here he had many admiring and sympathizing visitors, among them Byron, Moore,† Maria Edgeworth, Haydon, and Wilkie.

* Some influential friends offered to raise a subscription to pay the fine; but that was declined by the brothers. To this and the heavy expenses incurred in subsequent government prosecutions, (some of which failed, however, in obtaining verdicts against them,) may be attributed the pecuniary difficulties which John and Leigh Hunt labored under during the whole of their lives.

† In Moore's *Two-penny Post-boy*, in the midst of political triflings, we come upon these earnest lines on the separation and imprisonment of the two brothers:

"Go to your prisons—though the air of spring;
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though summer flowers shall pass unscen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if awed,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of spring or summer flowers, await you there;
Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, never knew!
Pure self esteem—the smiles that light within—
The zeal, whose circling charities begin [near,
With the few loved ones Heaven has placed it
Nor cease, till all mankind are in its sphere!—
The pride that suffers without vaunt or plea
And the fresh spirit, that can warble free,
Through prison bars, its hymn of liberty!"

* His names were James Henry Leigh Hunt; so they stand in the baptismal registry, although he is known only as Leigh Hunt.

It has been too generally thought that in the case of this libel, the punishment greatly exceeded the offense. Making due allowance for the difference between "now and then," it would not seem so; for perhaps no libel more bitter was ever printed. If the Prince had been a grazier, he would have obtained the protection he claimed from a jury of his countrymen; and if the author had written of the grazier in terms such as he wrote of the Prince, he must have accepted the issue. Here is the marrow of it—there can be no harm in reprinting, to condemn it, half a century and more since it was written. Hunt was commenting upon an article of gross adulation of the Prince in the *Morning Post*: "Who would have imagined that this 'Adonis in loveliness' was a corpulent gentleman of fifty; in short, that this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince, was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in debt and disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity?"*

The visit of Leigh Hunt to Lord Byron, and its result in the publication of *The Liberal: Verse and Prose from the South*, forms part of the literary history of the epoch. In May, 1822, at Byron's request, Hunt left England for Leghorn, where, in July, he found his attached friend Shelley, † a very

few days before the terrible death of that greatly gifted man of genius. The sad event changed the after destiny of Leigh Hunt; Byron seems to have liked him but little; their elements could no more have mingled than fire and oil; their intercourse did not last long; one of the consequences much impaired the reputation of Leigh Hunt—the volume *Byron and his Contemporaries* was a fatal error; Leigh Hunt could no more comprehend Byron than Byron could understand and appreciate Leigh Hunt.*

On his return from the "sunny south," Hunt went to live at Highgate. The sylvan scenery of the London suburb refreshed him; he luxuriated in the natural wealth of the open heath, the adjacent meadows, and the neighboring woods. The walk across the fields from Highgate to Hampstead, with ponds on one side and Caen Wood on the other, used to be "one of the prettiest in England," and he says of the fairest scenes in Italy: "I would quit them all for a walk over the fields from Hampstead." He had, indeed, long loved the locality—before he left England he had dwelt in a pretty cottage at Hampstead; it is still standing, and but little altered—a fit dwelling for a poet, as indeed it still is, for a poet now inhabits the place, which is hallowed to him by a memory of his predecessor. Shelley went often to visit Leigh Hunt there, de-

part, and he had an expression of countenance, when he was talking in his usual earnest fashion, giving you the idea of something 'seraphical.' Hazlitt said 'he looked like a spirit.'" In the same letter occurs this sketch of his friend Keats: "Keats was under the middle size, and somewhat large above, in proportion to his lower limbs, which, however, were neatly formed; and he had any thing in his dress and general demeanor but that appearance of levity which has been strangely attributed to him in a late publication." In fact, he had so much of the reverse, though in no unbecoming degree, that he might be supposed to maintain a certain jealous care of the appearance and bearing of a gentleman, in the consciousness of his genius, and perhaps not without some sense of his origin. His face was handsome and sensitive, with a look in the eyes at once earnest and tender; and his hair grew in delicate brown ringlets, of remarkable beauty."

* Southey, writing in November, 1822, says: "He (Byron) and Leigh Hunt, no doubt, will quarrel, and their separation break up the concern"—that is, *The Liberal*.

* It was contained in the *Examiner*, No. 221, published on Sunday, twenty-second of March, 1812. In one of his letters to Mrs. Hall, Leigh Hunt writes: "The libel would not have been so savage had I not been warmed into it by my indignation at the Regent's breaking his promises to the Irish." "It originated in my sympathies with the sufferings of the people of Ireland." When Leigh Hunt met O'Connell some years afterward, the latter told him how much the article delighted him, but that he felt certain of the penalties it would draw down upon its author.

† I find this description of Shelley in one of my letters from Leigh Hunt: "Shelley was tall and slight of figure, with a singular union of general delicacy of organization and muscular strength. His hair was brown, prematurely touched with gray; his complexion fair and glowing; his eyes gray and extremely vivid; his face small and delicately featured, especially about the lower

lighting in the natural broken ground, and in the fresh air of the place, which "used to give him an intoxication of animal spirits." Here he swam his paper boats in the pond, and played with children; and to that house Shelley brought at midnight a poor woman, a forlorn sister, whom he had found in a fit on the heath, and whom he thus saved from death.

Leigh Hunt, when I knew most of him, was living at Edwardes Square, Kensington, in a small house, on restricted means. All his life long his means were limited; it is, indeed, notorious that he was put to many "shifts," to keep the wolf from the door. "His whole life," says his son, "was one of pecuniary difficulty." No doubt he had that lack of prudence which is so often one of the heavy drawbacks of genius—one of the penalties that Nature exacts as a set-off against the largest and holiest of her gifts. It may not, and perhaps ought not, to be admitted as an excuse, in bar of judgment; the world is not bound to make allowances for those struggles of the mind, heart, and soul with poverty, which not unfrequently seem to have discreditable issues, and usually bear dead-sea fruit. There have been many men of genius who would suffer the extreme of penury rather than borrow—such, for example, as I have elsewhere shown, was Thomas Moore, to whom the purses of wealthy and high-born friends were as sacred as the crown jewels; but men of letters are for the most part less scrupulous; to some it seems venial, to others little else than a practical illustration of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and a belief that God makes almoners of those he enriches with overabundance. Such ideas, however, are opposed to the views of society; undoubtedly they lower the intellectual standard, and debase the mind; self-respect can rarely exist without independence; yet, to quote the words of a kindred spirit—unhappy Will Kennedy—"if pecuniary embarrassments be a crime, then are the records of genius a Newgate Calendar."^{*}

I do not mean the reader to infer

that either privately or publicly there is aught dishonorable to lay to the charge of Leigh Hunt. "Who art thou that judgest another?" But it is certain that his applications to friends for pecuniary aid were frequent, and may have been wearisome. Of such friends he had many. Among the most generous of them, was that good man, Horace Smith.*

Surely the lines of Cowley apply with emphatic force to Hunt:

"Business—the frivolous pretense
Of human lusts to cast off innocence!
Business—the thing that I of all things hate!
Business—the contradiction of my fate!"

The truth is, that, like many men of his order, he never knew the value of money. He was very generous, and certainly thoughtless, in giving. No reckless extravagance is laid to his charge; his habits were the very opposite to those of a spendthrift; he was utterly indifferent to what are called "the luxuries of life." Simple in his "ways," temperate almost to the extreme; his "feasts" were with the poets, his predecessors, and the table was always well furnished that was covered with books.†

Kennedy. He was undoubtedly a man of genius, but wayward and reckless. I lost sight of him many years before his death—his intellectual death, that is to say; for his latter years were passed in a lunatic asylum, where he died. My introduction to him was singular. I reviewed in the *Eclectic Review*—so far back as 1825—a small book he had published, either in Glasgow or Paisley, and received from him a letter of acknowledgment. It led to my inviting him to London as my guest, and by my influence he obtained a situation as reporter on the *Morning Journal*, a newspaper with which I was myself connected, and of which I was subsequently, for a time, the editor. Kennedy was an Irishman, a native of Belfast. His youth had been "wandering;" previous to his visiting London, he was, I understand, a strolling player in Scotland, where he had probably acquired habits that led to the early close of a life which might have been most honorable and prosperous, for his abilities had attracted attention and he obtained the appointment of Consul (I think) at Venezuela.

* In one of Shelley's letters to Leigh Hunt, in allusion to a sum of money Shelley desired to send to Hunt to defray his journey to Italy, he says: "I suppose that I shall at last make up an impudent face, and ask Horace Smith to add to the many obligations he has conferred on me. I know I need only ask."

† His friend Mr. Reynell tells me, (and he is a

* I know intimately, between the years 1826 and 1830, the author I have quoted—William

I have treated this subject with some hesitation, and perhaps, should have abstained from it altogether, but that I find the son of the poet writing thus: "The plan of working, the varied and precarious nature of the employments, an inborn dullness of sense as to the lapse of time, conspired to produce a life in which the receipt of handsome earnings alternated with long periods that yielded no income at all. In these intervals, credit went a long way, but not far enough. There were gaps of total destitution in which every available source had been absolutely exhausted." "At this juncture," he continues, "appeals were made for assistance, sometimes with and sometimes without the knowledge of Leigh Hunt, and they were largely successful."^{*}

In 1844, Sir Percy Shelley, the son of the poet, succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather, and one of his earliest acts (under the suggestion of his mother, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley) was to settle on Leigh Hunt and on his wife, in the event of her surviving him, an annuity of £120; and in 1847 he was placed on the pension list, and received "in consideration of his distinguished literary talents," a pension of £200 a year. Lord John Russell, in conveying this boon to him, adds:

safe and sure authority,) that in his later days, Mr. Hunt often said to him his great wish was, that when he died he should not owe to any one a halfpenny. He had borrowed from the good Duke of Devonshire a sum of £200, and returned it to him, the duke remarking that it was the only instance, save one, in which money thus lent had been proffered back: he declined to accept it. Hunt was indebted to Mr. Reynell—a debt incurred by Mr. Reynell becoming surety for him in 1832, when the fortunes of the poet were at their lowest ebb. Twenty years afterward he repaid that sum—on receiving the first installment of Shelley's legacy—as he had promised he would do. No doubt other similar cases might be recorded.

^{*} In a letter he addressed to me when, in 1835, I was writing a brief memoir of him for the *Book of Gems*, he says, "You will not hesitate to add what objections you are compelled by impartiality to entertain against me;" and in a subsequent letter he writes: "Had you said that five sixths of my writings were worth nothing, I should have agreed with you, for I think so, and I would use stronger terms, if there might not be vanity itself in so doing. My only excuse is, (and it is, luckily, a good one, so far,) that I have been forced to write for bread, and so put forth a good deal of unwilling nothingness."

"The severe treatment you received in times of unjust persecution of liberal writers, enhances the satisfaction with which I make this announcement." Thus in his old age, the comforter came to his home, and the "pecuniary difficulties" that had haunted his whole life were no longer felt—should not have been so, perhaps I ought to say, for I believe pecuniary difficulties were never entirely removed from him until he was in his shroud.

That there were fine points in the character of Leigh Hunt, all who knew him admitted: foremost among them was his love of truth. In one of his letters to me he writes: "I would rather be considered a hearty loving nature than any thing else in the world, and if I love truth, as I do, it is because I love an apple to be thought an apple, and a hand a hand, and the whole beauty and hopefulness of God's creation a truth instead of a lie." He was justified in saying of himself that he had "two good qualities to set off against many defects," that he was "not vindictive, and spoke the truth," although it may have been with him, as he says it was with his friend Hazlitt, "however genuine was his love of truth, his passions may have sometimes led him to mistake it."

Charles Lamb, who dearly loved him, describes his "mild dogmatism" and his "boyish sportiveness;" and Hazlitt writes of him thus: "In conversation, he is all life and animation, combining the vivacity of the school-boy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar." Of him Haydon, the painter, said this: "You would have been burnt at the stake for a principle, and you would have feared to put your foot in the mud." Even Byron, who "hated him without a cause," and whose hatred seemed the birth of self-reproach, proclaimed him to be "a good man."

But to my thinking, the best testimony to the character of Leigh Hunt is that which was borne to it by Sir Bulwer Lytton, (an author who has, perhaps, had more power to circulate bitter things, and shoot poisoned arrows at his brethren of the pen than most men, yet who, I believe, has said of them more generous and "helping"

things and fewer bitter things than any man living.) This character occurs in a review of Leigh Hunt's poetry in the *New Monthly*, 1833. It is anonymous, but I can do no wrong in stating that Sir Bulwer Lytton was the writer: "None have excelled him in the kindly sympathies with which, in judging of others, he has softened down the asperities and resisted the caprices common to the exercise of power. In him the young poet has ever found a generous encourager no less than a faithful guide. None of the jealousy or the rancor ascribed to literary men, and almost natural to such literary men as the world has wronged, have gained access to his true heart, or embittered his generous sympathies. Struggling against no light misfortunes, and no common foes, he has not helped to retaliate, upon rising authors, the difficulty and the depreciation which have burdened his own career. He has kept undimmed and unbroken, through all reverses, that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart."

I knew but little of Leigh Hunt when he was in his prime. I had met him, however, more than once, soon after his return from Italy, when he recommenced a career of letters which he had been induced to abandon, trusting to visionary hopes in the aid he was to derive from familiar intercourse with Byron. He was tall, but slightly formed, quiet and contemplative in gait and manner, yet apparently affected by momentary impulse; his countenance, brisk and animated, receiving its expression chiefly from dark and brilliant eyes, but supplying unequivocal evidence of that mixed blood which he derived from the parent stock, to which his friend Hazlitt referred when he used to say of him, in allusion to his flow of animal spirits as well as to his descent, that "he had tropical blood in his veins." His son, Thornton, (*Cornhill Magazine*), describes him "as in height about five feet ten inches, remarkably straight and upright in his carriage, with a firm step and a cheerful, almost dashing, approach." He had straight black hair, which he wore parted in the centre, a dark, but not pale complexion; black eyebrows, firmly marking the edge of

a brow over which was a singularly upright, flat, white forehead, and under which beamed a pair of eyes, dark, brilliant, reflecting, gay, and kind, with a certain look of observant humor. "He had a head larger than most men's; Byron, Shelley, and Keats wore hats which he could not put on."

In 1838, I saw him often, and saw enough of him to have earnest respect and sincere regard for the man whom I had long admired as the poet. He gave me many valuable hints for my guidance while I was compiling *The Book of Gems of British Poets and British Artists*. All his "notes" concerning his cotemporaries (I have some of them still) were genial, cordial, and laudatory, affording no evidence of envy, no taint of depreciation. His mind was indeed like his poetry, a sort of buoyant outbreak of joyousness, and when a tone of sadness pervades it, it is so gentle, confiding, and hoping as to be far nearer allied to resignation than to repining, although his life was subjected to many heavy trials, and especially had he to complain of the ingratitude of political "friends"—for whom he had fought heartily—when victory was only for the strong, and triumph for the swift. Perhaps there is no poet who so entirely pictures himself in all he writes; yet it is a pure and natural egotism, and contrasts happily with the gloomy and misanthropic moods which some have labored first to acquire and then to portray. "Quick in perception, generous of impulse, he saw little evil destitute of good."

In conversation, Leigh Hunt was always more than pleasing; he was "ever a special lover of books," as well as a devout worshiper of Nature, and his "talk" mingled, often very sweetly, the simplicity of a child with the acquirements of a man of the world—somewhat as we find them mingled in his *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*. It did, indeed, according to the laudatory view of one of his poetic school, often "combine the vivacity of the schoolboy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar."

This generosity of thought and heart is conspicuous in all his writings. His

autobiography is full of liberal and generous sentiments—rarely any other—evidence of the charity that “suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, thinketh no evil.” He who might have said so many bitter things, utters scarcely one; he who might have galled his enemies to the quick, does not stab even in thought.

He has written much prose and many poems, and although marred, perhaps, by frequent affectations, his poetry is of the true metal; tender, graceful, and affectionate, loving nature in all its exterior graces, but more especially in man. It is, and ever will be, popular among those whose warmer and dearer sympathies are with humanity. Charles Lamb, in his memorable defense of Hunt against an insinuation of Southey, that Hunt had no religion, thus writes of him: “He is one of the most cordial-minded men I ever knew—a matchless fireside companion.” Southey regretted, and justly, that Leigh Hunt had “no religion.” He had, indeed, a kind of scholastic theology, that he considered might stand in the stead of it; he himself calls it in a letter to me, “a sort of natural piety,” but in none of his letters—nor in his diary—is there the slightest allusion to his consolations, no evidence of trust in a superintending providence, and but little intimation of belief or hope in the hereafter. Who will not lament this as they read his writings; knowing how closely combined is love of man with love of God; how much stronger is virtue for the general good when it is based on Christianity? His religion (which he styles in the letter to me I have quoted “a sort of luxurious natural piety”) was cheerful, hopeful, sympathizing, universal in its benevolence, and entirely comprehensive in charity, but it was not the religion of the Christian, it was not even that of the Unitarian. He recognized Christ, indeed, but classes Him only among those—not even foremost of them—who were lights in dark ages; “great lights,” as he styles them, “of rational piety and benignant intercourse”—Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus, Antoninus. Jesus was their “martyred brother,” nothing more. His publish-

ed book entitled, *The Religion of the Heart*, (1853, John Chapman, Strand,) is but little known; I hope it will never be reprinted. Had Southey read it, he would not have been content with the mild rebuke to Leigh Hunt which excited the ire of one of the gentlest and most loving of the friends of both, Charles Lamb, who in his memorable letter to the Laureate—a letter indignant, irrational, and unjust—bitterly condemned the one for a very mild castigation of the other.* His theory of religion may, perhaps, be indicated by the following lines, which were certainly among his own favorites. I copy them from Mrs. Hall’s Album, in which he wrote them:

“Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
‘What writest thou?’ The vision raised its
head,
And with a look, made of all sweet accord,
Answered: ‘The names of those who love the
Lord.’
‘And is mine one?’ said Abou. ‘Nay, not so,’
Replied the angel, Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: ‘I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.’
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great, wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.”

Leigh Hunt lived to see political asperities softened down, the distinctions between Whig and Tory gradually di-

* I by no means, however, mean to convey an idea that Leigh Hunt was “irreligious” in the ordinary sense of the term. I am quite sure he was not so. The New Testament was a book of his continual study, but it was read in a spirit that brought none of the light it has, happily, brought to other men. If he was a “free thinker,” he rendered profound respect to the Divine Author of the Christian faith, and therefore never sneered at those who accept it as a means of salvation, and never wrote with any view to sap or to weaken belief. If we may not class him among the advocates of Christianity, it would be injustice to place him among its opponents. Some one who wrote a touching and very eloquent tribute to his memory in the *Examiner* soon after his death, says: “He had a child-like sympathy of his own in the Father to whom he is gone, of which those who diverged from his path can only say that, ignorant of the direct line to the eternal sea, he took the sure and pleasant path beside the river.”

minish, and party bitterness become almost extinguished. He lived, indeed, "through a storm of obloquy, to be honored and loved by men who had been his most vigorous antagonists."* No doubt, as a politician, he "flourished" some years too soon; he was a reformer much too early. Both of his successors, as editors of the *Examiner*, Albany Fonblanque and John Forster, were rewarded in the way that Liberal governments—more wise in their generation than Tory governments—reward their partisans of the press. But Leigh Hunt "guided the pen" at a period when little was to be gained by it, except annoyance and persecution—at least, in advocating "the old cause." "Hazlitt used to say, that after Leigh Hunt and himself and their like had done the rough work of the battle for Liberal opinions, the gentlemen of the Whig party 'put on their kid gloves' to finish the business and carry off the honors."

Leigh Hunt was a journalist (I again quote from the *Examiner*) when courage and independence were the highest and perhaps the rarest qualities a journalist could show." He wrote when party spirit ran high, when language was seldom measured by responsibility, when vituperation was a weapon in common use.

In the year 1857 his wife had died. His sons, such as were left to him, had gone forth to fight the battle of life; his mind and his heart were "shaken." In that year he writes, sadly foreboding, "I am alone in the world;" troubled fancies haunted him. In one of his letters to his attached and faithful friend, John Forster, he murmurs—"I have been long fancying that most people, some old friends included, had begun not to care what I said or thought about them—whether any thing or nothing;" and in another letter he writes: "Strange to say, it was joy at finding the bookseller offer me more money

than I had expected for some copy-rights that was the immediate cause of my illness." He met old age with homage, and death with fortitude. Almost the last sentence in his autobiography is this: "I now seemed—and it has become a consolation to me—to belong as much to the next world as to this; . . . the approach of my night-time is even yet adorned with a break in the clouds, and a parting smile in the sunset."

Alas! He refers not to the hope of the Christian, but to a far dimmer, less rational, and infinitely less consoling faith—"may we all meet in one of Plato's vast cycles of reëxistence."

Just two months before completing his seventy-fifth year, "he quietly sank to rest." The oil was exhausted, the light had burned gradually down.*

When I saw him last, he was yielding to the universal conqueror. His loose and straggling white hair thinly scattered over a brow of manly intelligence; his eyes dimmed somewhat, but retaining that peculiar gentleness yet brilliancy which in his youth were likened to those of a gazelle; his earnest heart and vigorous mind outspoken yet, in sentences eloquent and impressive; his form partially bent, but energetic and self-dependent, although by fits and starts—Leigh Hunt gave me the idea of a sturdy ruin, that "wears the mossy vest of time," but which, in assuming the graces that belong of right to age, was not oblivious of the power, and worth, and triumph enjoyed in manhood and in youth.†

He died at the house of one of the oldest, closest, and most valued of his friends, Mr. C. W. Reynell, in High Street, Putney. The dwelling had a good garden, where the poet loved to ramble to admire the flowers, of which he was "a special lover." Immediately in front is the old gabled, quaint-looking Fairfax House, in which,

* A notable instance of this was the altered conduct of Professor Wilson toward his old opponent. He not only wrote a very kindly review of his *Legend of Florence* in *Blackwood*, but lamented the bitter things which had been written in its early numbers, and used to send Leigh Hunt the magazine regularly as long as he lived.

* His last work, only a few days before his death, was an article in the *Spectator*, in defense of his beloved friend, Shelley, against the aspersions of Hogg in a then recently published collection of Shelley's Letters.

† "Those who knew him best will picture him to themselves clothed in a dressing-gown, and bending his head over a book or over the desk."
—THORNTON HUNT.

it is said, Ireton lived, and where that general and Lambert often met.

It is pleasant to know that the death-bed of the aged man was surrounded by loving friends, and that all which care and skill could do to preserve his life was done.

There was no trouble, nothing of gloom, about him at the last; the full volume of his life was closed; his work on earth was done. Will it seem "far fetched" if we describe him, away from earth, continuing to labor, under the influence of that Redeemer I am sure he has now learned to love, realizing the picture for which in the book I have referred to he drew on his fancy—and finding it fact?

This it is: "Surely there are myriads of beings everywhere inhabiting their respective spheres, both visible and invisible, all, perhaps, inspired with the same task of trying how far they can extend happiness. Some may have realized their heaven, and are resting. Some may be helping ourselves, just as we help the bee or the wounded bird; spirits, perhaps, of dear friends who still pity our tears, who rejoice in our smiles, and whisper in our hearts a belief that they are present."

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Leigh Hunt was almost the only one then remaining of that glorious galaxy of genius which, early in the present century, shone upon the intellectual world; he survived them all, and with a memory of each. Some of them were his friends, and most of them his acquaintances. He had seen star after star decline, but might exclaim, and did exclaim, with one of his eloquent cotemporaries,—

"Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light."

He was buried at Kensal Green, but, unhappily, there is, as yet, no monument to record his name and preserve his memory; that is a reproach to all who knew him, and to all who have read, admired, and loved his many works—a generation that reaps the harvest of his labors. His works will, indeed, do both—they will be his monu-

ment—more enduring than any of "piled-up stones"—and *they* will preserve his name forever among the foremost men of his age and country. But it is not right that the crowded "graveyard" which contains sculptured tablets of so many illustrious authors, artists, and men of science, should be without one to this great writer, and I appeal to the thousands by whom he is estimated to remove from England the reproach. It will gratify me much if I can obtain contributions for that purpose, in addition to my own. A large sum is by no means requisite. Such a monument as Leigh Hunt would desire should be unassuming and unpretending as was his career in letters; and if I am so happy as to receive responses to this invitation, I will set about the work.

Saturday Review.

LÜBECK.

THERE are moments in the course of intelligent travel that make an impression which lasts forever, which later impressions may easily rival, but which they can never wholly wipe out. In going through a course of remarkable towns, interesting alike for their existing remains and from the associations of past times, each has a fair chance of seeming for the moment the most attractive among its fellows. But there are spots in every journey—in every journey at least planned with historical and political objects—which stand out by themselves, which may be placed side by side with others of equal interest on other grounds, but which we at once feel admit of no competitor of their own kind. Such, in a North-German tour, a journey among Hanseatic cities, is the moment when we first catch sight of the ancient head of the great merchant League, the ancient mistress and civilizer of Northern Europe. Simply as a picturesque combination, the seven spires of Lübeck form a piece of architectural grouping which can hardly be surpassed, though there was a time when they might have been fairly matched in their own line by the six

spires of Coventry. And, as a picturesque combination, a question at once arises between groupings like Lübeck and Coventry, where nearly all the main objects are of the same kind, and groupings like Caen and Oxford, which present a collection of forms of greater variety. But, historically, what is Caen or Coventry compared to Lübeck? Earl Leofric and William the Conqueror have their attractions, but what is any one city of the kingdom of England or of the Duchy of Normandy beside the mighty commonwealth whose fleets once struck terror into all the kingdoms of the North? Hundreds are familiar with the fame of Venice in whose ears the name of Lübeck is hardly an intelligible sound. But the greatness of Venice within her own Mediterranean was not more indisputable than the greatness of Lübeck within that Northern Mediterranean whose shores she so largely helped to people with men of our own race and almost of our own speech. Here, fallen indeed from her ancient greatness, but still free, still prosperous, is the city which once was the mightiest commonwealth of Teutonic Europe. Here is the city which once sat as the chosen chief of eighty free and sisterly republics, the city which checked the advance of Denmark, and which gave kings to Sweden, the city the long arms of whose commerce stretched from Novgorod to London, and whose history is inseparably entwined with that of our own commerce and our own capital. Here are still her splendid churches, the special church of the citizens significantly overtopping the Cathedral of the Prince Bishop; here is her *Rathhaus*, where indeed no longer assemble the deputies of all the commonwealths of Northern Europe, but where Bürgermeisters and Senators and Bürgerschaft still maintain the independence of a republic which, since her own Cæsar has vanished and since her foreign tyrant has passed away, no longer owns a superior upon earth. Many and stirring indeed are the thoughts which press upon the mind as we first set foot in the Teutonic Carthage—the Teutonic Carthage, we say; for the Teutonic Rome we must look else-

where, in the city of nobles which crowns the proud peninsula girded by the Aar.

There are indeed almost as many striking points of analogy between Lübeck and Bern as there are striking points of difference. Both are essentially cities of the middle ages. Unlike the cities of Southern Europe, of Gaul, and of a large part of Germany itself, neither of them has the least root in classical antiquity. Each acknowledges an historical founder in the same comparatively recent age. Lübeck dates from the former, Bern from the latter, half of the twelfth century. What Berchthold of Zähringen is to the southern city, Henry the Lion of Saxony is to the northern. In neither case can any claim to an earlier date be decently put forward; Bern probably already existed as a village, but that is all. A commemorative legend is attached to the birth of either city, but neither had ever the slightest pretense for enveloping itself in the charm of mythical antiquity. The city of merchants and the city of nobles have alike had their day; each in a manner has fallen, and each has in a manner risen again; neither holds the same place in the general balance of things which once it held; but each is still free and prosperous, and doubtless neither would willingly exchange that ancestral freedom for any material advantages which might be gained by incorporation with any self-styled kingdom or self-styled empire of yesterday.

Lübeck is indeed the sort of city which most thoroughly delights the historical inquirer. The past and the present combine in exactly their proper proportions. A city of ruins is a mere matter of antiquarian curiosity; in a city where all is new, the busy present is too apt to exclude the venerable past. As we walk the streets of Lübeck, both extremes seem alike excluded. There was a time, under and immediately after the tyranny of Bonaparte, when Lübeck had positively sunk, and when all prosperity had passed away from her. Since her deliverance, she has found her place in the new state of things—not indeed her old place as queen of Northern

Europe, but a place as a chief centre of the trade of her own seas, a character in which she has steadily advanced, and in which she has little to fear, unless the new masters of Kiel contrive to nurse up their new haven into an artificial prosperity.

Lübeck stands well, on a slightly elevated peninsula, sloping down on both sides to its two rivers, and faced, on the other side of the Trave, by the rising ground formerly occupied by the fortifications of the city, and now laid out in the usual ornamental manner. The position would be striking anywhere; it is especially so in the dull country with which Lübeck, like most other North-German towns, is surrounded. The city consists of two main lines of streets on the ridge of the hill, from which cross streets slope down on both sides. It is therefore a city in which, unlike Cambridge, Brunswick, or Limoges, it is unusually easy to find one's way. In ancient buildings Lübeck is wonderfully rich. Two great and three smaller churches, remains, more or less extensive, of three monasteries, the noble Rathhaus, a hospital, and many picturesque private houses, form a very rich accumulation of architectural wealth. All the buildings are in the local brick style, and are none the worse for it. But, owing to a fire which pretty well destroyed the city in the fourteenth century, there are very small remains of any great antiquity.

Among the particular buildings, we have already implied that the civic church, the *Marienkirche*, distinctly out-tops the *Dom* or Cathedral in the general view of the city. The Cathedral in fact, higher alike in antiquity and in ecclesiastical rank, has the advantage in length, while it yields in height. As an architectural whole, the *Marienkirche* has certainly the advantage; it forms one harmonious design of the fourteenth century, and is not a whit the worse for its material. Without, the two western spires and the grouping of the eastern chapels claim for it, mere parish church as it is, a place among the noblest of minsters; and the interior, with the gigantic height of its columns, the minuter glories of its roodloft, and the exquisite

beauty of the chapel attached to its southern tower, will more than realize any expectation which may have been formed without. But if the *Marienkirche* is the more satisfactory to the artist, the Cathedral is distinctly the more attractive to the antiquary. Like so many other Lutheran churches, its wealth in the way of ecclesiastical ornament is something amazing. An enormous crucifix, with its attendant figures, of splendid workmanship and altogether untouched, still spans the centre of the church in its old position, and seems to give no offense to the Protestantism of a city which rather piques itself on its piety as compared with its neighbors. A splendid triptych by Memmling in one of the northern chapels is perhaps the generally attractive object in the church, but the whole building is full of remains of one sort and another, ritual and monumental. Conspicuous among the latter is the bronze figure of Bishop Heinrich von Buchholz, a benefactor of the fourteenth century, who lies in the choir which he enlarged to its present extent. As his eyes were made of gems, and as a third gem adorned his pastoral staff, these more precious parts were picked out by the French conquerors of Lübeck. Even the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, but we may be thankful that the bishop was not melted down whole into a cannon.

Of the three conventual establishments very extensive remains exist, as the domestic buildings seem to have been applied to other purposes, almost without injury. The church of St. Anne, in ruins, is very singular, and that of St. Catharine is both singular and beautiful. Its choir, raised aloft to a height which, even comparatively, utterly distances that of Wimborne, is made into a receptacle for local antiquities, mainly ecclesiastical. It is filled with pictures and images of the most gorgeous kind, showing, with what still remain in the churches, what the wealth of Lübeck once was. The Holy Ghost Hospital has a striking front, with a range of small spires, which seem almost designed for a larger building; probably they were suggested by those of the *Rathhaus*.

The latter groups well with the *Marienkirche*, and, though it is open to the charge of exhibiting several gross architectural shams, yet on the whole it shows what an effect can be produced by brick in secular architecture, as its neighbor does in ecclesiastical. The outside is highly picturesque; within, the great hall of the Hansa has been cut up into various small rooms. As might be expected, it is by far the largest Rathhaus of its own group of cities; and it is not one compact mass, like that of Bremen, but a building covering a great deal of ground and spreading out in more directions than one. As an historical monument, as the very heart and centre of the Hanseatic League, it stands by itself in North-Germany.

The remaining buildings are the gates. The Holstein gate, near the railway, with its two massive round towers and spires, is perhaps the more generally striking; but we are by no means clear that we do not prefer at least the present effect of the *Burg-Thor* at the north end of the town. The Holstein Gate has lost greatly by the destruction of the adjoining buildings, including another gate still larger than itself. It was itself threatened, but the good taste and liberality of some of the citizens procured its preservation and it is now being carefully restored. The *Burg-Thor* has the great advantage of not standing isolated, as the Holstein Gate now does, but of still forming part of a group. Its shape is quite different; not a gate between round towers, but a square tower over a gate, reminding one somewhat of the Norman gate at Bury St. Edmunds.

Among the attractions of Lübeck it would be most unfair not to reckon the Lübeckers. It is pleasant to see a noble city so thoroughly appreciated by its inhabitants as Lübeck certainly is. They are proud of it, and are ready with the heartiest welcome to any one who shows an interest in either its past or its present state. Indeed the traveler who goes with an intelligent object need never fail to be well received in North-Germany. He is in some respects better off than in Switzerland. North-Germany has not

suffered from the plague of tourists. There is not therefore the same presumption in the North-German mind, which there most naturally and pardonably is in the Swiss, that an English traveler is a fool. In North-Germany, therefore, there is not the same need for an elaborate proof that you are something else. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the fact that some of the most interesting cities in Europe are set down in one of the ugliest countries in Europe brings this incidental good both to the inhabitants and to their visitors. We recommend a visit to Lübeck to all intelligent travelers, but we trust that mere tourists will keep away.

A NEW NOVELIST.*

ANDRÉ LÉO.

A NEW writer of romances has appeared among us. In a few months he has gained great publicity, and conquered a distinguished place in our literature. The veil of pseudonym has been lifted, and the interest excited by these vigorous and truthful romances is heightened by the knowledge that they are the work of a woman, who, left a widow with two sons, has perhaps owed to imperious necessity the discovery of her fine talent. However, we can hardly believe this. André Léo must be one of those who write because impelled by an inward force, because they can not do otherwise. In whatever position, in whatever circumstances she might have lived, André Léo must have written. But we may perhaps be indebted to circumstances for the firmness and purity of her thoughts, for the first vigorous outburst, unhesitating and unmistaking, of a soul which is wholly dedicated to the good and the true.

The works of our author are four in number: The first, with the unattractive title, *A Scandalous Marriage*, is perhaps the most remarkable; the second may be passed without notice; its chief merits being some charming de-

* Translated for the Eclectic from the *Revue Chrétienne*.

scriptions of the environs of Lausanne, where the scene is in part laid. In the third, *The Two Daughters of M. Plichon*, we find all the qualities of the first, and if the epistolary form, which the author adopts, has its difficulties, which are often signal, it can at least lend itself more than any other to the imagination and allow the author to express herself most fully without detracting from the naturalness of the narrative. The fourth, just published, *Jacques Galéron*, is a short and striking picture of the situation of teachers in the country. The hero, a young man of a noble heart and independent mind, has given himself enthusiastically to his vocation, believing it to be the best means of usefulness to his fellows. What does he not suffer, when he discovers by degrees, that no bondage is heavier than his own; that every thing oppresses, every thing fetters him, and that he must either lose his place, and with it all means of action, or become the instrument of the gross prejudices of ignorance and a sottish religion. The recital of this struggle between a benevolent man of progress and the antiquated wheelwork of our society, which must of necessity crush him, produces an effect perhaps the more striking because the theatre is small, the incidents in themselves insignificant, and related in the most serious manner. It all seems true. Jacques is a superior but simple-hearted young man, with no other ambition than that of reforming education in his own school. The curate, his chief enemy, is a vulgar, conceited man, of obtuse mind and mean character, though certainly not exceptionally wicked.

We might say that this little drama would be really enacted in many of the communes of France, if every commune possessed a teacher who performed his duties in earnest.

What a life, indeed, is that of a teacher such as is here depicted, and such as may often be met! It is little more than a struggle with misery and privations; a man of heart will bear it from personal courage, and love for his work. It would be a small thing to be obliged to conquer the ignorance and prejudices of parents; they would

be subdued by the children themselves, attached to their master, improved by his teachings, and happy in the development of their faculties. But the teacher has too often against him the curate with his abusive authority, the important people of the village, all the idle loungers, all the slanderous tongues, too happy to find an object. He has against him the class-books themselves, inspired most frequently by the spirit of the middle ages, and contrived so as to plant in the minds of the children the foundations of a servile and sombre religion, from which they escape later in life by a gross materialism. Then comes the inspector of the University, who hears nothing, and is urged to administer an official admonition. Then, the last bitterness, the last humiliation, comes the moment of elections, and the poor teacher, who has his own convictions, who has a political belief, who feels within himself the heart of a citizen, must go, as Jacques Galéron expressed it, to perform his duty of a slave, namely, to distribute the ballots of the candidate of the government. Has a teacher any right to have a conscience? He is the weakest of functionaries, that is all. And at night he sheds burning tears when he comes home, harassed, degraded in his own eyes and in the eyes of those who ought to trust their children to him that he may make men of them. No, the struggle of the spirit of freedom and responsibility against the old spirit of authority and oppression, which, partially banished from the sphere of thought, still subsists almost entire, in that of facts, this struggle can be nowhere more violent than in the humble life of a country teacher.

This simple history is told entirely in a letter written to the wife of a rector of the University, by the adopted mother of Susanne, the young wife of Jacques, who wisely rouses the memories of a school-mate, in the hope that her old friend will plead the cause of the oppressed. The reply of the rector's wife is thoroughly worthy of one who, occupying an eminent position, is not disposed to compromise herself in any way. "To attack any thing stronger than one's self," she says, "to

fight alone against all, is to be willing to succumb, and even ingloriously, since the world esteems nothing but success." She closes by promising her assistance in obtaining a change rather than a loss of place, on condition that Jacques and his wife will engage to restrict themselves to the care of their own family, "as all reasonable people do in these days."

Such is the last word of this little drama, or rather of this veritable history. One shuts the book, with a lingering oppression and discouragement. Where is the remedy for so great evils? Whence shall the deliverance come? If even the education of the people solely tends to subject them the more to the yoke of the past, what are we to expect or hope for?

We will not touch at present upon the serious criticism which this little volume demands, and to which we shall return later in speaking of the works as a whole. Indeed, it is painful to recognize defects and faults of an author with whom one so deeply sympathizes. One would wish to pass over them in silence, and illusively believe one's self agreeing with him to the end, and to the full import of his thought. We have the same indignations, the same antipathies, the same compassions. Let us first seek for what unites us, and not for what separates us. Does not the author of these books which we love, which upon more than one point reveal to us our own uncertain thoughts; does she not agree with us perhaps more fully than she thinks? But in order to convince her of this we must first place ourselves at her point of view, and become possessed of her inspiration.

If Jacques Galéron has a moment diverted our attention from the previous works of its author, it is because from its character it occupies a place by itself. It is not a romance, it is a history of our times; it is a pamphlet, it is a plea, but the talent of the romancer has marked with its imprint more than one charming or comic scene, and we find in it the same accurate observation, the same intimate acquaintance with provincial and rustic manners and ideas, with this difference, that the author has not time in so rapid a recital to give to all her personages the

same stamp of reality which, for example, in *A Scandalous Marriage*, makes the last incident live before our eyes in the midst of a large number of actors.

This is one of the criticisms to be made on the last mentioned book. Our attention is required by too great a number of personages, and yet we can not say that it is divided by them. The two principal characters, Michel and Lucia, concentrate it always upon themselves from the first moment of her appearance. One scarcely knows, too, how this fault could have been avoided, since its subject is a scandal, and in order to have a scandal there must be a public. The story contains two marriages. Aurelia Bourdon, the daughter of the richest land-owner in the region, educated to respect all social conventionalities, and in utter ignorance of real life and its duties, marries an unprincipled, heartless man, whose vile conduct, well known to the family of the young girl, should a thousand times have prevented a marriage based upon any thing but calculation and interest. The scene between M. and Madame Bourdon, relating to the subject, is remarkable from its fine and cruel truthfulness of observation.

The mother, a model of maternal tenderness and clever foresight, brings up in favor of the marriage all imaginable reasons except the true one—her petty and odious ambition. She even dares to speak of the happiness of her daughter. The father, who has a warmer heart, if not a sounder conscience than his wife, shows at first a downright indignation, and afterward repugnances and scruples, which soon yield to the superior power of Madame Bourdon, strengthened by his own wrongs toward her.

Lucia, the heroine of the book, the poor cousin of the rich Aurelia, brought up also as a lady, but in the midst of the hardest privations and the most pitiful contrivances to conceal the misery resulting from the vulgar prejudices and negligence of her parents—Lucia thus sees her older sister Clarissa die at the age of seventeen, merely for the lack of a little happiness. Soured and irritated by the emptiness of her heart and the uselessness of her life,

Clarissa, who takes but little part in the action, is still one of the most remarkable characters in the book. A victim to the position of her parents and the false notions which she has imbibed, she suffers from petty miseries; she torments those around her by her imperious demands, and passes from an undignified debasement to a foolish excitement of joy at every distraction, at every occurrence which admits her to the rich and brilliant world of her dreams from which she has been an exile. With this passing before her eyes, Lucia, who at twenty was but a happy and careless child, suddenly awakes to anxious thought of the future. At the moment when the announcement of her cousin Aurelia's marriage has, as it were, cast a sudden light upon her own destiny, and when struggling with the feeling of desolation which has seized her, she strives to recall the memories of her childhood, and thus to regain the carelessness and poetry of the past, she meets one of her old play-mates, Michel, who for several years has been absent from the country. Their conversation is charming, and from the first reveals the contrast and at the same time the similarity of the two characters. But at its conclusion, "It is all very well," said Lucia to herself, softened as she was by these recollections, and the sympathy of the young peasant; "but now we can no longer be friends. He, fortunately, has other pleasures, and as for myself, I have grown up only to expect sorrow and loneliness."

As soon as Michel and Lucia had once met, opportunities for seeing each other were not wanting. The house of the young man's mother joined the garden of M. Bertin. This waste garden, which its owner would have felt himself degraded to cultivate with his own hands, and yet could not find laborers to cultivate it, Michel undertakes to dig and plant in his leisure hours. That is a pretty scene in which Lucia, blushing and embarrassed as if she were doing something wrong, and still too much under the dominion of her prejudices of caste, to be willing to accept an unpaid service from a peasant, asked him how much she owes him for his labor. In all this re-

cital the gradations are admirably observed. Lucia is at first by no means above the habits of thought which surround her; she has to gain a victory over herself before beginning another contest with the little world in which she lives. When, for the first time she has met in the eyes of Michel an expression which no other face has worn for her, she starts with a strange thrill, she says to herself that what she imagined was impossible, and thus reassures herself. This assurance renders her relations to Michel more unembarrassed than they would have been with a young man of her own position. Lucia is not an irreproachable heroine; she commits many imprudences; she tries to be a little coquettish, and then gradually and without much reflection, resigns herself to the sweetness of being loved by a man whom she esteems and admires more and more every day, suffering now and then, however, from returns of her old pride. Events combine to bring them together, uniting and isolating them. The character of Michel grows upon us; the reader submits like Lucia to its charm, and gives all along his cordial approbation to this honest and generous love.

If we were to quote all the charming and powerful scenes, we should quote almost the whole book. What a fresh and strong feeling of nature in certain pages, as at times the story becomes idyllic, not insipid and superanimated, but in harmony with modern sentiment, growing simple and passionate from the joyous expanding of the soul in the midst of nature, which lives under the pen of a writer who knows and loves it far more than he does the plot of his drama.

After the enchanting hours spent in the country, at the farm of the Toublerie's on the Clain, where the little boat rowed by Michel glides among the clusters of water-lilies, with which she fills her hands, in company with her friend Gene, the most charming figure imaginable of a young country girl—after this, when Lucia returns to her sad home, and the struggles and humiliations of a false position, the violence of her father, soured by his own inefficiency, the complaints of her

false-hearted, weak-minded mother, when to crown all she hears the echo of the little world in which she lives, and feels herself to be the object of its ill-natured espionage, the contrast is so great that it is very evident that the prejudices of education can not retain their power over so sincere and truthful a nature. And so the work goes on, though gently, gradually, and in the most natural manner. Things conspire to help on this result.

That is a truly touching scene where Michel, before a whole company, in Lucia's presence, refused to take the hand of M. Gavel, the betrothed husband of Aurelia, who offered it "with a dignity and ease edifying even to himself," in thanking Michel for having saved him from the violence of two young peasants, whose vengeance he had well deserved.

Michel grew pale, knit his brows and kept his hand hanging immovably at his side.

"Michel!" cried M. Bourdon in an angry tone.

"What! you refuse me?" said Gavel, stupefied.

"Yes, Monsieur Gavel," said the young peasant without raising his voice, but so clearly that it was heard by every one present: "I can not give you my hand, because I exchange that courtesy only with honest men."

"The young man is beside himself," cried the engineer, pushing himself anxiously into the group, where every one had his angry or reproachful word.

"Such are the men of this day," said the curate, who was present, "Authority exists no longer."

But Lucia moved away from those who insulted Michel, and approached him, saying: "You are brave indeed. You are better than I."

A little later, when the guests of M. Bourdon, witnesses of the affront given to his future son-in-law, endeavored to forget the vexation in renewed gaiety, Lucia, too, remained silent and preoccupied. Her eyes brightened, a sweet smile illumined her face.

"What is it?" asked her mother in a low voice. "One would say that you had heard some good news."

Ah! the maiden has begun a new life. She trusts in Michel with all her

heart, and feels that he is so noble and so strong that she can give herself to him without shame or fear.

Lucia has no more struggles except with others. All is brightness and harmony within. She loves Michel, he is worthy of her love, she will marry him, not dragged along by a thoughtless passion, but with the clear and calm consciousness of what it will cost her, and the firm conviction that his love is worth the sacrifice. "Under the control of a profound conviction, courage is only an instinct, except for cowards; but does a coward believe any thing ardently?"

André Léo is entirely different from the writers who make passion the law of life. We do not find under her pen the realization of the irresistible and divine passion. Lucia revolts only against prejudices; no sacred law forbids her marrying Michel. If it had been so, she would have obeyed it, "for," says the author, "a true sentiment does not oppose itself to the legitimate laws of sentiment."

The struggle with herself being thus ended, that against the wishes and prejudices of her family begins—a strife so terrible that the poor child would have lost courage had she not known that Michel's happiness would be gained at the same time with her own.

The whole book exhibits an exact and keen observation of human nature under the different forms given by the circumstances in which its scenes are passed, and also naturalness and truth in the details. Every episode, every incident concurs to the general impression. Does it not seem when we shut the book, as if we had lived in this little world of Chavagny, as if we had met every one of these sharp, good-natured peasants; as if we had seen the handsome Fernand Gavel, the betrothed of the young lady of the house, pass by with his mettlesome horses, followed by long glances from Lisa, the pretty peasant girl? Have we not seen at a distance Mademoiselle De Parmailan, the young impoverished *châtelaine*, the guardian of old-time traditions, who enters a convent because she can not degrade herself, and passes like a ves-

tige of the middle ages in the midst of this thoroughly modern little world? And M. Bourdon, the rich citizen with his good heart and easy temper, but without morality or principle, and ruled peremptorily by his wife, who, at heart more selfish and corrupt than himself, has always strictly fulfilled her duties; Aurelia, the well-bred young lady, for whom conventionalities take the place of heart, soul, and spirit; all these characters are living, acting, and in perfect keeping to the end. Does it not seem especially as if we had heard the talk of Mademoiselles Boc and Touronne, when they arrived on a warm evening in June? What a fine opening to this conversation, in which the two most malicious tongues in the village taste the delight of an unpitiful gossip.

"You are alone then at present, Mademoiselle," said the peasant to the old lady, who had just driven away the little servant whom she employed as a spy, and maltreated cruelly.

"Don't talk to me about it. I am tired of opening my mouth about it. That it should end so; a good-for-nothing creature whom I have loaded with benefits!"

"What do you want, Mam'selle? The curate says with good reason that we should do good from love to God."

"What I did, Touronne, was entirely from love to God, for I can tell you that I detest her, this creature."

"You have only the more merit, Mam'selle."

"However, it is all the harder for me just now. In spite of all, it was an occupation. I had, to be sure, to scold her or beat her incessantly, but we are not placed in this world to take our ease; we must work to gain heaven."

Their conversation thus piously entered upon, they passed to their neighbors, and it is easy to guess the rest.

The noble figures of Michel and Lucia rise above all these surroundings, and still we can not consider them too noble for nature. Michel is a true peasant. He has the language and sentiments of a peasant, but is one of those strong and true natures who, in whatever circumstances they may be found, borrow from them only externals, and draw their life only from

themselves. At first his moral elevation alone attracts attention, and when later his thoughts and language become more elevated and pure, it is quite naturally under the influence of a deep affection, and from habitual contact with a mind more cultivated than his own. In marrying him, Lucia does not find a man of her own caste, with the single exception that he wears a blouse instead of a coat; she marries really a peasant, but one who will hardly find his superior and rarely his equal in the other ranks of society. For this reason, this book seems to me to be more truly penetrated with the sentiment of justice and equality than most of those which have treated of the same subject and described the same situations.

The death of Clarissa brings on the issue. Clarissa dies despairing, rebellious, repulsing the priest and his common-place consolations, and confounding those around her by the expression of her passionate regret that she had never lived, had never loved. One of her last expressions, "Mamma, do not let Lucia die like me!" fell upon the heart of her mother. No, Lucia must not have such a destiny, and over the corpse of her who had thus died without consolation or hope, the parents, shattered by this terrible scene, give their younger daughter to Michel.

The ethics of the author are brought out in this death-scene, so powerful in its horror. This young girl who does not wish to give up life before she has known it and tasted its joys, is not in her eyes a rebellious being, she is in the right. We certainly do not consider this terrestrial life solely as a time of probation, a preparation for the future life; we recognize in it a worth of its own, and see in it the living germ of that eternal life whose elements it incloses; but the satisfaction of the legitimate wants of our nature does not seem to us a necessary condition of our existence. In the order which God has established, happiness should be, like beauty and truth, the result of the harmony of beings and things. But in the disorder introduced by sin, a joyless life is not of necessity a wasted life, and is not the promise of the unseen world a line

to draw the soul away from its legitimate despair, a mirage sent to turn our eyes from the barren desert? Faith in God, who is love, is faith in happiness, faith in the plenitude of life for the creature made in his image; but faith in human nature alone, and in its divine instincts, condemns one to suffer too much from the spectacles of real life.

We have delayed a long time at this first work of André Léo, and we leave it with regret. Indeed, few books have the power of so completely taking possession of the reader. You are no longer yourself while reading it, you forget all that is around you, you are only a spectator of the scenes which pass before your eyes, a friend of Michel and Lucia, an amused or indignant judge of the caprices, the follies and the vices which are personified before you. Only one fault strikes you; whatever displeases you, you will wish that you had not noticed it. If, for instance, it occurs to you that Michel perches himself too often upon the window-shutters of the lower floor in order to reach the window of Lucia's chamber, where such pure and charming interviews are held, if some slightly crude expressions offend you, if some traditions of the school protrude above the natural qualities of the simple and vigorous style, you scarcely acknowledge it to yourself, so charming and powerful is the work as a whole, and so much the author's friend have you become while penetrated by his thoughts. Whoever has suffered from the state of our society, whoever is familiar either with great wrongs or those petty wrongs, so slight and imperceptible that they form the air we breathe, and which the consciences of the best of us let slip; whoever has been humiliated by the humiliations of others; whoever detests so much the more the prejudices of which he has not been himself the direct victim, while yet he has allowed his life to be partially conformed to them; whoever has a thousand times rebelled against those miserable shackles with which vain conventionalities and all the lies of social life restrict our liberty as with an impalpable yet impassable hedge; whoever has felt all these, and has not

stified them in sacrificing the best part of himself to the vain and factitious demands of custom; whoever has preserved his inward thirst for justice, ought to love this book and its author. It is impossible not to feel strongly, while reading it, that if there are two opposite, irreconcilable terms, they are a worldly spirit and a truly human spirit.

We will not delay so long at the last romance of André Léo, *The Two Daughters of M. Plichon*, although this is also a beautiful story, which shows us still more of the mind of the author. It is not concerned merely in learning what is the legitimate satisfaction for the cravings of the heart; it carries us farther in portraying a complete life, not only in sentiment, but in thought and action. The plot has more unity than that of *The Scandalous Marriage*, or rather, it is wholly internal and intimate, and has no exterior expression except in the simplest events. The young Count William de Montsalvan, still suffering from a first unhappy love, meets upon the neutral ground of a watering-place, a citizen's family, who make his acquaintance, and he falls in love with the youngest daughter of M. Plichon. In his letters to Gilbert, his companion from childhood, a devoted friend, with, however, a cold heart and calculating soul, who lets himself be deceived like school-boy by a *soi-disant* Russian princess, William recounts the charming phases of this love, rekindled so trusting and fresh in his desolate heart. There is a moral improbability in it even from the first letters, and this increases as the love which was at first a little superficial, born of the eyes, becomes deep and serious, founded on a perfect harmony of minds and characters. Indeed, we can scarcely pardon the author for having made Gilbert the confidant of William. How can a man tell all his thoughts, open all his heart, when he is not sure of being understood? Does not the want of this assurance prevent the outburst of unreserved confidence? Intimacy does not indeed demand similarity of character, but it can not exist even in the greatest social familiarity without sympathy in one's ways of thinking and of regard-

ing life. An occasional want of delicacy which we will not point out, seems in William's letters like so many false notes. Having said this, we will forget that Gilbert is the confident, and will imagine that William writes for the reader alone, and give ourselves up to the pleasure of following him in this fine analysis of a passion which can not last because it can not satisfy his soul, grasping it as if to restore his life. The manner in which he becomes freed from it is admirably studied. The successive revelations of Blanche's vanity, frivolity, and heartlessness, are drawn with infinite skill and delicacy. William's coldness is at first followed by returns of tenderness, but soon his adoration is gone, and he feels only indulgence for the charming child who understands him so little, and whose apparently innocent heart is already rotten with worldliness, loving only his title and his brilliant position. Having been accepted at the time when his happiness seemed wrecked, he believed for a while that he was loved for himself, and tried to develop and teach her, but he found only weariness and indifference, and continually met with some misunderstanding, littleness, or vanity. It is during this long struggle between the disenchantment of his heart and the power which the grace and beauty of Blanche still hold over him, that the noble figure of Edith is gradually presented. Cold and haughty in her moral isolation, she seems at first hard and uninteresting, because wholly self-contained. Disdain and antipathy to those around her seem to have killed the softer sentiments, but they are only suppressed under a coating of ice which a ray of sympathy can melt, and love opens and perfects this beautiful flower. The study of nature first brings Edith and William together, and afterward they meet in the sphere of ideas and sentiments. The author must have delighted in the creation of this noble character. Edith should be André Léo; in the thoughts of Edith she has put her own thoughts. Edith, who refuses to go to church, who shocks all her family by calling an archbishop *Monsieur*, is nevertheless a believer. She believes in the hidden powers of humanity, in an indefinite progress, in

a divine goodness discoverable in the bottom of the laws of life, in the good, in the true, in conscience. And when William one day somewhat ironically criticised her faith, she replied, fixing her deep eyes upon him:

"But, William, you believe in the good and the true, and you ardently long for them?"

"Certainly, but we do not possess them."

"Perhaps it is because we want to receive them rather than acquire them. Man is still subject to the ideas we find in Genesis: he accepts labor as a punishment instead of viewing it as the instrument of his conquests and the condition of his happiness. From this point of view obstacles, however natural, irritate and discourage him."

"Then, according to you, what is the end of our existence?"

"It is to make ourselves like our ideal. Is not the highest idea of life at once to love and to will, to adore and to create; in fine, to act with all the energies of our being? Man has long been tired of facile happiness."

In dreams of truth, Edith and William first met each other, in their realization, they seek the fullness of happiness, the perfection of their life. With the little which remained from the wreck of his fortune, a part of which had been spent in aiding the poor peasants during a needy winter, William bought some wild lands, which he cultivated, at the same time studying agriculture. Afterward, when he has married Edith, and his estate amply supplies his simple wants, they establish a school for poor children—a long-cherished plan of the young woman—to which she has devoted her life. Every thing succeeds well; the wild lands become fertile fields, a lovely child plays with the little peasants, the poorest of whom find food at the model farm, where they all have judicious training and heart-expanding love. This active life, in which happiness instead of being the end of existence, is but the living spring whence they derive strength and consecration, preserves their love from all satiety and weariness. Why is it that on closing the book, while wholly admiring this large and generous comprehension

of life, of happiness, and of marriage, we feel disappointed as if the result were less than we expected? Perhaps it is because every depicting of a definite and complete happiness is cold and unsatisfactory. We may not know what more we could wish, and yet it is not enough. After all, however rich, smiling, and beautiful may be the spot on earth which is showed us, our eyes look farther, and seek for other horizons, and this thirst for the infinite stops only at God.

Yes, God is wanting to these two noble beings, who have learned that it is not enough to live for each other, and that to live together for others, to put forth all the energies of a happy union in some work of consecration, is being truly happy. Making ourselves, as Edith said, like our ideals, will not suffice for us, if it suffices to contemplate our ideal without an effort to realize it. The divine will undoubtedly be realized only in us and by us, and that is what gives worth and beauty to life. But what would become of us, in view of the imperfection of our deeds, and our very thoughts incessantly outrun by an instinct superior to themselves, if we could not elevate ourselves by pouring out our souls even to the absolute good, true, and beautiful?

Truth has two sides; the one, reality, which is wholly terrestrial, is admirably depicted in the books we are noticing. The other is the ideal. The ideal of André Léo is noble and grand, it is more Christian than she thinks, but when she comes to give it reality, she does not take into account the conditions of our existence. If all the sufferings and disorders of life arose from prejudice, ignorance, or error, then intelligent and good persons like Jacques Galéron, William, and Edith, would be able to subdue them in their own vicinity, and human life would gradually be transformed under the influence of powerful and earnest individuals. But under how many forms does not evil show itself! What is to be done with vices which are incurable because they are voluntary? What is to be done with all the failings and basenesses of human nature, even the noblest and best? What is to be done

with death? When, like Edith and William, you shall have realized your idea of goodness and duty in a corner of the earth, and during a limited time, when you can render witness that you have obeyed the laws of your conscience and labored faithfully in the universal work of relief and progress, even then you can not forget all the suffering, the sin, the moral death outside the circle where you have acted. The greater your love, the greater will be your need of feeling that a love more potent, an infinite love, a redeeming love, envelops this poor earth to save and to bless it.

Thus this work of André Léo, this serious and earnest work, contains only one part of truth, and shuts out the other part. Religious truth is wanting in it. We will not say that it is opposed, for the religion which our author detests and scorns is not the religion of Jesus, not that of the Gospel, although, alas! it may be that of many who call themselves Christians. If religious truth is wanting in it, human truth can not be there in its completeness, but still it is there, and like one of the halves of the seal of clay, which the ancients divided, and which must be rejoined, this part of truth calls for the missing part. Was it not Jesus Christ who said, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness"?

Popular Science Review.

ON LAKE BASINS.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.

THERE is no subject of general interest in geology and physical geography that has more attracted the attention of the scientific world, and been the cause of more lively discussion of late years, than that of the origin of Lake Basins. Some geologists, deeply impressed with the grandeur of ice-action, and the unmistakable marks of force exhibited by it, have assumed that all the deepest gorges and hollows now occupied by water have been scooped out by glaciers. Others, equally affected by the evidence of the erosive power of water in its fluid state, have thought that, either by floods or by the effects

of great rivers, these hollow spaces have been first made and then left full. Geologists having strong faith in crashes and violent upheavals and depressions, are quite willing to accept as sufficient causes for all lake basins the faults, axes, and other disruptions and disturbances of strata effected rapidly and convulsively, as they believe, during the elevations of mountains and the formation of continents. Thus there is ample ground for discussion, and it must be confessed that in some respects the battle is something like that between the Neptunists and Plutonists in the earlier days of geology, when neither party had much opportunity or desire of appealing to nature to decide, but was none the worse combatant because he was more inclined to appeal to arguments than to discover facts.

Under these circumstances, perhaps, a short account of some of the principal lake basins of the world, with a view to show the varieties that exist, the circumstances under which they exist, their peculiarities of form and position, their magnitude and depth, and the form of their bottoms, when known, will form an interesting and useful introduction to a short notice of recent theories on the subject, and the conflicting views of some of our best modern geologists as to their origin.

The great ocean itself, is but a vast lake basin, the whole of whose bed lies below a certain level, or, in other words, at a certain mean distance from the earth's centre. The condition is clearly due to the fact that at the surface of the earth a number of mixtures and combinations of elementary bodies exist in a state of permanent equilibrium, and in the three states of earth, water, and air, these states being themselves due to peculiar distribution and circulation of heat, light, electricity, gravitation, and chemical agency proper to the position of the earth in a state of permanent equilibrium, in that part of the great system of bodies occupying space, in which we find ourselves to be. It is impossible to deny this, and equally impossible not to see that the form of the bottom of this chief of all lake basins is, in the logical sense of the word, an *accident*. Cer-

tainly, the essential fact of water resting on land is not in any way the cause of the form of the ocean floor.

But, besides the general depression which is, under all circumstances, occupied by water, and which may fitly be called the open ocean, there are numerous smaller seas, more or less nearly inclosed, and many depressions of all conceivable forms and dimensions in that part of the solid mass which rises above the mean level of the sea. Many of these communicate by channels with the open ocean, and their level necessarily approximates closely to that of the sea. Of this kind the Mediterranean is a familiar example. The Black Sea, again, opens into the Sea of Marmora, and that into the Mediterranean, and is only dependent on the ocean through two intervening bodies of water. The Sea of Azof opens only into the Black Sea, and is thus dependent on the sea in a very indirect manner. The levels of these seas are different, and the state of saltiness of their waters is very different from the ocean; but still they are inland seas, and not lakes of the more distinct and well-marked kind. The Caspian Sea is another step removed from the ocean. It is a vast sheet of salt water; but the proportion of salt it contains is much smaller than in the open sea, whilst its level is more than eighty feet below that of the ocean. This great lake has always received the drainage of two great rivers, (the Volga and the Ural,) but is probably nothing more than a partially dried and separated part of the ocean, which once came in from the north. The Dead Sea is a small but very remarkable sheet of water, whose surface is upward of eighteen hundred feet below the sea. It is, however, apparently the remains of a larger sheet, and was probably at one time a part of the Red Sea. Owing to its peculiarities of position and separation from the Red Sea, and partly also to the enormously greater evaporation than supply from its surface, but partly to the influx of springs connected with volcanic emanations it has attained its present character. I might mention many other instances, but these are sufficient for my purpose. They show the connecting

link between seas and lakes, and remind the reader that some of those lakes that are most different from the sea in the nature of their water contents and their geographical position, and that are at present in the far interior of great continents, are still nothing more than portions of the great ocean accidentally cut off from communication.

I must now request the attention of the reader to the forms of various lake basins. Among them are the Black Sea, the Caspian Sea, and the Dead Sea. Among them also are the Zuider Sea, in Holland; a little salt lake called Tchokrak, in the Crimea; and an inlet on the coast of New-Zealand. All these are more or less exceptions to the common and limited idea of lake basins; and they differ somewhat in form from most of the other lakes, many examples of which are as familiar as they are typical. Whatever may be the cause of the form of the oceanic basins, the same causes may be referred to as sufficient to explain these open lakes communicating, either now or formerly, with the sea. Thus the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azof, all now connected by water passages, are yet perfectly distinct as basins. Each has its well-marked limits; each its peculiarities of depth and form of bottom; each its peculiar condition of saltness; each, above all, is distinctly marked by physical features connected with the geological structure of the district around; and in this is the clue that may enable us to solve the problem of the origin of the phenomena, and the link that connects these basins with those of fresh water lakes in other localities. I may add, that in these and many other like cases the smallest geological accident might separate them entirely from the open ocean, and reduce them to the state of lakes.

The reader may find it useful to be reminded of the peculiar features just alluded to. A vast mountain chain exists in the old world, broken in various places by wide gaps, and produced rather by innumerable points and centres of elevation, acting in a linear direction, than by any continuous force. This great chain is double. A north-

ern line ranges from the Pyrenees through the Alps and Carpathians, the mountains of the Crimea and the Caucasus to the Altai group, and the chains that extend eastward to the Pacific. A southern line commences with the Atlas mountains, and ranges eastward to Arabia, and thence by the Himalayan chain to the south of China. It is between these two chains that the great inland seas occur. Many of them have once communicated freely with the ocean, and some are still open; but some also have at certain geological periods been occupied by fresh water almost exclusively. It is clearly impossible to understand their physical geography without studying carefully the geology of their coasts.

Let us pass on now to consider the various kinds of lake basins, or rather the lake basins that appear to exist under different circumstances. The first group, being marine basins, or those that still contain water more or less salt, and whose level is similar to or below that of the sea, must probably have had direct communication with the sea at one time, and were therefore parts of the oceanic basin. Most of these are broad and open, but some, as the Red Sea and the Dead Sea, and some lakes or sea-channels in mountain districts, are elongated, narrow, and tortuous, and often very deep. They are known by various special names—as fjords in Norway, friths in Scotland. These are well worthy of study. They almost always occupy crevices in hard rock, and sometimes, though not always, they certainly appear to be connected with faults or axes of disturbance. Such are some of the phenomena of that class of lake basins whose relation to the general depression of parts of the earth and elevation of other parts is most manifest.

There is another class of lakes and lake basins whose origin is apparently quite different but not less clear. In large open flat spaces on wide plains, and on steppes, we occasionally find pools. These are generally shallow, and owe their water contents to occasional rains that fall in the neighborhood, or to floods that come down periodically. Of this kind, are the great

lakes of Africa, recently discovered and described by Dr. Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, and others. Such is also the Lake Tchad, in Central Africa. Such again is Lake Torrens, in South-Australia, whose waters, according to the earlier describers, were almost illimitable, but which would suddenly shrink almost to nothing. In Europe, the Lakes Ladoga and Onega, between Finland and Russia, are remarkable examples, and the innumerable lakes of South-Sweden, and the interior of Finland, are of the same nature. The Platten See in Austria, and some of the lakes in Ireland, (as Lough Neagh,) partake of this character. In all, there is a total absence of any other physical peculiarity in the district around, than the existence of wide flat plains, or low undulating ground. They occupy depressions in the plains, and the nature of the rock is of small importance. Almost all rocks, in fact, have surfaces more or less irregular, when they have been worn by exposure to similar causes, and it is very easy to understand that such depressions are occupied by the excess of rain-water or river-water that remains on the surface after the ordinary drainage has carried off all that it is capable of doing. These lakes or pools are larger or smaller according to the rate of evaporation, and they occasionally disappear altogether, leaving no mark. We may then see the bottom of the basin—the bed of the pool, and the depression in which the water was contained is often quite undistinguishable by the eye. Sometimes, indeed, as in limestone countries, the water sinks into the earth by crevices in the rock, and only exists as a lake when these are choked. Such a condition often results in malaria, owing to rapid evaporation through decayed vegetable matter.

A third class of lakes is illustrated by the Lago di Bolsena, in Tuscany, and the Laacher See near Bonn on the Rhine. These are round dark deep pools of clear and cold water, and are quite removed from the marine basins on the one hand, and from ordinary ponds or lakes on the other. If the water were emptied they would be like cups. They are the craters of old

volcanoes. Bolsena is upwards of twenty-six miles in circumference, and is as remarkable for the volcanic rocks that surround it, as for the terrible malaria that rises from its banks. The Laacher See is much smaller, but apparently of the same nature. Of such lakes, there are also many, but they are confined to those districts where volcanic eruptions and disturbances have been observed in recent times, or where the rocks are such as to make it certain that they have been active at no distant period.

It is evident, then, that a large number of the lakes of the world offer nothing in their form or structure, or the circumstances of their existence, to justify a doubt as to their origin. They are the result of natural inequalities of the surface, inevitable when we consider how all land surfaces have been formed and modified. They represent such of these inequalities as have received and retained water.

But a large class remains. Mountain countries and parts of the world where there are or have been in recent geological times considerable changes of level caused by forces acting from below, present irregularities far more abrupt and irregular than the plains. One may travel from the Arctic circle to the shores of the Black Sea, without seeing any ridge or any tract of land rising a few hundred feet above the general level. In this wide area, which ranges from the Atlantic to the Pacific for a distance of at least fifteen hundred miles of latitude, there are no high lands. Here and there, indeed—frequently in the north, more rarely in the south, there are depressions of a few hundred feet or less below the general surface. Some of these are full of water; some contain a little water at the bottom; and some are dry, but water may generally be got by wells sunk a few yards into the rock at the bottom. Beyond these vast plains to the south, we come to another kind of country. Lofty mountain chains rise abruptly and grandly from the plains. Deep ravines and long lines of valley run up far into the mountain sides, narrow grooves conduct the traveler between elevated peaks, and a region is entered where there is only a partial,

broken, and elevated plain or plateau, whose surface is irregular, but in a very different sense from that of the low plains to the north. This mountain country is altogether distinct in its character. Its depressions are different in form; its features are picturesque; its drainage is distinct; the rain-fall upon it is generally greater, and owing to the form of the ground, the rain runs off from it rapidly. Such are the conditions of the country in which the lake basins occur whose history is one of the chief objects of discussion at the present time among geologists.

It must not be supposed that such lakes are confined to the great central east and west elevation, of which the Alps is a leading feature. The old mountain chain ranging north and south from Scandinavia, through the western countries of Europe, incloses a country in which mountain lakes also occur. Such are some of those of Norway and the deep fjords or inlets of its western coast. Such are the lakes and friths of Scotland and England. All exhibit the same general character; all exist in a country where the surface has been exposed not only to the running of water, but where the passage of ice either as a glacier or iceberg has been traced by independent evidence, and within a very late geological period.

In North-America again there is a vast tract of comparatively low land east of the Rocky Mountains, and north of the fortieth parallel of latitude, which resembles geographically the great plains of Europe, but is so different in climate as to offer few points of physical resemblance. Here the lakes that occupy the depressions are enormously larger, equally numerous, and more characteristic. Here are the vast waters of the Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario all communicating with one another, and all ultimately communicating with the sea by the St. Lawrence. But these are true lakes. The plain is to a great extent a plateau or lofty plain, and the form of the lakes approximates them to that of the European lakes. New-Zealand again repeats their forms among groups of mountains very clear-

ly marked and containing abundant ice, and among the loftiest of the Andes is a lake at an elevation of nearly thirteen thousand feet, whose magnitude in that position renders it almost an anomaly among the lakes of the world.

It might be thought from these accounts that lakes were universal phenomena, so numerous and varied are the localities I have had occasion to refer to. A little consideration will remind the reader that this is by no means the case. There are other districts equally extensive in which no sheet of fresh water worthy of the name is to be found. Thus throughout the greater part of South-America the rivers carry off the waters that fall on the land without expanding into large sheets. In Australia there are hardly any lakes of importance, except those pools that dry up in the summer. There are few also in Northern Asia. Mountain lakes, or lakes such as we are now considering, are in fact very limited in range. They are numerous on the slopes of the Alps, and they abound, though on a far smaller scale, in the northern part of the British Islands. They are well marked in New-Zealand, and there are good grounds for believing that many of the North-American groups belong to the same series. But these occupy in all an exceedingly small area of the total amount of land. In the northern hemisphere the area is limited to small parts of the two great mountain systems, the old or north and south range affecting the western lands only, and the modern or east and west range affecting the whole mass of European, Asiatic, and North-African land. The lakes connected with the elevation of the Andes are extremely few, though so remarkable for their elevation.

The great discussion concerning lake basins has been raised by some of our geologists familiar with a few small districts, but having only partial or hearsay knowledge of many important groups. All, probably, among the English geologists, are tolerably well acquainted with the British lakes, and many of them have seen something of the typical Swiss and North-Italian lakes. The general forms of these are instructive. The actual detailed conditions of the basins, and the nature of

evidence that each affords in favor of any particular theory, are matters that require prolonged and careful study on the spot. At the same time there is much to be done by rapid travel in these countries, for a mere glance by those familiar with the results of aqueous, atmospheric, ice action elsewhere is highly suggestive, and sound observations may be made by those well accustomed to observe and compare.

The lake basins of the mountains about which discussion has chiefly been taken, are those of Geneva, in Switzerland, of Como, Lugano, and Maggiore in North-Italy, of Scotland and the north-west of England, and of North-America. Some of these are moderately deep, others rather shallow, some of gigantic dimensions, others only occupying a few square miles. The causes assigned for their origin are: (1) Denudation acting slowly in the ordinary way; (2) Glaciers pushed forward by a great body of ice from behind, and ploughing out large shallow hollows in soft rocks; (3) Natural valleys choked at some point either by detritus brought by water or ice, or by geological disturbances; (4) Natural hollows caused by faults, dislocations, and other results of elevation of the mass. It will not be denied that in a certain sense and to a certain extent each of these may be regarded as a *vera causa*. The question is, how far in a particular case any one of these agencies, as, for instance, denudation or ice, has been engaged in completing or doing the essential part of the work. Professor Ramsay, following in the steps of some ingenious Swiss geologists, has gone so far as to teach that lake basins generally are due to the erosive power of ice, and to that power only. He is supported in some measure by Sir W. Logan, who believes that the great American lake basins are results of denudation, not of geological disturbance. That they and the rest of the great plains, as well as the mountains and hills of the Alps and of Northern America, besides those of Northern Europe, have been affected by denudation and by ice, may be said to be certain. That there has been enormous elevation to produce the mountains and remove the vast mass of material once accumul-

ed on rocks now forming the topmost peaks, is as certain as that the peaks are there; and that there have been in the valleys huge glaciers, compared with which existing glaciers of the Alps are as nothing, is not less true. But neither is it less true that there has been great elevation; that great elevation, no matter how long it has taken to complete it, must have resulted from and taken place in obedience to mechanical laws, and that the production of fissures, of faults, of axes, and of occasional wide interspaces or valleys between rocks, is inevitable.

Now, if we look at any of those lakes that have been formed in mountain districts, we shall find that they occupy valleys or portions of valleys, having a distinct relation to the great mountain systems adjacent. The Alps on both sides abound in such valleys, and very marvelous they are, exhibiting marks that can not be mistaken of disruption and of erosion; disruption originally producing crevices, and erosion tearing away, enlarging, and widening these natural clefts to such an extent that their original character is lost and obliterated.

The Lake of Como is long, straggling, and forked; the sister lakes have the same general features. They have numerous feeders, and several of them are connected by narrow clefts occupied by streams. The Lago Maggiore is twenty-six hundred feet deep. All come down from the north, being nearly at right angles to the general east and west direction of the great mountain chain. All are narrow compared to their length, but their width is enormously too great to be due to mere mechanical disruption. The Lake of Geneva, on the other hand, ranges east and west, on a parallel to the mountain chain. It is a lake within the great area of elevation, on the north side of the high Alpine chain, and within the plateau of Switzerland. A score of lakes of the same general character are scooped out of the soft tertiary sandstones of the valley of Switzerland. But all who are familiar with Switzerland will remember the lofty mountain wall of hard rock to the south of the Lake of Geneva, the corresponding wall of the Jura, inclosing

the Lake of Neuchâtel, the peculiar and well-marked vertical rocks that shut in many parts of the Lake of the Four Cantons, and the mountain sides that shut in the little Lake of Thun. I speak from recollection, and the memories of Alpine travelers will supply a score of similar illustrations. There is equal evidence of original disruption and subsequent degradation and erosion, both on a grand scale, neither of them sufficient alone to produce the results observable, but both combining. Thus the disruption has been followed by longcontinued and even violent erosion, partly by water, and afterward by ice. The result is seen in the mixed disturbance by mechanical violence and denudation, by the paring away of vast quantities of material once accumulated over the rocks at present forming the mountain tops. The Lago Maggiore is not very much above the level of the sea, and its depth is great enough to justify the assumption that some cause in addition to erosion has acted. The Lake of Geneva is scarcely excavated to the sea-level. But there must have been some depression in all these and similar cases in addition to the vast elevation, which has not only lifted up the sea-bottom to the height of fifteen thousand feet in the Alps, eighteen thousand in the Caucasus, and twenty-eight thousand in the Himalayas. Probably the difference of height between the Alps and the Himalayas—equivalent to a thickness of thirteen thousand feet of strata—may have been removed by this water action. But this has not been done rapidly, and it has not been done equally over the whole area. Parts that were soft have been pared only from the surface. Similar soft rocks beneath the surface have been undermined. Hard parts have been occasionally left. Some of the fragments of hard rock have helped to destroy long ledges of strata.

Thus it is that the history of lake basins is not quite so simple as may at first appear. There are many that, having been formed and filled during the action of some erosive force, partly water, perhaps, and partly ice, may seem due to the action of ice alone. It would not be safe to assert that ice may not in some cases have been the chief

agent. But there are very many of similar form, and having identical physical characteristics, concerning which it may be said that their position on the earth's surface excludes this hypothesis. There are many districts where lakes abound, but where there is no proof, and indeed no probability, that ice has ever been present in large quantity. There are also lacustrine deposits among rocks where there is no evidence whatever of glacial action. The geologist and the physical geographer must carefully observe where observation is possible, and infer where there is ground for inference. Thus, when we find that some of the principal lake basins of America are scooped out of horizontal strata, on low anticlinal and synclinal axes, it is clear that so far as the hollows have been cut they may be due to denudation and erosion either by water or ice. When in the Alps we find lake basins in valleys parallel or transverse to the main directions of elevation, or along lines of fault, it is difficult to refuse belief that systematic fissures due to elevation have not had something to do with the phenomenon. Mountains are not indeed, in the sense and to the extent of the earlier geologists, the backbone of the earth, or the eternal and permanent framework upon and amongst which aqueous deposits have grown and attached themselves, like the flesh of an animal on its skeleton. There is no real or useful analogy of this kind. The rocks that form the nuclei of the great mountains are neither the oldest nor the most systematic; they are often, no doubt, the hardest, and in that case they owe their position to their greater resisting power, when all around them was carried away, slowly and gradually, by weather and water. But it is just because this is the case, because the present form and outline is the result of a long past history, including periods of movement and periods of rest, but a never-ceasing wear and grind, that we find phenomena so varied in some respects, so distinct in others, but all due to the same group of causes acting continuously and only modified by local circumstances.

The geologist and physical geographer must then accept, and have faith

in, all natural causes, and he must not allow himself to attribute to any one an exclusive jurisdiction. He must admit and study the value of water and ice as real causes, but he must not deny that structure has in many, perhaps in all, cases, guided and governed the direction of the movement. He must be satisfied that lake basins, like other phenomena, are not to be accounted for by the assumption of one cause, but that they belong to the physical history of the globe, and result from those combinations that have also produced mountains, valleys, and plains.

London Society.

WITTY WOMEN AND PRETTY WOMEN OF THE TIME OF HORACE WALPOLE.

Of the brilliant author from whose descriptions of the "witty and pretty women," of his day these notes are taken, it has been truly said, that "his epistolary talents have shown our language to be capable of all the charms of the French of Madame de Sevigné;" and it is from the portraits that he has handed down to us, that we have selected those of the beauties and wits of the courts of the two first Georges, for the contemplation of our readers.

"Mr. Walpole is spirits of harts-horn," said Lady Townshend, when some one compared him with melancholy Gray, who was once his friend, but with whom he afterward quarrelled. It is, indeed, to his "perpetual youthfulness of disposition," and volatile buoyancy of spirits, that we are indebted for the halo of interest which shines around his characters (especially his female ones) to this day.

Their charms and accomplishments, either in public life, or in the sweeter, calmer hours of domestic retirement, are set and sealed forever in the golden framework of this patrician author's pen. "Nothing that transpired in the great world," says his biographer, "escaped his knowledge, nor the trenchant sallies of his wit, rendered the more cutting by his unrivalled talent as a raconteur."

What a magazine writer he would have been in these days! and how eagerly the numbers of the favored periodical would have been bought up, containing *Horace Walpole's last article!*

For the amusement of his two fair friends, "the lovely Berrys," as he was wont to call them, he wrote his "reminiscences" of the courts of the two first Georges; and from these and from his letters we shall borrow largely in our description of female celebrities of that era—reminding our readers that in doing so we do not profess more than to offer them a peep into his raree show; and that we do not hesitate, upon this understanding, to adopt the views, the idiosyncrasies, and prejudices (of which he had not a few) of the veteran showman himself.

To those not in the possession of the originals from the master hand, a few fair copies of the vanished forms and faces of the noble and beautiful women, who, in his glowing pages, make a dazzling and irresistible group, may prove not unacceptable.

Would there were such chroniclers now to set the seal of immortality on the wits and beauties of the reign of Queen Victoria! Were such the case, it would not be necessary to resuscitate these fair shades of a bygone day: it is not the material that is lacking, but the "touch of a vanished hand," to give an adequate and living picture of the lovely matrons and maidens with which England is still as rich as in the era which the "gay, gouty, old bachelor" has brought back as to-day to our mind's eyes.

Without professing to observe any sort of order with regard to the arrangement of our portraits, precedence must be given to royalty, as a matter of course; and first in consideration of her regal claim, the "Garter King at Arms" proclaims "Caroline Queen of England," and consort of his Majesty George the Second.

As we pay the homage due to this fair and queenly lady, we have a good opportunity afforded us for observing the suavity of demeanor and genial condescension to all around her, which she so well knew how to assume, and which became her so admirably. Her

beauty, which had been great at the time of her marriage, had fallen a victim to the fatal ravages of the terrible distemper which was then so little understood and so unscientifically treated, that it is a matter for wonder that any survived to bear upon their countenances for life the disfiguring sign and seal, with which "small-pox" marked the victims who had escaped her clutches alive.

The beaming eyes of the Queen, indeed, were as expressive as ever, and could kindle with interest, melt in sympathy, or burn with indignation and affronted majesty, from under the royal brow. Another great beauty which the Queen could boast was the marvelous symmetry of her "small, plump, and graceful hands," a charm by no means to be despised, and one far less common than that of a pretty face or a bright, rosy complexion. Her personal attributes, indeed, were so far from contemptible that the King himself, although a tyrannical and unfaithful husband, frequently declared in public that he had never yet seen a woman whose charms equaled those of the Queen; and when he described his own idea of beauty, he always literally described that of his own wife. Upon more than one occasion, indeed, he subjected the "good Howard" herself to exquisite mortification on the Queen's account; for coming into the room as that lady was manipulating the royal head, (a menial occupation to which the wife had the power of submitting the mistress,) he snatched off the handkerchief which concealed the fair and beautifully modeled throat of the former, saying angrily to Mrs. Howard, as he did so: "Because you have an ugly neck yourself, you hide the Queen's!"

The beaming eyes of royalty, of which favorable mention has been made, must have kindled with latent triumph at the rough speech directed at the fair hair-dresser, the Queen's most powerful rival; who on her part we can imagine to have continued her task with little good-will, under the angry surveillance of the "gruff gentleman," her royal but uncourteous adorer.

But majesty also has its moments

of self-imposed humiliation; and at such times we hear of the Queen herself rising meekly and offering to retire, when the King and his prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, for whom she had a great personal regard, consulted upon business of the state—"matters which," says Horace Walpole, "she and my father had previously settled between them." She was fond of laying out and improving her garden at Richmond; and she managed (being a clever woman) to hoodwink the King into believing that the expenses of these improvements were defrayed out of her privy purse, while she was, in fact, supplied with the necessary funds by the aid and connivance of the first minister of state.

She understood perfectly the art of managing a coarse and tyrannical husband, by an assumed appearance of the most profound submission and respect. She died, indeed, a martyr to this principle of implicit and unquestioning obedience to the arbitrary rule of her exacting spouse; for rather than oppose any wish or command of his, she underwent hours of fierce torture, and kept secret within her own breast the progress of the malady which was soon to terminate in death.

When suffering from the gout in her leg, she did not hesitate to plunge the limb so affected into cold water, that she might be enabled to attend the King in his morning walk.

Oh! what hours of agony was she doomed to spend in the garden at Richmond, which had once been her proudest delight!

Large and lame, and suffering from intolerable anguish, with the faithful service of a dog rather than with the loving affection of a wife, she attended her gruff lord in his daily walks, until the hand of death interfered, and put an end to her sufferings.

One of these walks proved fatal to the overtaxed strength of the Queen. She died—recommending the King to his minister instead of the minister to his king. Truth was stronger than sycophancy in the hour of death, and the master said to the servant on a subsequent occasion: "You know that she recommended *me to you*."

Second only to royalty in rank,

and second to none in the imperious haughtiness of her language and bearing, see "Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," sweep upon the stage.

"Old Marlborough," she was in Horace Walpole's time, but he loving her little as he did, yet lingers a little over the description of her charms, which had once made her the "great captain's captain," and raised her to the highest pitch of power to which a subject can attain. "One of her principal charms," he tells us, "was her fine fair hair."

This, we confess to us, savors somewhat of an anomaly in nature's handiwork. Surely tresses black as the raven's wing, and eyes flashing like stars from the inky caverns of night, should have crowned the majestic beauty of Sarah of Marlborough. These fair, showering golden locks were themselves doomed to be sacrificed to the passionate temper of their mistress; for "one day at her toilette, in anger to her husband she cut off all these commanding tresses, and flung them at his face." This curious outburst of conjugal malice was practiced in later years by a celebrated beauty, whose husband, like the great duke, took a pride in his wife's magnificent hair. She cut it off in anger, on purpose to vex him, and was stung to the heart, at his death, to find the fading relics of that beauty, which with women is power, carefully cherished in his most private and sacred depository.

The temper of this celebrated duchess was that of an unmitigated vixen—passionate, violent, and malicious. She feared her superiors, and trampled her inferiors and her children under her feet. With her eldest daughter (who succeeded her, by act of Parliament, as Duchess of Marlborough) she was at open war. With her youngest, the Duchess of Montague, she agreed no better.

"I wonder," said the Duke her husband, with less knowledge, it appears to us, of human nature than of the art of war, "that you two can not agree, you are so much alike." They agreed as fuel agrees with fire, each affording food and excitement to the vindictive temper of the other.

Two characteristic anecdotes of the proud Duchess we will give in Horace Walpole's own words, before she does what she never did in her lifetime, namely, yield her place to another, and that other her most formidable rival on the great stage of London society.

One of old Marlborough's capital mortifications, he tells us, sprang from her grand-daughter. The most beautiful of her four charming daughters, Lady Sunderland, left two sons, the second Duke of Marlborough, and John Spencer, who became his heir; and Anne Lady Bateman, and Lady Diana Spencer, who became Duchess of Bedford. The Duke and his brother, to humor their grandmother, were in opposition; though the oldest she never loved. He had good sense, infinite generosity, and no more economy than was to be expected of a young man of warm passions, and such vast expectations. He was modest and diffident, but could not digest total dependence upon a capricious and avaricious grandmother. His sister, Lady Bateman, had the intriguing spirit of her father and grandfather, Earls of Sunderland. She was connected with Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, and both had great influence over the Duke of Marlborough. What an object it would be to Fox to convert to the court so great a subject as the Duke! Nor was it much less important to his sister to give him a wife, who, with no reasons for expectation of such shining fortunes, should owe the obligation to her. Lady Bateman struck the first stroke, and persuaded her brother to marry a handsome young lady, who unluckily was the daughter of Lord Trevor, who had been a bitter enemy of his grandfather, the victorious Duke. The grand-dam's rage exceeded all bounds. Having a portrait of Lady Bateman, she blackened her face, and wrote on it: "*Now her outside is as black as her inside.*"

If some such illustrative remarks were appended to the photographic fac-similes of some of the "dear friends," who have chanced to offend us, since the complimentary exchange of likenesses took place, the inspec-

tion of one of the "fat books," lying on every drawing-room table might be attended with more amusement and insight into human nature than otherwise attend it. "My bosom friend of the year 1862, now a relentless and implacable enemy, *decidedly flattered* in this portrait." "The elderly aunt, from whom I had expectations, who died last year intestate, kept as a specimen of the genus *Gorgon*, and as a token of the illusory nature of human hopes." Such explanatory notes appended to each miniature full-length, would add greatly to the interest of one of the bulky volumes, containing the portraits of the "Uncle Johns," and the "Aunt Tabithas," the "Sister Emilys," and the "Cousin Toms," which now present nothing more to the most glowing imagination than a depressing consciousness of boredom, and the fact that through the interesting family represented, runs the likeness, produced by the same stare and simper, pleasingly varied by a stare without a simper, or a simper without a stare. Old Marlborough's "photographic album," illustrated by notes from her own spirited pen, would have formed a valuable addition to the memoirs, which Horace Walpole scoffingly describes as "nothing but remnants of old women's frippery." This is the last we hear of her from his graphic pen, excepting a few lines announcing her death, which took place soon after. "Old Marlborough is dying—but who can tell? last year she had lain ill a great while without speaking; her physicians said: 'She must be blistered or she will die.' She called out: 'I won't be blistered and I won't die.'"

She had been an enemy of his father, Sir Robert Walpole, which Horace never forgave. One of her celebrated letters concluded with the sentence: "But as to the public, I do believe never was any man so great a villain as Sir Robert."

Next in the succession of courtly celebrities comes Catherine, Duchess Dowager of Buckingham, who was a natural daughter of James the Second. She was remarkable principally for her overweening pride, and for her affectation of regal privileges and

prestige. Of her Horace Walpole relates: "The Duchess of Buckingham, who is more mad with pride than any mercer's wife in Bedlam, came last night to the Opera, *en princesse*, literally in robes, red velvet, and ermine." It was she who made the famous reply to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough upon the latter's refusing to lend the funeral car which had conveyed the great duke to the grave. "Tell her," replied Catherine of Buckingham, transported with rage, "that my upholsterer tells me I can have a better one for twenty pounds." Of her own death-bed, Mr. Walpole gives this curious account.

"Princess Buckingham is dead or dying: she has sent for Mr. Anstis, and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill, that she feared dying, before all the pomp: she said: 'Why won't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it though all the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all: she made her ladies vow to her, that if she should lie senseless they would not sit down in the room before she was dead."

From this proud woman, we turn to one who occupied a position in the court, about the Queen's person, but who was also publicly recognized as the favorite mistress of the King. Henrietta Hobart was the daughter of Sir Henry, and the sister of Sir John Hobart, Knight of the Bath, afterward by her interest made a baron, and since created Earl of Buckinghamshire. She married early, Mr. Howard, a brother of the Earl of Suffolk, and prepared with him to face the bitter brunt of poverty, in a position of life which was far superior to the circumstances which must support it. They saw before them but one chance for promotion, and that was in attaching themselves to the court at Hanover, where the future sovereign of England awaited the demise of the reigning queen, (Anne.) As a way of eking out the "ways and means" of their small *ménage*, as great a bugbear to fashionable young married couples then as now, we find an amusing anecdote of her cutting off her beautiful abundant tresses (commanding a high

price from the peruke-makers in those days of flowing flaxen wigs) to furnish forth a banquet for her husband's guests. Wigs were sold in that time for twenty and thirty guineas a piece; and as each fair tress fell into the trembling balances, we might suppose it to have been in every sense of the words "worth its weight in gold." Did such articles command an equal sum now, coiffures *à la crop* would shortly become fashionable amongst the poorer aristocracy; for with an upholsterer and milliner pressing hard for payment, how many a fair maiden and frisky matron would not feel inclined, like Absalom, to poll her head, and turn literally as well as poetically, each "shining tress to gold." There is no market, we fear, now for these lovely appendages, such as that which turned the fair Howard into a merchant in hair; but it must have been a struggle with her between vanity and ambition before with shaven crown she could look on and smile, as the hungry German court fell upon the proceeds of her wisely sacrifice, and devoured them at one fell swoop. They grew again, however, and with it the favor of the court: and on the accession of his father to the throne of England, the electoral prince (afterward George the Second) caused Mrs. Howard to be appointed woman of the bedchamber to the young Princess of Wales.

Her apartments speedily became the rendezvous of all that was brilliant and distinguished in the society of the court. Amongst the men were Lord Chesterfield, then Lord Stanhope, and cultivating, we presume, the code of manners and morals which he afterward recommended to the hopeless cub his son; Lord Scarborough, Lord Hervey, and General (at that time only Colonel) Lord Churchill: amongst the women we find the names which fame has made so familiar to our ears, those of Lepell, and Bellenden, and Hervey, and Walpole, and Selwyn, and Howard—a lovely group from which death, the rude destroyer, can not snatch the fragrance while they live in the pages of their brilliant biographer. To these apartments came frequently the electoral prince, not attracted at that time

by the mild beauties of their fair mistress, but by the lovely, lively, laughing Mary Bellenden, described by every one of her contemporaries as the most perfect creature they ever knew. The fat, phlegmatic heart of her royal adorer beat strange music within the princely breast, when the sound of her footsteps fell upon his ear. Gay, almost to *étourderie*, the fair maid of honor was by no means equally smitten, neither was she likely to be won by his coarse, heavy gallantry, and his attentions, more persistent than acceptable. One of his amusements consisted in counting and re-counting his money, a proceeding which greatly irritated the nervous system of the saucy Bellenden. "Sir!" she cried out to him one day, "I can not bear it: if you count your money any more I will go out of the room." The chink of his gold was as disagreeable to her as his unwelcome presence, and the heart of the giddy Bellenden was safe from the spells of either. That was already in the proud possession of Colonel Campbell, one of the grooms of the bedchamber, and who afterward succeeded to the title of Argyl at the death of Duke Archibald. She had promised her would-be royal lover never to marry without his privity; and having broken her word in this particular, the generous prince neither forgot nor forgave; and he never missed an opportunity of whispering some harsh reproach in her ear, when, as Mrs. Campbell, she appeared at the drawing-rooms held by the Princess of Wales.

Mrs. Howard succeeded to her friend in the post of favorite; and she had neither the wish nor the spirit to repel the attentions of her royal admirer, as Miss Bellenden had done before her. Horace Walpole tells us that she preferred the "solid advantages," to the ostentatious *éclat* of her position; and we have seen her exposed to defeat and humiliation by an outburst of uxoriousness on the part of the fickle lord of her affections himself. The Queen had the real power, the mistress possessed but the shadow of it; but of a meek and spaniel temperament, the "good Howard" swallowed the gilded pills offered for

her occasional acceptance without a grimace.

We can fancy her like the portrait given of her in these words: "Lady Suffolk was of a just height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light brown hair, was remarkably gentle, and always well dressed with taste and simplicity. Her face was regular and agreeable, rather than beautiful, and those charms she retained with little diminution to her death at the age of seventy-nine." She left the court in 1735, and spent her summers at her residence of Marble Hill, Twickenham, where she became a neighbor and intimate friend of Horace Walpole's, whom she entertained with "old court stories and anecdotes," of which, in his reminiscences of the courts of George the First and George the Second, he made great use.

She died at Marble Hill, on the twenty-fourth of July, 1767, and her last words are thus described by him, in a letter to the Earl of Strafford: "I am very sorry that I must speak of a loss that will give you and Lady Strafford concern; an essential loss to me, who am deprived of a most agreeable friend, with whom I passed here many hours. I need not say I mean poor Lady Suffolk. I was with her two hours on Saturday night, and indeed found her much changed, though I did not apprehend her in danger. I was going to say she complained—but you know she never did complain—of the gout and rheumatism all over her, particularly in her face. It was a cold night, and she sat below stairs when she should have been in bed; and I doubt this want of care was prejudicial. I sent next morning. She had had a bad night; but grew much better in the evening. Lady Dalkeith came to her, and, when she was gone, Lady Suffolk said to Lord Chetwynd she would eat her supper in her bed-chamber. He went up with her, and thought the appearances promised a good night: but she was scarce sat down in her chair, when she pressed her hand to her side, and died in half an hour." She was extremely deaf, and Pope alludes to this infirmity in the lines he wrote upon her under the title of "A certain Lady at Court:"

"I know a thing that's most uncommon:

(Envy, be silent and attend!)

I know a reasonable woman,

Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumor;

Not grave through pride, or vain through folly—

An equal mixture of good-humor

And sensible soft melancholy.

'Has she no faults then,' (Envy says,) 'sir?'

Yes, she has one, I must aver;

When all the world conspires to praise her,

The woman's deaf, and does not hear."

The lovely Duchess, her wild Grace of Queensberry, is scarcely so often mentioned as we could wish in Mr. Walpole's letters; but here and there his pen lights upon some trait of her, in its own pointed, vivid way, and places her before us in a few sketches, given in his best style.

Catherine Hyde was the daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and afterward became the wife of Charles Douglass, Duke of Queensberry. She was celebrated for her beauty, and for the daring with which she defied the court party, by promoting subscriptions to the second part of the *Beggars' Opera*, when it had been prohibited from being acted. For this offense she was forbidden the court. Pope, Swift, and Prior have immortalized her in letters and in verse; the latter in the poem entitled, "The Female Phaëton, which, as a description of a fast young lady of those days, is worthy of insertion here:

"Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,

And wild as colt untamed,

Bespoke the fair from which she sprung,

With little rage inflamed;

"Inflamed with rage at sad restraint

Which wise mamma ordained;

And sorely vexed to play the saint,

Whilst wit and beauty reigned.

"Must Lady Jenny frisk about,

And visit with her cousins;

At balls must she make all the rout,

And bring home hearts by dozens!

"What has she better, pray, than I,

What hidden charms to boast,

That all mankind for her should die,

While I am scarce a toast?

"Dearest mamma, for once let me,

Unchained, my fortune try:

I'll have my ear as well as she,

Or know the reason why.

"I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,

Make all her lovers fall;

They'll grieve I was not loosed before:

She, I was loosed at all.

"Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire."

The lovely Duchess does not appear to have been in the good graces of Mr. Walpole, who records some of her wild pranks with a gusto which ill-nature not unfrequently gave to his pen. He thus describes a quarrel between her and the Duchess of Richmond, whose daughter, Lady Caroline, had recently eloped, (as the daughters of other great houses have often done in our own day,) leaving their ambitious mothers open to the taunts which were winged so merrily by the lively Kitty, at the bosom of her sister duchess. "There is a very good quarrel on foot," he writes to Sir Horace Mann, "between two duchesses. She of Queensberry sent to invite Lady Emily Lennox to a ball; her Grace of Richmond, who is wonderfully cautious since Lady Caroline's elopement, sent word, '*she could not determine.*' The other sent again the same night; the same answer. The Queensberry then sent word that she had made up her company, and desired to be excused from having Lady Emily's, but at the bottom of the card wrote, '*too great a trust.*' You know how mad she is, and how capable of such a stroke." The next we hear of her is regaining a footing at court, a point for which she had intrigued two years unsuccessfully, and which she achieved on the occasion of her son's being obliged to the king for a regiment in the Dutch service. She would not let him go to kiss hands until they sent for her too. Then, again we find her at Richmond, at a fire-work *fête*, amongst the "whole court of St. Germain's and all the Fitzes upon earth," in "a forlorn trim, in white apron and hood," which it was her whim to assume on that occasion, making "the duke swallow all her undress." "Tother day," Mr. Walpole goes on to inform his correspondent, in this instance George Montagu, Esq., to whom many of his most amusing and gossiping letters were addressed, "she drove post to Lady Sophia Thomas, of Parson's Green, and told her that she was come to tell her something of importance. 'What is it?' 'Why, take a couple

of beefsteaks, clap them together as if they were for a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt; it's the best thing you ever tasted; I could not help coming to tell you this;' and away she drove back to town. Don't a course of folly for forty years," he adds, with some justice, "make one very sick?"

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was one of the learned luminaries of Horace Walpole's day, and comes decidedly under the head of the witty if not of the pretty women of her time. The picture given of her at Florence, where she formed the centre of a literary coterie, and was herself a laughing-stock to the fashionable triflers who outwardly courted her, is far from a pleasing one; and no fair *savante* perhaps ever aroused more bitterness of feeling amongst the literary men of her day than did Lady Mary Wortley Montagu by the wanton shafts of her coarse and relentless tongue. One of her few admirers, Spence, indeed, said of her: "She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet; she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; *loveliest*, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruellest woman in the world; all things by turn and nothing long."

Walpole's picture of her is a less pleasing one, but he entertained a strong prejudice against her, and writes as follows to Mr. H. S. Conway, from Florence, where he diverted himself, in September, 1740, with operas, concerts, balls, and a continual round of pleasures, which he did not forget to describe, although he pronounces himself unfitted to carry on a correspondence with any body in England, owing to his being so utterly a stranger to every thing going on there, and to the *on dits* and *bon mots* then current on the surface of London society. "Did I tell you," he says, "that Lady Mary Wortley is here? She laughs at my Lady Walpole, scolds at my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose,

never combed or curled; an old mazarine-blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side, and partly covered with white paint which, for cheapness, she has bought so coarse, that you would not use it to wash a chimney." Not a tempting picture of the *bas bleu* of the period, and a warning to those fair ones, ambitious of the bays of literature, not to despise the most powerful gift which nature ever bestows upon them, and while they cultivate the graces of the mind to bestow as well their best attention upon those of the person.

Lady Mary, by birth a Pierrepont, was the eldest daughter of Evelyn, Earl of Kingston, by his wife the Lady Mary Feilding, daughter of William, Earl of Denbigh, and she was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, in the year of our Lord 1690, so that she must have been fifty years old when Horace Walpole penned this satirical sketch in 1740. No traces left, according to him, of the great personal attractions, which, in addition to unusual sprightliness of mind, distinguished her more youthful days. She was a voluminous and satirical writer, but the coarseness of her style renders her works unreadable in this more discriminating age; and the most notable incident in her life is her mysterious quarrel with Pope, the virus of whose crippled nature he turned upon one, whom in the days of their friendship he had thus flatteringly described:

"The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth,
So would I draw; but, oh! 'tis vain to try,
My narrow genius does the power deny;
The equal lustre of her heavenly mind,
Where every grace and every virtue's joined:
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;
With just description show the soul divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine."

Alas! for the constancy of poets and men, the adulation of these lines is swept away from the mind in the tornado of brutal sarcasm, in which Pope afterward vilifies the name of his former mistress, in his Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace. They were both of them good haters, and proficient in the art of abuse. But if Pope's nature had

not been as deformed as his person, he could not have thus defamed the woman who had once reigned paramount in his heart.

How different an account does Mr. Walpole give of his fair French friend, Madame du Deffand, of whose sentiment for himself, however, he became eventually rather ashamed. She had been a celebrated leader of French society, but Walpole did not become acquainted with her until she was far advanced in life, and was quite blind. His biographer, Lord Dover, says: "Her devotion for him appears to have been very great, and is sometimes expressed in her letters with a warmth and a tenderness which Walpole, who was most sensitive of ridicule," (what satirist is not so?) "thought so absurd, in a person of her years and infirmities, that he frequently reproves her very harshly for it; so much so, as to give him an appearance of a want of kindly feeling toward her, which his general conduct to her, and the regrets he expressed on her death, do not warrant us in accusing him of."

His description of her in Paris, in 1760, is amusing, and does not evince the sensitive shrinking from undue demonstration on the part of his elderly love, which, at other times, his vanity caused. "My dear old woman is in better health than I left her, and her spirits so increased, that I tell her she will go mad with age. When they ask her how old she is, she answers, 'J'ai soixante et mille ans.' She and I went to the Boulevard last night after supper, and drove about there till two in the morning. We are going to sup in the country this evening, and are to go to-morrow night at eleven to the puppet-show. Feeling in herself no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three, she thinks there is no impediment to doing whatever one will, but the want of eyesight. If she had that, I am persuaded no consideration would prevent her making me a visit at Strawberry Hill." Upon this fact there can be but little doubt, but that the wily old bachelor secretly congratulated himself. "She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and having lived from the most agreeable to

the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, and all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former, or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right her disciples, and finds conversation for every body. Affectionate as Madame de Sevigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue, that would kill me if I was to continue here. If we return by one in the morning, from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the Boulevard or to the Loire St. Bride, because it is too early to go to bed. I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not to sit up till between two and three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the President Henault's, as she thought it would amuse me."

To us individually, this picture of Horace Walpole's "dear old woman" is a ghastly one. This singing, gadding, disputing, driving, star-gazing, blind old French woman, is to us the picture of an elderly *enfant terrible*, whom we would rather meet with in description than in real life.

The antics of the kitten suit ill, it appears to us, with the infirmities of age; and had Madame du Deffand been less infatuated upon Horace Walpole himself, we can imagine that the most trenchant sallies of his bitter wit would have been directed at her senile *étourderies*. We read of her four years later flying to his side the moment he arrived, and remaining with him while he made his toilette, remarking, with truly French modesty, that her want of sight made such a defiance of the usual conventional observances proper for her. He amusingly relates, on the occasion of this visit, the *démêlés* he had to *raccomode*, and the *mémoires* to present against Touton, Madame du Deffand's favorite dog: "As I am the only person," he says, "who dare correct him, I have already insisted on his being confined in the Bastille every

day after five o'clock. T'other night he flew at Lady Barrymore's face, and I thought would have torn her eye out; but it ended in biting her finger. She was terrified; she fell into tears. Madame du Deffand, who has too much parts not to see every thing in its true light, perceiving that she had not beaten Touton half enough, immediately told us a story of a lady, whose dog having bitten a piece out of a gentleman's leg, the tender dame, in a great fright, cried out: 'Won't it make my dog sick?'"

Five years after this visit of Mr. Walpole's to Paris, on September twenty-seventh, 1780, we find the chronicle of this frisky old lady's demise: "I have lost my dear old friend Madame du Deffand. She was indeed near eighty-four, but retained all her faculties. Two days ago the letters from Paris forbade all hopes. So I reckon myself as dead to France, where I have kept up no other connection."

"Touton," the spoilt little favorite, was sent to Strawberry, a legacy to Mr. Walpole, whose promise Madame du Deffand had obtained to take care of the dog should it survive its doatingly attached mistress. In answer to a letter from the former, to the Rev. Mr. Cole, the worthy antiquary remarks: "I congratulate the little Parisian dog that he has fallen into the hands of so humane a master. I have a little diminutive dog, Busy, full as great a favorite, and never out of my lap: I have already, in case of an accident, insured it a refuge from starvation and ill-usage. It is the least we can do for poor, harmless, shiftless, pampered animals that have amused us, and we have spoilt." Touton fully justified the character formerly given of him by his behavior upon his arrival at the Gothic villa of his new master. "He began by exiling my beautiful little cat," he writes, "upon which, however, we shall not quite agree. He then flew at one of my dogs, who returned it by biting his foot till it bled, but was severely beaten for it. I immediately rang for Margaret to dress his foot; but in the midst of my tribulation, could not keep my countenance, for she cried: 'Poor little thing, he does not under-

stand my language!" I hope she will not recollect, too, that he is a Papist."

We will conclude this paper with the sketch of another famous foreigner, the Countess of Albany, the wife of Charles Edward the Pretender, but more celebrated for the attachment which existed between her and Alfieri, to whom some allege that she was privately married.

"The Countess of Albany is not only in England, in London, but at this very moment, I believe, in the palace of St. James's—not restored by as rapid a revolution as the French, but, as was observed last night at supper at Lady Mount-Edgcombe's, by that topsy-turvy-hood that characterizes the present age. Within these two months, the Pope has been burnt at Paris; Madame du Barry, mistress of Louis Quinze, has dined with the Lord Mayor of London, and the Pretender's widow is presented to the Queen of Great Britain. Well! I have had an exact account of the interview of the two queens from one who stood close to them. The dowager was introduced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well dressed and not at all embarrassed. The king talked to her a good deal; but about her passage, the sea, and general topics; the queen in the same way, but less. Then she stood between the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former, who perhaps may have met her in Italy. Not a word between her and the princesses, nor did I hear of the prince; but he was there, and probably spoke to her. The queen looked at her earnestly. To add to the singularity of the day, it is the queen's birthday. Another odd accident: at the Opera at the Pantheon, Madame D'Albany was carried into the queen's box and sat there. It is not of a piece with her going to court that she seals with the royal arms." He thus describes her personal appearance, rather disappointing to those who have thought of her as the idol of one of Italy's most inspired poets, and illustrating the fact that intellect as well as beauty, is a power even when bestowed upon the weaker sex. "I have seen Madame D'Albany, who has not a ray of royalty about her. She has

good eyes and teeth, but I think can have had no more beauty than remains, except youth. She is civil and easy, but German and ordinary."

"Enough of foreigners!" the reader will exclaim; we would fain return to the bright bevy of English maids and matrons, who cluster like blush and damask roses in the pages from which we borrow the glow. With the permission of the courteous editor of these pages, this gallery of the portraits of wits and beauties of a by-gone day will be reopened by the same showman on the first of the ensuing month, and the description resumed of the famous women who spring into life, recreated by the pencil, unrivaled in its powers of truthful and brilliant portraiture.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE:

ITS EARLY HISTORY AND LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS.

It has been wisely said, "Beware of the man of one book," that is, of the man who has devoted his whole attention to the critical study of any one book. Such an individual proves a very dangerous antagonist in the intellectual arena, and is apt to make sad havoc amongst good people who read every thing but acquire nothing—a vice rather prevalent amongst us just now. The most ready man in an extensive circle of men of letters was one who had diligently and devotedly studied Homer—so diligently and so devotedly that upon any line being given him he was in most cases able to repeat the next; it was his passion, his one book, and there was not a difficulty in the idiom, an obscurity in the allusion, a labyrinth in the construction, or a subtle beauty in the poetry, with which he was not thoroughly familiar and could agreeably explain. By the intensity of that study he had not only so developed his reasoning powers as to become a most clear and ready debater, but he had also acquired a completeness of execution which he carried into every pursuit, and more than that, his intellect had gained a

weight and power which were felt by all who knew him. The diligent study of any great book would confer similar advantages upon any one possessed of sufficient strength of character to pursue it. Just as in physics, it is only what is assimilated that nourishes, all the rest injures; and it is this useless wear and tear to which the brain of most men is subjected by the continual and rapid transition of a chaotic mass of ideas of all descriptions—vague, confused, like the broken images of a sick man's dream—which is the prime cause of that dearth of great works, that vapid mediocrity and intellectual imbecility which prevail amongst us—the disease of rapid, desultory reading, fatal, fell disease, fostered by a press more cheap than conscientious. The intellectual history of all nations shows us how they have instinctively striven toward this concentration of power—toward this production of one great masterpiece which should be synonymous with the name of the country, and become as it were, the outspoken voice of that country. Thus the outspoken voice of England is Shakespeare, who will hand the name of England down to the remotest ages, even if she herself should be virtually extinct; that of Germany is Schiller; that of Italy, Dante, the mighty dreamer. Russia is dumb, powerful with her sword, impotent with her pen; so with Austria, and so also with every nation where the rulers are tyrants and the people serfs—where the stability of the throne rests not upon the unshaken loyalty of free hearts, but upon the rotten basis of intellectual suppression. So that there is a tendency in intellect to concentrate itself in great efforts, and whenever we find works of that nature we may safely assume that those works are worthy of careful investigation, and will amply repay assiduous study. But in addition to Shakespeare, who is the intellectual representative of England, there is one book—the Book of all books—divine in its origin, the property of the whole world, but yet in the light we shall presently examine it, emphatically peculiar to England—familiar to every man, woman, and child throughout the dominions—from the infant who lisps

its first lesson from its pages at a mother's knee to the gray old man taking his last lingering look at this busy life—from the peasant toiling amid the calm solitudes of nature to the educated prince who passes his existence in the distraction of a great city, surrounded by the elegancies of refined life—one mighty book, whose thoughts have insinuated themselves into the very idiom of the language, and interlaced themselves with the every-day speech of the whole people. That book is the English Bible, which we propose to examine, as a great power, not in its sacred character as a guide to eternal life, but as a great moral and intellectual power—as a book whose very history embraces one of the most interesting crises in that of the country, and as a book, which, during the two or three centuries of its active circulation, has done more toward stimulating the activity, enriching the literature, embellishing the arts, consolidating the institutions, and influencing the intellectual and social life of the nation whose treasure it is, than any other social or political revolution which the history of that nation has recorded. We proceed then, to the investigation of the early history of the English Bible. Searching amidst the ruins of the sixteenth century treasured up in the State Paper Office, amongst that dusty chaos of proclamations, acts of parliament, orders in council, tattered letters, and half obliterated parchments, the explorer comes across two simple letters written truly by the two greatest men of the times—uninteresting in themselves, perhaps, but strangely preserved and amusingly illustrative of the relations existing between these men and of the mode of life of the period. The first is from Henry the Eighth, through his secretary, to Wolsey, dated ninth July, 1527, just after the latter had started for Dover on his way to France, to convene the cardinals to discuss the state of the Church. We extract a passage:

“And forasmuch as in your journey ye shall not by chance have always venison after your appetite, His Highness hath sent to your Grace at this time a red deer by a servant of his own, and that, not because it is a deer excellent, but forasmuch as it is at this time

novelty and dainty, and moreover slain of his own hand."

Wolsey replies on the tenth July to Henry himself, thus :

"Soon after my coming to Dover arrived there your trusty servant with a great, goodly, and fat hart, sent me by your Highness; and how greatly the same hath been to my consolation and rejoicement I can not by these letters express, not only for the goodness of the said venison, and that the same was of your most gracious killing, but also that thereby I do perceive to my inward comfort that your Highness hath your most humble chaplain in your blessed remembrance."

These letters illustrate the relationship in which two of the greatest men of the day stood with regard to each other. Henry knew that his trusty friend was going over to France, that land of unsubstantial living, to fight his battles, and, like a wise man, he felt that his business would be carried on all the more vigorously if the Englishman, Thomas Wolsey, were well fortified; so he sent after him a "great, goodly fat hart," of his "most gracious killing," for his worthy chaplain's "consolation and rejoicement." We get a glimpse from this of the plentiful, free-handed life of the time. There was none of that wretched silver-gilt magnificence of the present day, but a solid, substantial, healthy life; no starved bodies found in the streets to scandalize the blessing of the newborn day—the hungry man of any degree had only to knock at the next house on his way, and he was given beef, bread, and beer, with shelter for the night, and bidden "God's speed" in the morning—a life rugged and unconventional it may be said, but it was real and substantial.

As regards Henry the Eighth, under whose auspices the Bible first crept into England, men are at length becoming aware that posterity has never yet done full justice to his character. Out of all the thirty or forty kings who have sat upon the English throne, he is the only one who, in common parlance, ever "earned his living." We owe a great deal of the comfort of the present day to that man's labors. It was he, and such as he, who made the art of sitting in easy chairs such a safe and general accomplishment

for us moderns; he was just the man for the emergency of his time; and it is doubtful if we could honestly name any of his successors who would have brought the country so successfully through such an ordeal: neither of the Jameses nor the Charleses would have done it; Cromwell might, but through much bloodshed and hypocrisy; and it would be difficult to fix upon any one of the Georges who would have made a great religious reformer. Let us be just. Henry was no saint, but he was a wise and powerful king—a king in something more than his crown and sceptre—endowed with all the qualities of dauntless courage and immovable determination necessary for his work; a thorough Englishman, devoted to his country, who in turn was proud of him, and supported him unanimously in those very acts for which he has been so relentlessly maligned: this is a most significant fact. Their support was not the support of slaves through fear, as it is often represented, for they had twice revolted against him, and wrung from him concessions; but it was the support of men conscious of the necessity of what was done, from reasons which perhaps we are unable to appreciate; and if ever a man ended his career by pursuing from honest conviction what he had begun from motives of policy, we may safely conclude that man was Henry the Eighth. The domestic difficulty of his seven wives may be objected; but there is a great deal to be said yet upon that subject, and a great deal will be said when future historians shall use the materials which have been lately thrown open to them. We should however remember this in our estimate of a great man, that his greatness will extend to all his actions; he will be great in his virtues and great in his vices. If you magnify a body, you will magnify its deformities as well as its beauties; and we must never estimate the failings of a great man by our own limited capacities. This is not the popular view of Henry's character, but it is possible that at some future day the recorded verdict of bygone generations will be reversed, or at least modified. The voluminous state papers of his reign, which have only recently

been gathered together, have a tendency to effect this change. There is no prejudice so dear as an historic prejudice; we love our favorite villains, and will not allow their characters to be taken from them, therefore it is probable that to the end of all time the theories that Henry the Eighth was a rascal, Macchiavelli a rogue, and Cromwell a saint, will find devoted disciples amongst those who read history without thinking.

The great religious insurrection which had been raging on the Continent so long, extended its influence to England just at that moment when Henry the Eighth was at issue with Rome upon the subject of his unreasonable divorce, the first crime of his life. The state of the Church at this time in England was worse than at any period of its history—it was full of corruption and rottenness—the people were tired of hearing Christianity preached by lips fresh from the embraces of the harlot, of listening to mercy from those who practiced the most cruel extortions, and of receiving religious instruction at the hands of men who made all the sacred ordinances of religion a means of enriching their coffers and concealing their vices, and they rebelled, as human nature will always rebel against a lie. Things were ripening for action, and Henry, driven to desperation by Rome, secretly disgusted with the state of things, availed himself of the spirit of the people, threw off the Papal yoke—still a Roman Catholic, be it remembered, and still maintaining the Roman Catholic faith, but firmly resolved on being king in his own country, and purifier of his own Church. In this he was aided by Wolsey, who had long watched the coming storm, and would have crushed the rebellion by yielding to the demands of the age, granting concessions, and reforming the Church; but a higher power was at work, and Wolsey was removed from the scene. Had he been spared, he would have delayed the Reformation in England for a century, if not entirely prevented it, by anticipating its demands, and yet preserving the ritual. But now Henry had renounced the Pope's authority, and though still a professed Roman

Catholic, was fast drifting over to the side of the Reformers. Between this period and the time when he took up the Reformation from conviction, a power, mightier than all men, was brought to bear upon the question by the advent of the English Bible.

The earliest attempt to translate the Scriptures into the vernacular was made by the Venerable Bede, who died dictating the last verse of the twentieth chapter of John. Alfred the Great translated some portions, and was engaged on one of the Psalms at his death; then came Wicliffe, who completed the whole. But only a few versions could be circulated, as it was obliged to be copied by hand; still even these were sufficient to shake the religious world to its foundations. But now the time had arrived, the printing-press was ready, and Providence sent the instrument in the person of William Tyndale, whose name should be reverently cherished by every man who enters a church or sets any value upon an English Bible; he it was who gave his whole existence to the work, braved the fury of his enemies, and sealed his mission with his martyrdom.

This extraordinary man, and if magnitude and importance of labor be estimated, this greatest and noblest Englishman, was born on the borders of Wales, where the doctrines of Wicliffe had taken a firm hold on people's minds. In early life he became imbued with these doctrines, and we find that as soon as he made his appearance at Magdalen College, Oxford, he manifested a leaning toward the opinions of Luther, then regarded in England with great jealousy. He was in the habit also of reading theological discourses privately to his fellow-students. In fact, from his earliest youth, this William Tyndale was a dangerous character; one of those troublesome fellows who will not let things alone, but delight in raising questions, offering objections, one of those misguided individuals who work for posterity. Consequently he made himself very disagreeable at Oxford, and Oxford turned him out, advised him with that blending of classical allusion and parental solicitude which she sometimes bestows on her wayward sons, to go

into the country, (*rusticare*.) Poor Master Tyndale bowed and went into the country, found his way to Cambridge, who, to her eternal honor be it said, gave him his degree, and sent him out into the world. We can imagine the consternation of the Oxford authorities when they heard that that terrible fellow, Tyndale, had taken his degree, and was admitted into the Church—nay, more, was performing his duties as chaplain in the family of one Sir John Welsh, somewhere in the west of England, who, it was said, entertained a great regard for him. Things went on very well for a time, and Tyndale, during the long winter evenings, amused himself by translating the “*Enchiridion Militis Christiani*” of Erasmus, and was rapidly growing in favor; but, blind to his own interests, he soon fell into disgrace again. The Oxford rustication had not cured him. He would talk about these new doctrines, ventured to discuss them with the great ecclesiastical personages who visited Sir John, and used to put such very awkward questions about the duties of priests, and say such very disagreeable things about the behavior of priests, that these exalted personages were offended, and told Sir John “they did not relish Master Tyndale’s sour sauce,” but to no purpose. Whenever they came to enjoy the good cheer of Sir John’s hospitality, there was Master Tyndale ready for them; and there can be no doubt that many a debate arose amongst them as to whether they should forego a substantial supper at Sir John’s board, or face out that terrible Master Tyndale. If such were the case, the supper generally gained the victory, for we find that fierce battles were fought, during one of which Master Tyndale fairly lost his temper, got into a passion, and declared that the day was coming when every plowboy in Gloucestershire should read the Bible in his own language, and *he would do it*. At the time they only laughed at the poor man, but still it was very disagreeable; and as there was no knowing what mischief he might do, they induced the chancellor of the diocese to impeach him as a heretic; but he defended himself so

ably, that they were compelled to release him. After which they followed up their persecution so mercilessly, that Tyndale, who by this time had other plans in his head, resolved on leaving, with much natural regret, his friend and patron, Sir John Welsh. We next hear of him in London, startling ecclesiastical propriety with the announcement that the day was approaching when the rudest peasant, with the Bible in his hand, would be superior to the best of the priests in the knowledge which leads to everlasting life. At this moment he resolved on translating the New Testament, and began the work—began it under the most inauspicious circumstances—an outcast amongst his own countrymen—hated by his enemies, and dreaded even by his friends.

As he was unable to procure employment in London, he retired again into private life for six months, during which time, by the most untiring industry, uncheered by a single word of sympathy, unaided, unknown, toiling at his lonely lamp, under the very shadow of death, he achieved the complete translation of the New Testament. The next difficulty was the publishing. As might be supposed, no one would venture on such a perilous undertaking; but Tyndale, nothing daunted, resolved upon seeking a refuge amongst the Reformers of the Continent, and trying the publishers there. A worthy citizen, Henry Monmouth, lent him some money, and with that he left his country, never more to behold it. On the Continent he made the acquaintance of Luther, and in Antwerp found a publisher willing to print his New Testament in English; fifteen hundred copies were issued, brought to England, and privately circulated. This was the first blow at the stronghold of superstition. Instinctively dreading the result of the circulation of that Book which taught purity of life and simplicity of manners, the clergy eagerly sought out the copies, and destroyed them—a step which only tended to excite men’s curiosity.

Meantime Tyndale set to work, and translated the Pentateuch. By stealth, and as it were insidiously, the Gospel was spread about; strange, ragged

figures were seen at sunset to wander out from the alleys and lanes of London, with bundles of these books under their arms. Mysteriously and unexpectedly men found themselves possessed of them—wives read them in secret trepidation, and told their husbands of its marvelous beauty—friend whispered to friend the obscure spot where the truth was to be found—men were surprised in the act of devouring its pages, when they thrust it in their bosoms, as though it were a guilty thing. Still the books crept about; the agitation of men's minds was too great to pass unnoticed, when Tunstal, Bishop of London, at length resolved on taking a decisive step. He crossed over to Antwerp himself, and privately negotiated with an English merchant for the purchase of every copy of Tyndale's Testament he could procure. A bright idea occurred to the mind of Master Tyndale. The Dutch booksellers, no better than some of their modern brethren, had been issuing spurious editions of the work, without the translator's sanction, and pocketing the profits. Tyndale was perfectly aware of this; so, when he heard of the emissary being sent over to buy up his Testaments, he speedily collected every copy he could find of the spurious issue, made a very profitable bargain with Bishop Tunstal, who returned to London in triumph, and caused the ominous Testaments to be burnt in Cheapside, by the common hangman; whilst Tyndale, with the money he had received, brought out a new, revised, and more numerous edition. About this time a terrible disaster befell him. As he was removing to Hamburg by sea, he was shipwrecked, lost all his books, the translation of the Pentateuch, and his little store of money. At Hamburg, penniless and broken-hearted, he fell in with Miles Coverdale, struck up a partnership with him, and the two set to work and soon completed the portion that had been lost. Tyndale then continued the work, and by dint of unwearying industry reached as far as Nehemiah, when a diabolical plot was laid for his destruction. Having returned to Antwerp, he made the acquaintance of one Phillips, who had been sent over by the English bishops

to lure him to his fate. This wretch, after many months of friendship, fortified with the Emperor's sanction and assistance, one day invited Tyndale to dinner; and as the unconscious victim crossed the threshold, Phillips, Judas-like, made a sign to the officers, who immediately seized him and dragged him away. Six weary months of imprisonment passed, during which time he made converts of his jailer and family, and then came his trial at Augsburg, when he was condemned to be strangled and his body burnt, which sentence was carried out at Vilvorden in the year 1536.

His last words at the stake were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" with which prayer on his lips that poor persecuted faithful servant passed away to his rest. As it were in immediate response to that martyr-prayer the King of England's eyes were opened, effectually and emphatically opened, for in less than two years after the death of Tyndale we find that Henry himself had not only sanctioned the circulation of the Bible, but had sent Coverdale over to Paris to superintend the production of an English version under his own authority—the French printing being better and cheaper than the English. To do this he had also obtained the especial permission of Francis the First, which brought the inquisitors about them, as we shall presently see. So that not only were Henry's eyes opened, but he was himself actively and enthusiastically engaged in procuring for his subjects an English edition of those very books which a few years before he had ordered to be publicly burnt, and for the translation of which Tyndale had been hounded from his country to meet a martyr's death abroad. This was a great change, and such as would never have been effected so thoroughly or so speedily upon any other mind than one of Henry's calibre and temperament. He hated from his very soul, he abhorred with a brave man's loathing all deception and hypocrisy; the procrastinations, the double dealings, the treachery of the ecclesiastical courts had exhausted his patience, and he renounced their authority, defied them, and all Europe with them; then driven

in as it were upon himself and his own resources, he soon found out in what an atmosphere of hypocrisy and deception he too was living, and this guilty apprehension with which the priests regarded the circulation of the Bible, the relentless cruelty with which they persecuted those who were discovered to be in the possession of or to be engaged in circulating the Bible, their avarice toward his subjects, their time-serving conduct toward himself, all tended to open his eyes to the plain truth, and he resolved with that unbending will of his, that, in spite of pope, cardinal, prelate, or priest, his English subjects should have an English Bible, and from his own hand. He had proposed the thing to the bishops, who promised but performed nothing. Some one or two did honestly set to work at their portions, men who, like the king, had been convinced of the truth, and were destined in a later reign to attest their convictions with their blood. There is a letter preserved from Gardiner to Cromwell, Henry's secretary, in which he says: "I have as much cause as any man to desire rest and quiet for the health of my body, whereunto I thought to have intended and to abstain from books and writing, having finished the translation of St. Luke and St. John, wherein I have spent a great labor." There is also another long letter from Cranmer to Cromwell, praying him to induce the king to adopt an edition of Tyndale's Bible, which had been printed in France, with some emendations, "until," he says, "such time that we the bishops shall set forth a better translation, which, I think, will not be till a day after doomsday." The advice was accepted; the bishops prevailed and procrastinated until Henry again took the matter into his own hands, and sent Coverdale to France to superintend its execution. Coverdale was the fellow-laborer of Tyndale, and he judiciously preserved the martyr's work, only altering a word here and there, and in some cases not for the best. But after a time the Inquisition pounced upon them, seized their presses, and ordered the Bibles to be burned; twenty-five hundred copies were committed to the flames, and the whole impression would have

been lost had not Providence interposed, and by one of those inscrutable measures with which history is dotted in various places, employed the very rapacity and evil passions of men to frustrate their own purposes and work out the will of Heaven. It appears that one of the officers of the Inquisition, whose avarice was stronger than his zeal, sold a few chests of Bibles to a haberdasher for waste paper. After the alarm had subsided, the English proprietors went back to Paris, fell in with these rescued copies, bought them, brought them to England, reprinted them, and from that wreck was issued, in 1539, Cranmer's, or the Great Bible, the first ever brought out under royal authority, and the identical version from which the Psalms, such as we read in our prayer-books to this day, were taken. At last, then, it was done, and the people of England, including the plowboys of Gloucestershire, as Tyndale had predicted, were in possession of an English version of the Scriptures, and could read it without fear of the stake. The consequence was soon apparent; the whole nation experienced a revulsion of feeling against those men who had so eagerly kept the truth from them, and Henry was enabled to weather the storm which burst over his head safe in the grateful support of his subjects. Rome endeavored to league every Catholic power in Europe into a holy war against England, and Henry would never have escaped had he not secured the hearts of his people by giving them the Bible and causing it to be read in English in every church throughout the kingdom, so that their eyes were opened as his had been, and they all hastened with him to shake off the yoke which had crippled the country, and to hail the dawn of a brighter faith. Rapidly and thoroughly that book did its work, and when the stormy days of Mary came, and the last struggle had to be made with the old enemy, the truth had taken so fierce a hold upon men's minds that not all the terrible persecutions of that reign of terror could shake it: it was the fiery baptism of the Reformed Faith, the sealing with blood; and those men who had condemned others to be burnt for reading

the Bible now went joyfully to the stake with that very Bible in their hands.

The persecution of Mary was the consummation of its success, and from that time it became, as it is to this day, the bulwark of the religious liberty of the country. Then followed the version under James, the one now in use. Again, the groundwork of Tyndale's translation was preserved, only a few phrases being altered here and there, and in many cases, like those of Coverdale, not for the best. But that grand old Saxon quaintness which so distinguishes the Bible from every other book in the language is the genius of the one man, William Tyndale; and at this point it may not be inappropriate to mention two instances of the superiority of Tyndale's version. Take the nineteenth Psalm, second verse, in our edition we have, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge," a vague and general assertion, not sufficiently connected with the foregoing, to imply that the subject of that speech and knowledge was the glory of God. Compare Tyndale's version, and we shall see how plainly the whole meaning comes out. He renders it, "One day telleth another and one night certifieth another," a rather freer translation of the Hebrew, but much more idiomatic and forcible. Then take the twenty-third Psalm, fourth verse. In our version it is: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." In Tyndale's version: "Though I should walk now through the valley of the shadow of death, yet I fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy staff and thy *sheephook* comfort me." How much better that preserves the pastoral idea, the chief beauty of the whole psalm, the trepidation of the sheep scattered about in the valley, and their reassurance on getting a glimpse of the shepherd with his *sheephook* in the distance. Besides, it is a more accurate translation of the word "*mishabteka*," which means literally a crook carried by shepherds. Many instances might be adduced, but it is not our object now to institute a com-

parison between the two versions here—the great fact is,—that it is to the uncheered yet unwearied labor of William Tyndale we owe the English Bible—it was he who first ventured openly to proclaim the necessity for promulgating that book—it was he who in solitude, in poverty, and in peril, set about translating it—who braved the fury of the enemies of the Bible and defied them—who went into voluntary exile, and sought in a foreign land that shelter which his country refused him; spurned by her, he was yet faithful to her interests; banished from her shores, he conferred on her the choicest gift she possesses; persecuted yet undaunted; reviled yet laboring on; robbed but not discouraged; in sickness, in want, in shipwreck, in prison, with all faith, love, and meekness, did this man work out his title to a place in the calendar of the world's worthies; and when the one labor of his life was finished, he laid down that life at the stake, with a prayer upon his lips for God's blessing upon that country for whom he had labored, and who had cruelly betrayed him into the hands of his merciless foes. Such is an outline of the early history of the English Bible, and we proceed now to examine it as a literary work. This aspect of the Bible is sadly neglected amongst us, more especially by those who have charge of the instruction of youth. It has been objected by very good people upon motives whose sanctity shield them from ridicule, that the Bible ought not to be regarded in the same light as Homer or Shakespeare; but we should recollect that the Author of that book would never have embellished it with so many beauties had he not intended that men should admire them. The two great embodiments of divine power, nature and revelation, are charged with beauties, and the reverential admiration of those beauties, whether in the variegated aspect of natural scenery or the brilliant page of biblical poetry, is a worship in itself. We should also remember that some of the brightest intellects the world has ever possessed have studied its excellences and drawn inspiration from its genius—Milton, Bunyan, Dante, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Handel; and

let us never forget this, that the study of the Bible as a work of taste, whilst it will elevate and purify the mind, may do something more, and that from reading it with a critic's eye and a scholar's pencil the student may come to read it for a higher and holier purpose. But at the outset we are met by that anomalous morbid aversion which unfortunately exists to reading the Bible at all. Beyond that narrow circle of readers who have made it their life-guide, how few ever read it save from a feeling of duty or on formal occasions; how fewer still ever think of using it as a recreation of the intellect! Men feel sometimes that mental hunger which attacks most people occasionally; they go home resolved on having a quiet evening's study, and look around to fix upon a subject. If inclined for poetry, they take down their favorite copies of Homer, Virgil, or Milton, as the case may be, probably charged with gems thrown up by their own minds when under the stimulating influence of those mighty intellects; if for philosophy, there is Plato, well fingered in portly quarto, which opens fondly to the touch as with a galvanic reciprocation—Paley or Butler; if for history, the hand wanders to the blending of profound thought and pathetic satire in the broken pages of Tacitus, the comprehensive Gibbon, or the brilliant Macaulay; but to whom did it ever occur on any one of these occasions to take down the Bible, to revel in the gorgeous imagery of the prophets, the lyric poetry of David—to study philosophy from that digest of human wisdom the Proverbs, or the writings of the great Apostle—to follow out the close consecutive argument with which he enforces the great truths of Christianity, precise and emphatic, like the reasonings of an ancient dialectician—to admire the gentleness of John, the keen satire of James, or the rugged but sterling piety of Galilean Peter—in fine, to attempt to read the Bible as an intellectual treat? The author of this essay was once a witness of that strange apathy, positively amounting to an antipathy, to the reading of the Bible, which may perhaps serve as an illustration of what has been advanced. He was sitting in

the waiting-room of a country railway station when a gentleman sauntered in who seemed much annoyed at the information that he would have to wait one hour for his train. On the table there were a Bradshaw, a map of the line, and a Bible. After making a few casual remarks, he first of all looked over those multitudinous advertisements with which the walls were covered—that queer species of modern tapestry; then he sat down, and perceiving the books on the table, took up first the map, traced the course of the line for a few moments; tired of that, he opened the mystic and somewhat confusing pages of Bradshaw; the hotel advertisements engaged his attention for a time, and even something on the cover; at last he threw it from him, and then opened the Bible, which in less than two minutes he closed impatiently, went out, and spent the rest of the time on the platform. The Bible was the last thing tried, and the soonest abandoned.

The first thing that strikes our attention when we begin to review the Bible as a literary work, is a fact which those who sneer at its divine inspiration would do well to regard, that is—its marvelous unity and completeness as a composition; it is not, as some are apt to imagine, an irregular assemblage of philosophy, poetry, drama, and declamation, but one consecutive work; and then, when we reflect that it was written by different men, at vast intervals of space and time, this marvelous continuity would prove, if we had never been told so, that a power higher than man had watched over the work, directed it, arranged it, assigned the different periods of its production, and chosen its agents. None other than a supernatural power could have preserved such a unity in a work so compiled. Written at different times, in different countries, and by different persons, yet, after all, it had but one author, and those men who are termed the sacred penmen were but the amanuenses of the Eternal, who chose to write his book as the world required it, and with whom a thousand years are but as one day. There is a consecutiveness running through all its parts as complete as in an epic poem. In

fact, if the Bible could be classed under any one description of human compositions, it would be most appropriately called an epic poem—not capable of being scanned like the hexameters of Homer, but a prose epic, in the same way as we regard the *Télémague* of Fénelon, as a prose epic. Let us for a moment review the Bible in this light.

It opens with the creation of its subjects; a voice is heard in the darkness, and at its bidding the dawn of the first day breaks, disclosing the dark masses of chaos which, at another word from the Unseen, roll back and resolve themselves into order; the waters divide and the earth appears, man's beautiful home, the scene of the coming drama; a firmament spans the whole like a majestic canopy; the brilliant orb of day moves grandly on, followed in turn by a procession of minor glories; the moon appears, stars glitter into being, and the gorgeous panorama of night is disclosed like a spangled curtain drawn over the canopy of heaven; then, when the earth is decked out in its verdant carpet, when the mighty waters lash in vain against the limits assigned to them by Omnipotence, animal life crowds into being in all its variety. After these comes man, the hero of the poem, for whom all things are made, and to whom all things are placed in subjection. Creation is complete, and the action of the poem commences—the first terrible incident of the fall from happiness grandly depicted; the deluge of God's wrath followed by the covenant of his mercy spanning the heavens; a people groaning in bondage; their release; a great march through a wilderness, with its varied incidents, its wanderings and returns, its rebellions and submissions; a triumphant entrance into the promised land. Then follows a moving panorama of events, during which we hear the music of festivity, the tramp of soldiery broken in upon and subdued by the sweet singer of Israel—a splendid episode of poetry, which for gorgeous imagery and sublime conceptions has never been equaled by the productions of any language. Next to the poet comes the kingly sage, with his digest of human experience and wisdom; then follows a band of noble

seers, who, with eyes uplifted to heaven, pour out in a flood of eloquence pathos and poetry, their predictions of the tragedy which is to succeed. In the fullness of time the climax of the poem is reached in the advent of the long-predicted Messiah, announced by a commission of heavenly angels; four books describe his career, and we have four descriptions of that most awful scene ever witnessed upon earth, which, in calm beauty, graphic delineation, and soul-melting pathos, have never been excelled. To these succeeds the recital of the Acts of those disciples who were so grandly dismissed into the world by their great Master; their teachings conveyed in language simple—in thought terse, dignified, and energetic; the Epistles of the great Paul, noblest of mortals, and the whole closed by a revelation of the invisible world in a shower of brilliant metaphors. The veil is lifted, for an instant, we gaze entranced, enraptured on the dazzling glories, and it drops forever. Where can we find such another poem?

To read the Bible aesthetically, or as a work of taste, we have only to treat it as we should any other great masterpiece of genius. It would be useful, perhaps, if we were to suggest a few rules which will apply to any reading. Let the student in the first perusal go carefully through, marking off such passages as strike the attention or fancy, so that he may have them distinguished for easy reference, and he will insensibly come to value a book over which he has spent such labor; then he should review these passages, read them, and re-read them, until he feels their beauty and appreciates their genius. This appreciation is only to be obtained by constant repetition. If a man were to read through cursorily a play of Shakespeare, or a speech of Demosthenes, he would, doubtless, overlook a great deal; the reading must be repeated, and with every repetition new beauties will be discovered—subtle, hidden beauties, and gradually the full splendor of genius will dawn upon the soul; the contemplator is caught up as it were by the spirit of the enchanter, and hurried along by the electric power of his genius. This gradual beaming of intellectual beauty

upon the soul as the result of patient labor is one of those pure and elevated feelings, nay, the purest and most elevated which reward the toil and sweeten the life of the faithful student; it is the whole secret of true appreciation, and the grand difference between the desultory reader who turns his brain into a vast highway of ideas, where many travel but none remain, and the thorough reader who eliminates the nutritive matter of a book, and by assimilating it with his own mental constitution, makes it irrevocably his own. The truth of this may be proved by experiment. Let any one take, for instance, the *Dream of Clarence*, from Shakespeare, read it over, and try to realize the grandeur of the ideas, not to scan the words merely, but to think the thoughts, and gradually the splendor of the poetry will dawn upon him; or, to come to the matter in hand, let him take that marvelous monody in Job, "Man that is born of a woman," etc., and endeavor to realize the vivid thought and the beautiful poetry, the coming forth as a flower, the fleeing as a shadow, the revivifying of the dead tree, and the melancholy pathos of the whole; or again, take that appallingly sublime passage from the fourteenth Isaiah, where he predicts the death of the King of Babylon, paints the terrible scene of the reception of his soul in hell, and the uprising of the spirits of all the dead kings to reproach him:

"Hell from beneath is moved for thee
To meet thee at thy coming;
It stirreth up the dead for thee,
Even all the chief ones of the earth;
It hath raised up from their thrones
All the kings of the nations.
All they shall speak and say unto thee,
Art thou also become weak as we?
Art thou become like unto us?
Thy pomp is brought down to the grave,
And the noise of thy viols:
The worm is spread under thee, and the worms
cover thee.
How art thou fallen from heaven,
O Lucifer, son of the morning!
How art thou cut down to the ground
Which didst weaken the nations!
For thou hast said in thine heart:
I will ascend into heaven;
I will exalt my throne above the stars of God;
I will sit also upon the mount of the congrega-
tion in the sides of the north;
I will ascend above the heights of the clouds;
I will be like the Most High!
Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell,

To the sides of the pit.
They that see thee shall look narrowly upon
thee, and consider thee, saying,
Is this the man that made the earth to tremble,
That did shake kingdoms,
That made the world as a wilderness,
And destroyed the cities thereof,
That opened not the house of his prisoners?
All the kings of the nations, even all of them,
Lie in glory, every one in his own house.
But thou art cast out of thy grave
Like an abominable branch,
And as the raiment of those that are slain thrust
through with a sword,
That go down to the stones of the pit
As a carcase trodden under feet."

It would be difficult to find a passage in any literature, ancient or modern, more terribly grand than the whole of that chapter. The other suggestion we would make is this, that the true appreciation of any thing beautiful is wonderfully facilitated by a knowledge of collateral circumstances. The scene must be realized by remembering the incidents which surrounded it. Let us take as an example, the twenty-fourth Psalm—a very beautiful burst of exultation even at the first glance, but much heightened when we recollect the circumstances for which it was written. Let us imagine for a moment a grand procession of priests and people going up to the Temple, the priests bearing the Ark, and the vast multitude following. As they approach the spot the voice of one of the priests is heard, beginning thus:

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein;
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods."

To this another rejoins:

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?"

Then the reply:

"He that hath clean hands and a pure heart,
Who hath not lifted up his soul to vanity, nor
sworn deceitfully,
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salva-
tion.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob!"

The voice of the first priest is heard again:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of glory shall come in."

Another voice cries :

"Who is this King of glory?"

And then, with a mighty shout, the vast concourse of people stretching far away behind, burst into that grand chorus :

"The Lord, strong and mighty—
The Lord, mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors!
And the King of glory shall come in."

And so repeated over and over again, until they reach the Temple. The student who reads the Bible thus, æsthetically, with a watchful eye for its excellences, insensibly acquires not only a large knowledge of its contents, but a growing taste for its many beauties. Of those many beauties, in the limited space of an essay, we can only speak generally; gladly would we have analyzed a few specimens, but that must be reserved for another opportunity. There is scarcely any class of composition of which a model and a masterpiece can not be found in the Bible, and of the sublime and the pathetic, there are more instances than in any other book known. In the opening chapters of Genesis there is the sublimity of simplicity; in the prophecies there is the sublimity of passion; the speech of the Almighty, in Job, is a higher kind of sublimity still—the change of style assumed when God is made to address Job, is noteworthy—the passion increases, the conceptions are grander, and illustrated by gigantic imagery, drawn from the realms of antediluvian life; the Psalms abound with sublime conceptions, and not only so, but contain in themselves the expression of all the joys and sorrows, the smiles and tears, the thanksgivings and the lamentations, the backslidings and the repentance, the lights and shadows of a whole human existence. Then there is a sublimity of idiom peculiar to the Hebrew language—the feet of the messengers of glad tidings are described as being "beautiful upon the mountains"—the pastoral idea of wandering sheep "gone astray," as applied to humanity with its wayward errors—the cup running over as an idiom of plenty. Again, there is a daring in biblical sublimity which we

never find attempted in the highest flights of Grecian imagery. Nothing can be found in the bold sublimity of Æschylus equal to "holding the seas in the hollow of his hand," "measuring out the heavens with a span," "weighing the hills in a balance," "his voice shaking the wilderness," "the earth being removed, and the mountains carried into the midst of the sea," "deep calleth unto deep." Or, to take a passage or two from the one hundred and fourth Psalm, where David, addressing the Lord, says:

"Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh his angels spirits,
His ministers a flaming fire."

Then, in the latter end of the same Psalm, speaking of the utter dependence of nature upon the bounty of Providence, he says:

"Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good;
Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled;
Thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust;
Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created;
And thou renewest the face of the earth."

The fifty-first Psalm, written under the influence of the denunciation of Nathan, in the prostration of abject penitence, concludes with the perfect finish of a classic ode:

"Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion;
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem;
Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness,
With burnt offering, and with whole-burnt offering;
Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar."

The description given in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah of the wondrous change which was to come over the world at the advent of the Messiah, where the most antagonistic elements of nature are reconciled, is a fine specimen of the sublime. It has often been a matter of speculation amongst scholars whether this chapter did not fall by some accident into the hands of Virgil, and suggest to him the subject of his beautiful eclogue to Pollio. In fact, the prediction of Isaiah and the

eclogue of Virgil should be read side by side. The general subject-matter is precisely the same—the train of thought is similar; there is the same prediction of a new messenger from heaven—of his great wisdom and equity—of the marvelous peace which should come upon the world—the same illustration used of the harmony between the most opposite elements of nature; and reappearing in the world, as it did from the pen of Virgil only a few years before its actual fulfillment, it seems as though heathendom itself were made the blind instrument for the reiteration of divine prophecy. A few points of similarity may be mentioned :

"Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto."

"And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse,

And a branch shall grow out of his roots."

The general peace and improvement of the world, as a result of his coming, is described by the heathen :

"Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
Desinet, ac toto surget gens aurea mundo.

Te duce si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.
Ille Deum vitam accipiet, Divisque videbit
Permixtos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis,
Pacatumque reges patriis virtutibus orbem."

And by the Prophet, thus :

"And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,
The spirit of wisdom and understanding,
The spirit of counsel and might,
The spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord,

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain,
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord

As the waters cover the sea.

And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse
Which shall stand for an ensign of the people;
To it shall the Gentiles seek,
And his rest shall be glorious."

The general plenty, and the harmony of the discordant and antagonistic elements of nature are strikingly similar, even to the mention of the same animals. In Virgil we read :

"Ipse lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera : nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet."

In Isaiah :

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;
And the calf and the young lion and the fatling
together;
And a little child shall lead them.
And the cow and the bear shall feed;
Their young ones shall lie down together;
And the lion shall eat straw like the ox,
And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp,
And the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice den."

Perhaps the highest pitch of the sublime is to be found in the description of God's wrath, in the eighteenth Psalm :

"The sorrows of hell compassed me about :
The snares of death prevented me.
In my distress I called upon the Lord and cried
unto my God ;
He heard my voice out of his temple
And my cry came before him even unto his ears.
Then the earth shook and trembled ;
The foundations also of the hills moved and
were shaken
Because he was wroth.
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils
And fire out of his mouth devoured :
Coals were kindled by it.
He bowed the heavens also and came down,
And darkness was under his feet.
And he rode upon a cherub and did fly,
Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his secret place ;
His pavilion round about him
Were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.
At the brightness that was before him his thick
clouds passed.
Hailstones and coals of fire.
The Lord also thundered in the heavens,
And the Highest gave his voice ;
Hailstones and coals of fire.
Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them,
And he shot out lightnings and discomfited
them.
Then the channels of waters were seen,
And the foundations of the world were discovered
At thy rebuke, O Lord !
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils."

As regards the pathos of the Bible, there are, perhaps, more passages of this description than of the sublime, because the whole spirit of the Bible is pathetic; it is full of appeal, persuasion, pity, entreaty, gentleness, and forgiveness; but we must be content with calling attention to the most striking. Take the interview between Joseph and his brethren in Egypt, where Joseph, no longer able to restrain his feelings, burst into tears, told them who he was, and forgave them.

The simplicity of the language is remarkable; but utmost simplicity is one of the absolute conditions of pathos. "And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept, and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover, he kissed all his brethren and wept upon them, and after that his brethren talked with him." Another instance is the transgression of David with Bathsheba, his deep repentance, and its expression in that fifty-first Psalm, which should always be connected with its cause; the episode of Ruth; the invitations and appeals in Isaiah; the lamentations of Jeremiah. Then, in the New Testament, among innumerable instances of the pathetic, there is the lament of Christ over Jerusalem; the cruel martyrdom of Stephen, with Saul standing by, unconscious that in the distant future he too was to die a martyr to the faith he then despised; the semi-conversion of King Agrippa; the complete conversion of Sergius Paulus; the sermon on the mount, with all its elevated morality, its love, its gentle forgiveness, and its persuasive entreaty, that beautiful miniature of Christianity before which even the hardened infidel bends the head and turns away. But, above all, there is the description of the last hours in the life of Christ; the last supper; his parting injunctions; his final struggle in the garden; the triple apostasy of Peter, his bitter weeping, a stain wiped out years after in his cruel martyrdom; the crucifixion and its incidents; the penitent and impenitent thief; and the forgiveness accorded to the sorrowing one, as though God would have it that the two types of all humanity should be exhibited there, and that in that spectacle, which all flesh should hereafter contemplate, prominent before the eyes, as it were of all generations, present and to come, the great lesson of mercy should be taught, and an imperishable proof given that God's almighty pardon should be ever sent to the cry of the dying penitent; the tearful presence of the women who had followed him from Galilee; the three Marys weeping, hard by the cross; His loving tenderness even in his last agony for his lonely mother, and his consignment of her as a pre-

cious legacy to the "beloved disciple;" then the closing of the ghastly tragedy with that pang which throbbled through nature, and the consternation which fell upon the hearts of his terrified persecutors. Independent of the absorbing interest that scene possesses for all humanity, it would be impossible to find in the whole realm of literature pathos more perfect. There remain yet the graphic descriptions of the historical books, the terse, concentrated style of the Proverbs, that digest of human wit and wisdom which contains an aphorism for every condition or state of man, from the monarch on the throne, who is told that his "heart is in the hand of the Lord; as the rivers of water, he turneth it whithersoever he will;" to the troublesome immovable visitor, who is advised to "withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee;" the allegory of Job, that beautiful picture of patriarchal life, perhaps the oldest poem in the world; the close dialectic reasoning and fervid eloquence of Paul; the imagery of St. John, the divine. But we must be content with merely drawing attention to these things, and pass on to notice briefly the influence which the Bible has exerted upon literature and art. It has contributed the choicest gems to every department of both; it has been the fount of inspiration for the poet, the painter, the sculptor, and the musician. Genius has come out from the sacred presence, and shone with a lustre not its own. A Milton, a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, and a Handel have studied the sacred oracles, and endeavored to reinterpret them, each after his own fashion; drinking at the fount of inspiration, they have become inspired; the light which they reflect is a divine light.

It is that divine light which shines out from the canvas of the old masters, which glows on the rich painting of Murillo, and casts a sad, mournful halo around Rubens' Descent from the Cross; it is to be seen in those marvelous cartoons of Raphael; in the majestic face of Christ; the rugged admiration and devotion of his humble disciples; the half-credulous astonishment of the multitudes; the bold pre-

sence of Paul preaching at Athens, and the gradations of belief sketched on the faces of the listeners, decreasing as they recede from the speaker from the seriousness of complete conviction down through the successive grades of thoughtfulness, surprise, awakened attention, to the clenched fists and gnashing teeth of the hardened unbeliever; it is visible too in the bewilderment of Sergius Paulus, who was converted by Paul; it is that divine light also which deepens the sorrow and suffering depicted on the features of Francia's Dead Christ, and intensifies the agony on the face of Ary Schœffer's Mary Magdalene weeping at the cross; it is to be traced in the Miltonic conceptions of a Martin, whose creations, universally admired abroad, are treated with contempt at home by a school of art*—unfortunately, more given to accurate copying than original conceptions, to the depicting with painful accuracy the minute and myriad fibres of a leaf, than to the development of any elaborate mental creations. It is that divine afflatus which has inspired the grand poetry of Milton—the weird dream of Dante, the counterpart of whose genius lives in every old Gothic cathedral, in the grotesque decorations of mediæval pillars, and in the calm beauty of mediæval painting; it has inspired the noble paraphrase of Klopstock, and the lyric finish of Bishop Heber; finally, it is that divine melody—that music of the spheres—which has been listened to by Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Mozart, and faintly reëchoed in their immortal melodies;—and it comes to this, that all those treasures, which poetry, painting, mu-

sic, and sculpture boast of as most valuable, are inspired by fire Promethean-like stolen from off the altar of Sacred Writ. How wonderfully in all this artistic excellence and universal admiration is that declaration of Christ fulfilled: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." No matter what the peculiar mode or manner of "lifting up" may be, so that it be true and earnest, to that have men flocked in all ages of the world, and to that will they ever flock. A man appears on the crowded stage of this busy life who preaches Christ with a power and in a manner to which the world has not been accustomed, and though he has no new tale, but one which has formed the subject of all dissertations for centuries, yet agitated crowds flock around the feet of that man, follow him as they did his great Master, drink in his words, drag their fellows with them to hear the tidings, and hardened though they be, listen in tears and sobs under the magic influence of that "lifting up." Then comes another, who, with the god-like power of song, embodies the old tale in glowing numbers, and men seize upon it, read it, learn it, sing it, and it lives, and runs from lip to lip till that "lifting up" of the poet becomes buried in the memory and the thoughts of men. By and by another follows, who paints on canvas the very features and scenes of the Gospel history, who sketches His career, with its wanderings and its dangers and its sorrowful end, and men crowd around the charmed frame, the "lifting up" of the painter, and gaze upon it, and copy it, and cherish it in their houses. After him comes the votary of the magic art of music, who embodies the same ideas in his wondrous craft, and thousands of all generations flock eagerly to listen to the sphere-like strains of a "Messiah," with its rolling choruses and weeping melodies. What is all this, whether in oratory, poetry, painting, or music, but the "lifting up" of Him who said, that whenever or wherever that should be done, he would draw all men unto him? Surely there must be something more than human in a Book which, to say nothing about the consolation it brings to the suffering, has stimulated

* It is but fair to add that the English public testified a generous and hearty appreciation of Martin's paintings, inasmuch as it may be very safely affirmed that no pictures exhibited in modern times ever attracted such crowds of all classes as did his. There can be no greater or truer test of artistic excellence than that of eliciting almost universal admiration in spite of adverse criticism. They were said to be "sensational." In the sense of moving the hearts of the spectators, and the best feelings of those hearts, they were. And so are Milton's poetry, Haydn's music, and the Bible itself—but, unfortunately, so is not much of the painting, poetry, and music of the present day.

human genius to its highest and noblest efforts; which has made itself heard and felt and admired in every department of literature and art, in all ages, in all countries, and in spite of all obstacles; which has defied not only the listlessness of indifference, but the hatred of jealousy; which has lived through the darkness of ignorance and the wantonness of knowledge, survived both the plot of the apostate and the sneer of the infidel; which has outlived men and things, and, coming down to us on the drift of time safe out of the wreck of mighty nations and extinct peoples, still offers itself to mankind in all its integrity, lays bare its treasures to every son of genius, draws after it a long train of gifted devotees, confers upon every department of literature and art its choicest treasures and its noblest gems; and in doing this, not only proclaims to the world that it comes from the hand of Him who is the source of all inspiration, but is in itself a living proof both of its divine origin and of that immortality conferred upon it by its Author, and testified by Him who said: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

Perhaps an essay like the present, having for its subject the history and beauties of an ancient familiar national Book, whose charm and whose hold on the national mind depend materially upon the quaint peculiarities of its diction, may not be inappropriately terminated by a few observations concerning a desire which has sprung up amongst some classes to revise this old Saxon version of the Bible, whose phraseology has not only interlaced itself with the familiar idiom of the people ever since its circulation, but has permeated and still runs through the whole literature of the country. It is a strange but pitiless truth, that in the present day there is a tendency among men to revise every thing but manners. Revelation is to be posted up to meet the views of an advancing science, the Bible is to be re-cast to suit the fastidious tastes of modern scholarship; politics, the church, all are to undergo revision and correction; but amidst this universal regeneration of principles we exhibit a lamentable de-

generacy of practice. The last few years have been marked by crimes of deep atrocity, by the increase also of one more fearful than all, now fast becoming the marked peculiarity of this country, the terrible crime of infanticide;* and the present year especially has been distinguished by events which show that this mighty civilization of ours, with its immense wealth and food at famine prices, its advanced notions and moral retrogression, is at the core vitally diseased. The evidence runs in a continuous chain from the fall of the great upholder of the laws and keeper of the Queen's conscience, through the various grades of respectable forger, genteel poisoner, professional slayer of infants, down to the last wretch only recently apprehended for committing five murders in three days. From out of the midst of this corruption and moral delinquency there comes a cry for the verbal correction of the Scriptures; and this serious step is advocated by those who have always sneered at what is generally understood by orthodoxy, and is advocated in a manner consistent with that feeling. But, however, apart from parties and sects, it will soon become the duty of every man to think whether the advantages to be gained by a verbal revision of the Scriptures are sufficient to compensate for the tide of controversy which will most inevitably ensue, for the waking up of old theological contentions now slumbering peaceably in the dust of antiquarian libraries, for the peril of still more effectually dividing a Church already not sufficiently united; and above all, for changing the spirit of that old Book which is so familiar to every man, woman, and child in the dominions. Every one who has studied the Scriptures critically, knows that there are hundreds of passages which might be translated more forcibly or less forcibly, as the case may be, shades of tense-meanings which might be more accurately expressed; but no man will be so bold as to say that any thing can be

* In the district of Central Middlesex alone Dr. Lankester says there are seventy-four cases of infanticide per annum. Though the population has increased only one fifth in ten years, yet this crime has nearly doubled itself.

fairly revised which would vitally affect the truth. Why, then, for the sake of a few scholarly corrections, inappreciable to the great mass of readers, should we disturb the general character of our English Bible? Those who have labored in that field of learning know how utterly impossible it is to translate an oriental language into our Saxon idiom without losing much of the accurate meaning of the original, and that this is more particularly the case with Hebrew, where the verb has an interminable number of forms in its conjugations—active, passive, reflective, intensive, and causative—active, causative-passive, each expressing in its various tense-changes, delicate shades of meaning, for which it is utterly impossible to find English equivalents, and which can only be rendered approximately to the sense by means of paraphrase and ellipsis. So that any number of versions or revised versions will always be open to debate on the ground of verbal accuracy: and the same is true also, though to a less degree, of the Hellenistic Greek of the New Testament. Hundreds of instances have been collected from the Old and New Testament of tenses which have been changed in translations—of two words different in the original, rendered by one in English, such as *ἀλλή* and *ποιμνὴ* in John 10: 16, “fold and flock,” rendered by the one word fold, in our version;* and it is justly a matter of regret that it should be so: but inasmuch as none of these discrepancies affect the vitality of the truth in any way, the real friends of that book, in spite of the sneer of scholarship, will do well to oppose any attempt to revise or alter the accepted version, especially when it is evident

that such version and alteration would not absolutely do away with the difficulties. Let us hope that the day will come when men will take that Book as it is, and follow after its spirit rather than fight over its text. In concluding this investigation, we would urge upon the attention of the followers of that new school of skepticism which has sprung up amongst us lately, whose votaries profess to hold fast on Christianity, whilst they question its oracles—many of whom, strange to say, are interpreters of those oracles to the people—the fact that we can assert of this Book what can not be asserted of any other institution or system, that it has survived all vicissitudes and changes; and we shall find that the faith of which it is the exponent, has never been allowed by its Almighty Founder to be without a witness in the world. In the earliest ages of history there were the patriarchs, and the patriarchs were followed by the prophets, and the prophets by the philosophers, who were succeeded by Christ himself, who was followed by the disciples, and the disciples were followed by the Church, which, in so many diversities of form, exists amongst us to this day. But the skeptic will say, pointing to the Church with its cold formalities, its false priests, and its degenerate people, how can that be a witness to a faith of such pretensions? To this we reply, that it is an unalterable law that wherever humanity exists there must also be the accompaniment of human weakness. The patriarchal life was sometimes disturbed by violence and sin; the prophets had amongst their number one who was disobedient; the philosophers were degraded by the sophists; and that human nature which Jesus took upon him and which makes his person and work so dear to every soul anxious for its salvation, assailed him in his final struggle in the garden; the disciples fled from him at the last moment, and amongst their number was a Judas, who betrayed him. No wonder, then, if patriarchs and prophets, philosophers and apostles, have had amongst them the elements of human frailty, that in this multiform Church of our day, with its endless varieties, there should be found sacri-

* It is, perhaps, worth noticing, that one of the most prominent mistranslations in the New Testament, is that of the phrase “*διαμεριζόμενοι γλῶσσας*,” in Acts 2: 3, rendered in our version by “cloven tongues,” which is simply no sense at all, because a cloven tongue would be useless, the true meaning being “tongues allotted” amongst them, *διαμερίζω* being simply to divide amongst or allot out any thing. It is not, perhaps, generally known that this old error of “cloven tongues” is perpetuated in every bishop’s mitre of the present day, which is intended to represent, metaphorically as it does actually, by its shape, a “cloven tongue.”

fices without sincerity, priests with no vocation, and professors void of truth.

Let us never be led into the idea that we can ever over-estimate our debt to the Bible individually as men, or collectively as a nation. No man who has followed it as a guide through life ever came to much harm. He may not have had wealth, but he had contentment, which is better; he may not have had power, but he had security, which is superior; he may not have gained fame, but he acquired hope, which is more lasting; he may not have had luxury, but he had peace; he did not subdue the earth, but he was indifferent to it, and therefore raised above it; he did not gain the whole world, but he saved his own soul; and what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall it profit a man? If he have wealth, the want of contentment poisons its enjoyment; if he have power, the want of security paralyzes its use; if he have fame, the loss of hope dims its glory; if he have luxury, the want of peace dashes the cup from his lips; if he gain the whole world, and fail in these things, in spite of his wealth, in spite of his power, his fame, his luxury, he loses his soul, and, rich in the fading possessions of time, goes out of the world in the nakedness of ruin—bankrupt into eternity.

We can never over-estimate the value of the Bible collectively: it is the keystone of all national greatness and true civilization. Wherever that book has been suppressed, religion has degenerated into priestcraft, superstition has been rife, and under its blighting influence the intellectual and moral life of that nation has withered; but, on the other hand, wherever that book has been cherished, wherever it has been freely circulated, it has made its own way, and accomplished its own work, as its Divine Author said it should, in the elevation of the people, the prosperity of the nation, the purity of the priesthood, the stability of the Church, and in every thing that goes to make a country great and free. It is the world's best gage against all evils; tyranny can not stand beside it,

and superstition cowers before it. It was the influence of that Bible which supported the country through the fierce persecutions of her Reformed Church, and the bloodless Revolution of 1688; it is the influence of that Bible which has raised her to the position she now occupies, and will yet save her, if any thing can, from her predicted downfall; therefore we should cherish that Bible, and teach our children to cherish it. The great question of the stability or decline of the country will rest with the coming generation, who will have enough to do in their day; for if ever the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, the sins of this reckless, money-making, skeptical generation, will be visited upon its descendants. To any one who has studied history carefully, and noticed the operation of those general laws by which great commotions are worked up silently, secretly, but surely in the long course of years, just as the convulsion is worked up in the volcano, it must be patent, on looking abroad upon the present state of things, that there are abundant evidences of the approach of a great social convulsion, and more especially of a great religious struggle, which will come about, not perhaps in our time, but in the course of the next generation, and in the lifetime of the rising youth of this; therefore, for their sakes, and that they may be fitted to meet it, we should cherish the old reverence for the Bible—the ægis of religious freedom, the bulwark of the country's peace, and the foundation of the Church's prosperity. If we keep that, enemies may assail us, but we shall stand firm, for we shall possess a guide to which we can appeal in doubt, and a light to illuminate the darkness of our calamity; but if we lose that, we shall lose the only talisman we have against every evil—our beacon, our hope, our consolation. If we lose the Bible, we shall soon sink into that most lamentable of all conditions—a community without a Church, a people without a God, a nation without a soul.

Chambers's Journal.

PHILOSOPHICAL PUZZLES.

THERE is a science, or rather a family of sciences, which can boast a greater antiquity than almost any other. Its great age does not in the least entail decrepitude; for it, in fact, gives this ancient father of knowledge a patriarchal authority over all the younger sciences, without at all making him suffer any of those infirmities of age which his twenty-five centuries of life might be expected to confer. This ancient learning is called Logic, a name of great power, and, alas! often taken in vain. In fact, its fame is so extensive, that persons whose knowledge is limited to the name only, are constantly invoking it with an almost superstitious feeling. The blacksmith whose political convictions are strong, (not to say wordy,) when debating in the senate of a tap-room, uses the name of logic with much effect either for the conclusive settlement of the question in the manner he upholds, or to the destruction of the notions of his opponent. And many a parliamentary debater, or newspaper writer, calls aloud on the same name for a similar purpose, and it is indeed even just possible, with the same simple veneration for what he knows not.

But, great as is the antiquity and vast as are the dominions of this science, the general popular interest in and recognition of its principles are small; and this is the case because it has one great fault, which is sometimes the fault of age—it is not amusing. It is a very dignified science. Logic does not deal either in pleasing experiments or interesting discoveries. All the other sciences, with the exception, perhaps, of pure mathematics, have some amusing side in their character, or are capable of having amusement extracted from them by appropriate literary means. Thus, chemistry (properly seasoned) furnishes quite lively subjects of interest, as does geology also. So do astronomy, optics, and many other sciences, and ice, which, accordingly, deservedly occupy their permanent though humble positions among the subjects of general literature. But from the

syllogism in comprehension, or from the integral calculus, it is not easy to obtain interesting matter for light reading; and little more amusement can be furnished by taking the opposite tack, and poking fun at such respectable branches of knowledge.

There was a day, however, when philosophy was a young science, and it in that far time had, to a slight extent, the playful habits of youth, when it would in rare moments forget its usual occupation of arranging and fathoming the universe, and with ponderous humor, by the mouth of a disciple, give forth some puzzle of a more amusing character than the great problems of existence and knowledge, the discovery of whose solution formed its principal business, and to which desirable end it is still busily engaged.

Thus, the celebrated and well-known puzzle of Achilles and the tortoise was invented by Zeno of Elea some centuries before Christ, and furnishes a good example of this philosophical play. This problem is as follows: If Achilles and a tortoise were to run a race, and Achilles were to run ten times as fast as the tortoise, if the latter had the start, Achilles would never overtake the tortoise, as can be thus shown: Suppose them, at the starting of Achilles, to be separated by a space of a thousand feet, when Achilles has run this thousand, the tortoise would have run a hundred, and when Achilles had run this hundred, the tortoise would have run ten, and so on for ever. This sophism has even been considered insoluble by many philosophers, and among others by Dr. Thomas Brown, since it actually leads to an absurd conclusion by a sound argument. The fallacy lies in the concealed assumption that what is infinitely divisible is also infinite.

Amongst other famous ancient dialectic problems are the following dilemmas, which are framed with wonderful ingenuity, the acuteness displayed in their construction being probably unsurpassed. The first is called *Syllogismus Crocodilus*, and may be thus stated: An infant, while playing on the bank of a river, was seized by a crocodile. The mother, hearing its cries, rushed to its assist-

ance, and by her tearful entreaties obtained a promise from the crocodile (who was obviously of the highest intelligence) that he would give it her back if she would tell him truly what would happen to it. On this, the mother (perhaps rashly) asserted: "*You will not give it back.*" The crocodile answers to this: "If you have spoken truly, I can not give back the child without destroying the truth of your assertion; if you have spoken falsely, I can not give back the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement; therefore, I can not give it back whether you have spoken truly or falsely." The mother retorted: "If I have spoken truly, you must give back the child, by virtue of your agreement; if I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have given back the child; so that, whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be given back." History is silent as to the issue of this remarkable dispute.

Of a similar nature is the other example above mentioned, which is even more acutely stated. A young man named Euathlus received lessons in rhetoric from Protagoras, it being agreed that a certain fee should be paid if the pupil were successful in the first cause he pleaded. Euathlus, however, neglected to undertake any cause, and Protagoras, in order to obtain his fee, was compelled to sue him. Euathlus defended himself in the court, and it was consequently the young man's first suit. The master argued thus: "If I be successful in this cause, O Euathlus, you will be compelled to pay by virtue of the sentence of these righteous judges; and should I even be unsuccessful, you will then have to pay me in fulfillment of your original contract." To this the apt pupil replied: "If I be successful, O master! I shall be free by the sentence of these righteous judges; and even if I be unsuccessful, I shall be free by virtue of the contract." The story states that such convincing arguments thus diametrically opposed completely staggered the judges, who, being quite unable to decide, postponed the judgment *sine die*.*

We, being guided by other lights, and looking on things with juster notions than in the early days of knowledge, can smile at the seemingly trifling schemes of philosophy, which were serious enough when first propounded. Just as, in laughing at the stiff expression and angular contortions of the pre-Raphaelite paintings, we forget that they represent what was believed to be the truth in art of those days, and see only the incongruity of the odd caricatures of humanity which they form. At a time when methods of observation and experiment were nearly unknown, or held in serene contempt, it is not strange that the early notions of the nature of things should be somewhat queer, and in this sense they certainly have a ludicrous side. Thus, Thales of Miletus, who lived about 640 B.C., from reasons only known to himself, taught and believed that the earth was a living being, and that all things were formed from water. This latter notion was contradicted by another famous philosopher and successor, Anaximenes, also of Miletus, who taught that all things were formed from air, which was the primal and universal element. Another celebrated philosopher, Heraclitus of Ephesus, in delightful unanimity with the preceding, believed that fire was the life of all things. This last furthermore taught that the sun was a mere meteor, not exceeding twelve feet in size, and was of necessity extinguished and rekindled afresh each day. Zeno of Elea, above referred to, was, as may be imagined from the example of his powers which has been given, a most acute and bold reasoner, which talents, however, were employed on somewhat destructive principles. His argument for the non-existence of space affords an example. He asks: Wherein is space? For if all that exists must be in space, then must that space itself be in some other space; and so on *ad infinitum*; but this is absurd: therefore space itself can not exist, as it can not be in some other space. In a dispute

was decided by His Excellency Sancho Panza, Governor of the island of Barataria, might be cited as companion-example to the above; but is it not written in the books of the *Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha*?

* The famous legal case of the Bridge, which

with Protagoras, Zeno inquired whether a grain of corn, or the ten thousandth part of a grain, falling to the ground, would make any sound, and was told it would not. He then inquired whether a measure of corn would, and was told it would. He then retorted, that since a measure was composed of a certain definite number of grains, it followed, that either a grain produces a noise in falling, or the measure does not.

It is a sad fact, that impatient spirits, after a long course of serious teaching or exercise, are apt to find an improper pleasure in modified profanity, especially as the latter has, to a great extent, the dangerous quality of being at first sight rather entertaining.

A celebrated instance of ingenious fallacy is that propounded as a just argument by Diodorus Chronos, who, by this fallacy, claimed to prove the impossibility of motion. He argues thus: All that a body does, must be done either in the place where it is, or else in the place where it is not. Now, it can not move in the place where it is, and much less can it move in the place where it is not. Consequently, it can not move at all, and therefore motion is impossible. It is related that the inventor of this sophism on one occasion dislocated his shoulder, and was compelled to send for a surgeon to set it. The leech assured the philosopher that the shoulder could not possibly be put out at all, since it could not be put out in the place in which it was, nor either in the place in which it was not.

The inverting argument of the lying Cretans is well known; but the reader will excuse its quotation for the sake of illustration, and for the chance of its being new to some out of the many. St. Paul says (Titus 1: 12, 13): "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said: The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true." The Cretans being always liars; the prophet was a Cretan, therefore he was a liar, and lied when he said they were always liars. Consequently, the Cretans are not always liars. Again, since he was a Cretan, he was not always a liar. Therefore, the Cretans are always liars, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Another good instance is that quoted by a recent American writer, who shows, by a perfectly just argument, that the much-used maxim, 'All rules have their exceptions,' is really self-contradictory. If all rules have exceptions, this maxim is itself a rule, and therefore must also have its exceptions. Consequently, the proverb at the same time affirms that all rules have their exceptions, and that some rules do not, which is an obvious case of proverbial suicide.

With regard to more trivial instances of logical profanity, I must quote one which is frequently employed in private life with much exasperating effect, and is also found by cross-examining counsel a serviceable mode of confounding a witness, and simultaneously throwing dust in the eyes of a jury. This process has, moreover, the pleasant, compact, logical name of *fallacia heterozeteos*. It consists in desiring to have either a direct negative or affirmative answer to a question, which, being done, a question respecting any desired improbability can then be asked, as, for instance: "Have you cut off your tail yet?" If the answer be yes, it is of course an admission that the examinee once had a tail; while, if the reply be no, it is assumed to be an admission that he still possesses that unusual personal ornament. A somewhat similar process is involved in the inquiry of a man: "How long he has left off beating his father?" It will be seen what a wide field of vexation a skillful use of this process can command. As an example, in strong contrast to the foregoing, the following problem may be cited as an interesting but somewhat hopeless subject of inquiry—namely, What is the effect of an irresistible force striking an immovable sphere?

It may be observed with regard to the foregoing illustrations, that they start from the borders of serious argument, and descending by degrees, they travel first through ingenious, and then trivial quibbles. Continuing the descent, we should finally arrive in the extensive region of jokes, (but before arriving at that stage of debasement, it is better to quit the subject.) In fact, it has been justly observed, that

jests generally are merely examples of faulty reasoning, and consequently have their place in the classification of logical fallacies. They preserve just so much of the appearance of just argument as to please by appealing to the mind, while the absurdity or incongruity of the conclusion produces a ludicrous effect, which the implied irreverence may have its share in intensifying. Thus, puns can generally be identified with the fallacy which logicians call ambiguous middle; while that conversational luxury which the outer world call "chaff" can be named by the more dignified terms of *ignotatio elenchi* and illicit processes.

The many and various kinds of popular and feminine arguments, which are frequently found so mystifying and unanswerable, from the amount of dust which they throw into the eyes of their less ready victims, might be probably dissected and classified with unspeakable advantage to the latter. But it is to be feared that in the domestic regions where they prevail, such formal warfare would be contemptuously scouted; and abject submission is probably a safer mode of meeting their attacks.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE ORGAN IN SCOTLAND.

THIS is a rainy day. In the morning, at eight o'clock, if you had walked down from this house through a green shady lane, with rich hedges and great trees on either hand, you would, at a distance of half a mile, have suddenly come upon the sea, looking leaden and sullen. Entering the sea, you would have found it very cold. There was no rain then; but in an hour the clouds gathered, the wind moaned in a wintry way, and the drenching showers fell, wafted in from the Atlantic by the rainy south-west. Now the trees are green, the hedges are green, the ripening corn-field hard by is beginning to grow yellow, the roads that pass near are deep with mud. The sea, a green expanse, is three hundred feet below; the ground slopes steeply down to it. Above,

there are moorlands, now looking quite black. On the whole, it is a day on which to record certain facts which have lately come within the scope of the writer's observation.

Here is a little staircase. It is steep and dark: the steps are of wood. Let us ascend it. Now where are we; and what do our eyes behold?

We are in a gallery in a church. It is a cruciform church, with short transepts. It is a Gothic edifice. The open roof is supported by beams of dark oak; the plaster between the beams is painted blue. We may discover three windows filled with stained glass; one is a rose window, two are fanlets. This gallery, situated at the extremity of the longest limb of the cross, is filled by a large and handsome organ. A small boy is blowing, solemnly working a long handle up and down. Some one is playing at the instrument; there are the magnificent tones, so rich, sweet, soft, majestic. I reflect how my slight acquaintance, Dr. Bumptious, in tones that set one's teeth on edge, has often declared in my unwilling ears that the human voice is far finer than any instrument. Just listen to his human voice, (in so far as his voice can be called human,) and you will be well assured of that.

But surely there is nothing particular or remarkable in a Gothic church, nor yet in an organ-gallery. Yes, my reader; but there is something very remarkable in finding an organ here. Look from this gallery toward the other end of the church, in the subdued light of stained glass and dark oak. What do you see there? No altar, no reading-desk, no creed nor commandments, nor Lord's prayer emblazoned: none of the things to which you are accustomed. There is just a pulpit and nothing else. You know what that means. This is a Scotch parish church. The Church of Scotland has no bishops and no liturgy. This is a Presbyterian place of worship. And let me tell you, it is a great sign of the times to see this organ here.

This is a week-day. There is no service. It is a day of practicing. Let me relate some facts as to the Sunday services of this church.

Last Sunday was the first of our

holiday-time: our first Sunday here. And in a somewhat rainy and stormy morning, several figures might have been discerned leaving this dwelling about half-past ten A.M. Having walked a mile and a half along a breezy way, parallel with the sea and far above it, they might have been seen descending a path which leads to the church already mentioned. As you draw near the place, the tinkling of a somewhat feeble bell falls upon the ear. It is not the sort of bell which has summoned the writer to church. He remembers a day on which, at the appointed hour of worship, a man appeared at the church door and violently rang a dinner-bell of small dimensions. Entering the church, among many more, you discover that the building, which holds five hundred and fifty or so, is well filled; indeed, almost crowded. As the bell ceased, the pealing organ began, and played a pretty voluntary. Though the organ has been here for no more than five or six Sundays, and though a good many of the congregation probably never heard an organ in church in their lives till this organ came here, the people took it all as a matter of course. They have got quite accustomed to it. I am not going to give you a description of the service of the Scotch Church, though the most eloquent of living historians, after being present at a Scotch service for the first time, told the writer that the thing which mainly impressed him was, what an odd service it was. Only let it be said, that public worship begins with the singing of a psalm. And here, leaving the moral atmosphere, and understanding what prejudices and prepossessions must have been got over before such a thing could be, it was very strange to hear the organ play all the tune first, and then to see the congregation rise to their feet, with one consent, and sing the psalm with a somewhat too powerful accompaniment. For the mode, hallowed to many Scotch hearts by old associations, is to sit still while you sing: thus indeed diminishing the power of your lungs to half; but still bearing abundant compensation in the thought that thus you are finding tes-

timony against the corrupt mode of the unreformed church on the southern side of the Tweed. But how fine and cheering was that great volume of sound, that Sunday morning when the writer first heard an organ in a Scotch church! Every one sung out with heart and voice: the choir, placed in the organ-gallery, was quite drowned by the congregation; walls and roof seemed as vibrating; and the whole thing quickened devotion, and prepared one for the following prayers! Just one thought did intrude into the mind, that should have been wholly filled with God's praise: under the circumstances an excusable thought. The thought was this. Now I have heard some men, whom no one proposed to shut up in a lunatic asylum, say that this is wrong!

Of course the great principle on which all objections to the use of the organ in public worship go, is this: *The uglier and more disagreeable any thing is, the likelier it is to be the right thing.*

But no more now about that service: which was the very first Sunday's service at which this writer ever heard an organ in a Scotch church.

A little more than nine years ago, an article written by this hand appeared in this Magazine; an article entitled *The Organ Question*. About that time people in Scotland were beginning to think, that considering the atrocious badness of church music generally in this country, it might be desirable to do something toward improving it. Let it be said with thankfulness, that in the last nine years, a good deal has been done, both in town and country, to that end. Ladies and gentlemen have, in many cases, come to believe that there is nothing degrading in becoming members of amateur choirs; and the consequence is, that in many churches you have voices of such refinement and cultivation to lead the praise, as could not be got previously except at very great expense. You have the words sung, properly pronounced. And instead of the abominable tunes, full of flourishes and repetitions, which ambitious Scotch preceptors were fond of singing, you have ecclesiastical music, sim-

ple, grave, easily joined in by all with ear and voice. Bran-new tunes, by pushing music-masters, have been in great measure forbidden; and music centuries old, as much better than those as Canterbury Cathedral is better than Salem Chapel, has come into use. Of course, early in the progress of the movement, voices here and there asked whether the organ might not be had. But so keen was the prejudice against that noble instrument in the minds of many who had broken away from the belief in the infallibility of a Pope or a Church, only to substitute for that the belief in the infallibility, even in matters æsthetical, of John Knox and a few more, that though the writer felt that the general use of the organ in Scotland was a thing quite as sure to come in time as the flowing of the tide, he said, at that time, that the existing generation of Scotchmen would not live to see it. But though some good people who are entitled to credit for entire sincerity, and whose dread of removing the old landmarks was not wholly unreasonable, did as it were go down to the sea-shore and order the tide to cease flowing, stating that if it continued to flow it would be guilty of perjury, blasphemy, ingratitude, and even of bad taste, yet the tide quietly and surely progressed. And now, it is matter for wonder, where you find an educated Scotchman or Scotchwoman, under fifty years old, who is not clearly in favor of the organ: in favor, that is, of allowing congregations who want an organ to get one, and congregations who don't want an organ to do without it. Things have advanced much more rapidly than any one would have believed possible ten years since. In Edinburgh, there is but one organ in use in a parish church; but in Glasgow, which is assuredly the capital of the wealth and enterprise of Scotland, there already are in use, or will be in use within a few weeks, no fewer than seven or eight. The Town Church, whose walls used to resound the eloquence of Chalmers, has for many months had instrumental music: and I can testify from experience, that the praise there is almost overwhelming, for its vast volume and heartiness. The congregation

is for the most part of a humble class; just of that class where one might have expected lingering prejudice against the "Kist fu' o' whistles;" but the large church is densely crowded, and every soul sings with might and main. The sound is as of thunder. Country churches progress more slowly: I believe this church by the seaside is almost the first which has started the true organ; not the harmonium, which is but a poor substitute. But without any gift of prophecy, one may safely predict that in a few years the organ will excite no more surprise in a Scotch church than now it does in an English one; and that every congregation will have an organ, which wants one, and can afford it.

Now, does any reader of this page desire to know how the phenomenon of the organ-gallery and the organ appeared in this church? How is it that on any Sunday you may find the congregation here devoutly worshipping with the aid of that grand instrument which some years ago appeared to many in Scotland as a thing to be longed for but not to be had?

Well, things have gone on rapidly within the last three or four years. I remember, as yesterday, the day when one of the magistrates of the northern metropolis told me that the previous Sunday he and his fellows had paid an official visit to a certain church; and that the music was aided by an harmonium for the first time. One clergyman, greatly daring, and having ascertained that his flock would like it, made that beginning. The question of instrumental music, thus raised, came before the Supreme Court of the Scotch Church at its meeting in May, 1864, and a decision was come to, which many regarded as tacitly sanctioning the organ, and which some regarded as doing something else. That uncertain sound would not do, and the General Assembly, in May last, having the organ-question again brought up, decided that the power of permitting or refusing the use of an organ by any congregation, lies with the Presbytery of the bounds; and recommended that when any congregation did, with something like unanimity, express to the Presbytery its

wish for an organ, the Presbytery should give that wish the most favorable consideration. This judgment of the Supreme Court was carried by a majority against another which had been proposed, whose gist was, that each congregation should be free to have an organ if it liked, without asking leave of the Presbytery at all.

So you see what a Scotch minister has to do, if his congregation comes in a unanimous way, and says it wants an organ. Go to the Presbytery at its next meeting, produce satisfactory evidence of the congregation's wish, and the permission of the Presbytery has followed of course in all such cases hitherto. Of course, if a considerable portion of the congregation desires to go on in the old way, it is all quite fair that their bias or prejudice should be considered. The burden of proof must rest on those who want a change. And a usage hitherto maintained under an understood common law, ought not to be altered unless people are nearly unanimous in wishing that it should be altered. If your congregation esteems an organ as an emblem of Baal, you would be very foolish if you try to thrust an organ upon it. But if your congregation unanimously desires to have an organ, you will be equally silly if you make any opposition to that desire. The fact is, a clergyman of the Scotch Church who likes the organ, is in precisely the same position as a clergyman of the Anglican Church who would like to put his choir in surplices. It is a pure matter of æsthetics: there is no principle involved. And if worthy people have a keen prejudice against the thing, esteeming it as a rag of Popery, and as the thin end of the wedge whose thick end is Father Newman or else Bishop Colenso; why, you will (if you have good sense and good feeling) yield meanwhile to that prejudice, and try gradually to educate people out of it. "I have no objection to the organ," said a worthy mechanic to a Scotch clergyman, within the last few weeks; "but I understand that whenever the organ is brought in, there's to be an attack made on the doctrine of the atonement." A choral service is a fine thing; but the Anglican rector who

tries to establish it in a church where all the people abominate it, is a great fool. So an organ is a fine thing; but no man of sense will thrust it upon people who revolt at it.

The following temperate and judicious remarks are from a sermon published by Dr. Robertson, minister of Glasgow Cathedral; *late* minister, alas! that it must be said. He had not a superior among the Scotch clergy: for manly grasp of mind, for pith and point in treating his subject, he had hardly an equal. Let it be added, that a more genial, kindly, liberal-minded, and honest man, never walked this earth. Here are his views about instrumental music in church:

"With regard to church music, every one knows that the question is coming to be more and more understood every day, whether it would not be an experiment to make use of the help of instruments.

"There seems to be no good reason why this should not be done. Under the ancient Jewish dispensation the harp, the timbrel, and other instruments of music, were used in the service of God; and there seems to be nothing in the New Testament principles to forbid our making use, in like manner, of such instrumental aid to the voice as may be suitable to the habits and associations of the present day. There are many instruments, certainly, which one would hardly like to hear in church service: our associations being such, that the use of them is not in the mean time, and is not likely ever to become, appropriately suggestive of reverent ideas. There is one instrument however, against which this objection does not lie—I mean the organ. And I do not hesitate to say in public, what I have often said, and heard many of my brethren say, in private, that there appears to be no reason why such congregations as may wish it, should not be permitted to employ this help to the voice. The matter is not so important as to be worth division in congregations; but should any congregation desire it, with a near approach to unanimity, it seems only consistent with a reasonable liberty that they should be allowed to gratify their wish."

Plain good sense, I know that my readers will say: who could doubt all that? But let me tell you that there are worthy folk in Scotland still, who would accuse the man who should say all that, of no one knows what fearful heresy. Happily, they can not burn him. And I am not entirely sure that they would, even if they could.

Tact is needed to put the use of the organ before prejudiced minds in the way least likely to awake prejudice. An esteemed friend of the writer, some time ago, had an organ erected in his church. A voluntary was played before and after service. Some honest people complained of this. They said that this sound was not worship. "I don't say it is," replied their ingenious pastor; "but neither is the shuffling of feet and slamming of pew-doors as people are coming in and going out; and don't you think the organ, which drowns these noises, is the pleasantest sound of the two?" There was no resisting that way of putting the case. And yet that way was perfectly true. Would that every good cause, which needs to be judiciously put, had as able an advocate!

Of course, all this movement has been accompanied by some ill-humor on both sides. Excellent men, ultra-conservative in all things, have been known to accuse the advocates of the organ of various forms of heterodoxy: of Socinianism, Atheism, and even of Bourignianism. On the other hand, the advocates of the organ, impatient of an opposition which they esteemed as the result of stupid prejudice, have in many cases been known to describe their opponents as pig-headed block-heads. Excellent men, doubtless, on either side: but controversy tends to wax keen. For we are a perfervid race; and sometimes fail to do each other justice.

A. K. H. B.

THE FALL OF CLARENDON.

THERE are very few men who, in so large a manner as Lord Clarendon, have both lived history and written history. To a great degree, our knowledge of the times during which he lived is derived from his own immortal writings.

During those times there are few names which emerge more frequently, or with broader influence, than his own. In the momentous period of the Long Parliament his influence is first seen on the side of the people, and then on the side of the Crown. He was the leader of his party in the House of Commons; he was Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords; for many years he was Prime Minister of England; he became the grandfather of two English sovereigns. There has been no other English subject on whom such an accumulation of honors has thus rested. For many years his career was singularly checkered, exhibiting various errors and faults, but at the same time great endurance and great virtue; and through good report and evil report, through good estate and evil estate, he clung close to the faith and hope of a Christian man. At last came his extraordinary elevation, and, from that giddy eminence, as extraordinary a fall. In exile, in poverty, in obloquy, closed that long and eventful career, so imperishably bound up with English history and English literature. His last days, though his saddest, were his happiest and his best; his fall proved to be a rising again, and he learned to look upon it as a season of rest, as a quiet pause, as a solemn audit of the past, before his active, crowded career came to an end on earth.

It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into any details of this period's political events. We take up the personal history of Lord Clarendon at the time when he became a conspicuous actor in the stirring events of his times. Under the guidance of Sir Nicolas Hyde, who rose to be Chief-Justice, he had devoted himself to the law, and possessed a large practice at the bar. When the civil troubles began, Edward Hyde thought it his duty to abandon his lucrative practice until quieter times should arrive, and in the mean time to devote his whole energies to his public duties in Parliament. He had been known as a great lawyer; he now appeared in the character of a great statesman. Wherever a liberty was to be asserted, a wrong to be redressed, an inquiry to be instituted, a tyrannical institution

to be abolished, a grievous criminal to be exposed, Edward Hyde was among the first and foremost on the popular side. But after a time, rightly or wrongly, he became firmly convinced that this side was pushing things too far, and to an extent of which neither his conscience nor reason approved. He threw the whole weight of his influence into the declining side of the Royalists, and withdrew to York to be in attendance on the King. He does not appear to have been very popular among the party whom he thus joined. Though he went over to the court, he carried thither the stern, rigid virtues of a republican, which rarely, indeed, find much favor among courtiers; an intrepidity in speaking unwelcome truth, a strict justice and moderation, a high-minded, incorruptible spirit. He was of great use to his party in the paper war that preceded actual hostilities; but when the military operations commenced, Hyde ceased for a time to appear in a prominent position. The King determined to intrust him with the charge of the Prince of Wales in the west of England. This was partly done because Hyde was an eminently fit man for the post, but partly also, it has been suggested, because his plain-speaking was disagreeable to the King and the cavaliers. Hyde unwillingly complied with the request, and took charge of the Prince first in Cornwall, then in the isle of Scilly, and afterward in the isle of Jersey. Queen Henrietta then directed that her son should be sent to Paris. This was eventually done; but Hyde, believing that he could be of no use to his royal master in France, resolved to continue in Jersey.

Perceiving that the times in which he lived were perhaps the most memorable in the whole course of English history, he had commenced, while yet in Scilly, the *History of the Great Rebellion*, a work disfigured, indeed, by inaccuracies, by personal feelings, and political partisanship, but of commanding merits which have made it classic. He continued it in Jersey. He was in the island for about two years, "and enjoyed," as he was wont to say, "the greatest tranquillity of mind imaginable." At first two of his friends,

Lord Hopton and Lord Capel, were with him, and the three kept house together at St. Hilary. Their day was thus spent: The two noblemen would read or ride or walk, while Hyde would sit in his chamber, working at his history till eleven o'clock. At that hour they attended daily prayer at the church; after morning prayer they dined. They kept a common table at Lord Hopton's lodgings, because his lodgings were the best. In the evening they met upon the sands for a walk. They often went to the castle to see the governor, "who treated them with extraordinary kindness and civility;" and, in truth, "the whole island showed great affection to them." After a time, first one of his friends was obliged to leave him, and then the other. Sir George Carteret then received him into Elizabeth Castle. Here he built himself a lodging of two or three rooms, and over the door of his lodging he set up his arms with a Latin inscription — "Bene vixit qui latuit," (He has lived well who has escaped notice.) "And he always took pleasure in relating with what great tranquillity of spirit he spent his time here, amongst his books, which he got from Paris, and his papers, between which he seldom spent less than ten hours in the day." King Charles himself sent him a variety of materials for his work.

When the Prince of Wales left France, Hyde received directions from King and Queen to be in attendance upon them. The happy seclusion of Jersey was at once abandoned for a life of wandering and privation. The ship in which he sailed to Holland was seized by a privateer, and he was robbed of a sum of money which he could ill afford to lose. By and by Charles the Second sent him on an unsatisfactory embassy to Madrid. Here Hyde, who always writes of himself as "the Chancellor"—for he had received the empty office of Chancellor of the Exchequer at the mimic court of Charles—studied the country and language, and commenced his *Devotions on the Psalms*. On his return he took up his abode at Antwerp as ambassador. Charles, after the battle of Worcester, having escaped to Paris, required his

services there; and he resided at Paris and elsewhere, in close attendance on his wandering and unfortunate sovereign. From the Clarendon papers we can see the straits to which he was reduced, and the manner in which he bore them. "I do not know that any man is yet dead for want of bread, which really I wonder at. Five or six of us eat together one meal a day for a pistole a week; but all of us owe for God knows how many weeks to the poor woman that feeds us." "At this time I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season." "I am so cold that I am scarce able to hold my pen, and have not three sous in the world to buy a fagot." "I have not been master of a crown these many months, am cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe for all the meat I have eaten these three months, and to a poor woman who is no longer able to trust; and my poor family at Antwerp (which breaks my heart) is in as sad a state as I am." "Keep up your spirits, and take heed of sinking under that burden you never kneeled to take up. Our innocence begets our cheerfulness; and that again will be a means to secure the other. Whoever grows too weary and impatient of the condition he is in, will too impatiently project to get out of it; and that, by degrees, will shake or baffle or delude his innocence. We have no reason to blush for the poverty which is not brought upon us by our own faults. As long as it pleases God to give us health, (which, I thank him, I have in a great measure,) I shall think he intends me to outlive all these sufferings; and when he sends sickness, I shall (I hope with the same submission) believe that he intends to remove me from greater calamities." "I have no other counsel to give you than, by the grace of God, I mean to follow myself, which is to submit to God's pleasure and judgment upon me, and to starve, really and literally, with the comfort of having endeavored to avoid it by all honest means, and rather to bear it than do any thing contrary to my duty."

The evil days seemed over at last; in 1660 was the Restoration. Three years before, on the death of Sir Ed-

ward Herbert, the King had nominated him Lord High Chancellor of England. Hitherto the title had only been an empty mockery; it now became a splendid reality. And yet this period of grandeur and greatness to which we now approach in Hyde's career is the least pleasing in the retrospect. He had nobly withstood the effects of adversity; he by no means endured with equal success the influence of prosperity. The prosperity was as magnificent as his adversity had been protracted and deep. The King heaped upon him lands, lordships, and wealth. He became Earl of Clarendon; he became virtual Prime Minister. His daughter married the King's brother and heir, the Duke of York, and became the mother of two English sovereigns, Mary and Anne. And now painful blots upon his character began to appear, which had hitherto escaped the notice of others, and perhaps his own, and which, perhaps, required the fierce heat of prosperity for their manifestation. He appears to have been greedy of power and grasping of gain. The sumptuous pile of Clarendon House, which he was raising for himself, betrayed an ostentatious magnificence. Sometimes he appears to have erred in departing from strict veracity. More than ever he must have forfeited his own dignity and self-respect. He himself, in the long days of banishment and old age, confessed to himself how much he had erred and how greatly he had forgotten higher things in this season of brilliant sunshine. He confessed that those prosperous days contrasted ill with the calmness and happiness of his days of loneliness and want. If he had been content to take a full share in the wickedness of those wicked times, his lofty position might have been safe. Thank God he was preserved from that! In a great measure he still retained his integrity. So early as July, 1661, we find Pepys writing: "I spoke with Mr. George Montagu. He told me in his discourse that my Lord Chancellor is much envied, and that many great men do endeavor to undermine him, and that he believes it will not be done; for the King, though he loves him not in the way of a companion, yet can not

be without him, for his policy and service." Clarendon himself predicted to his friends that one day there would be "such a storm of envy and malice against him that he should not be able to stand the shock."

Various events were long at work which contributed to his fall. The nation engaged in a war with Holland. Among all the wicked wars upon record this was one of the most wicked. England, that was then becoming increasingly a commercial country, was jealous and envious of the commercial prosperity of the Dutch. Being the stronger power, she determined to crush her rival by brute force. Clarendon was steadily opposed to the idea; but the King was willing, the Duke of York most urgent, the country desirous; and, the war once undertaken, Clarendon, as first minister, was looked upon as responsible for the event. The issue was in part disastrous. The Dutch sailed up the Thames, and the roar of their guns was audible at London Bridge. With these misfortunes came the Great Plague and the Great Fire. Clarendon lost favor, not only with the people, but with his royal master. He boldly denounced the guilt and vice in the midst of which Charles habitually lived. The King became visibly chagrined and mortified by the boldness of his old and faithful counselor. The infamous man whose ministry succeeded that of Clarendon, and is known as the Cabal, was incessantly scheming and plotting against him. What chiefly aroused envy and enmity was the prodigal expense of the palace he was raising, of which Pepys, who used to visit it, speaks with wondering admiration. He fully saw his error when it was too late. He used to say that "he could not reflect upon any one thing he had done (amongst many which, he doubted not, were justly liable to the reproach of weakness and vanity) of which he was so much ashamed as he was of the vast expense he had made in the building of his house, which had more contributed to that gust of envy that had so violently shaken him than any misdemeanor that he was thought to have been guilty of; and this he took all occa-

sions to confess, and to reproach himself with the folly of it."

Old Pepys has, in his *Diary*, two or three passages that mark the decline and fall of Clarendon. He speaks of the venal courtiers who had now become royal favorites, "who, amongst them, have cast my Lord Chancellor on his back past ever getting up again, there being now little for him to do; and he waits at court, attending to speak to the King, as others do. The King do mind nothing but pleasure." "Some rude people have been at my Lord Chancellor's, where they have cut down the trees before his house and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these three words writ: 'Three sights to be seen, Dunkerque, Tangier, and a barren Queene.'" Pepys has also given the graphic account of the circumstances of Clarendon's departure from his final interview with the King, on which the celebrated painting the "Fall of Clarendon" is founded. The courtiers, when they saw him, used to tell the King that his "school-master" was coming. They used to mimic the Chancellor for the royal amusement. We are told that the infamous Duke of Buckingham was peculiarly successful in imitating "the stately walk of that solemn personage." The King at first feebly reproved and then delighted at this buffoonery at the expense of his old and faithful servant. Clarendon now seriously crossed the royal path. Charles more and more leaned toward the Roman Catholics, and was anxious to alter the laws so as to favor and indulge them; but this course of conduct his minister evermore faithfully opposed. He also directly interfered with the King's licentious course of life. The courtiers told Charles, "that if he was not a fool, he would not suffer his business to be carried on by fools." At last he sent the Earl a message recommending him immediately to resign the Great Seal. In reply the falling minister requested an audience. The King could not with any decency refuse this, and appointed him to come on a certain day after breakfast.

The day of the appointed interview

was known to all the courtiers. The event, of course, excited the highest interest. A private conversation of two hours ensued. At first things went on very well. By and by Clarendon spoke very plainly and boldly to his master on matters connected with his bad way of living. At this the King became visibly angry and impatient. At last his majesty terminated the conversation without stating any conclusion at which he might have arrived. As they came forth from the conference, the courtiers eagerly watched the expression of both their countenances. They thought that both faces "looked very thoughtful." Pepys says that the King's infamous paramour "ran out into her aviary, and stood blessing herself at the old man's going away: and several of the gallants of Whitehall (of which there were many staying to see the Chancellor's return) did talk to her in her bird-cage." Clarendon, in his *Life*, has an allusion to the dissolute crew who were waiting about eagerly hoping for his disgrace. For some days the King took no further steps. The courtiers were greatly alarmed at this. With ceaseless importunities they taunted him on his subserviency to "a cunning old lawyer, and nearly lectured him out of his wits." Then the King yielded, and sent a Secretary-of-State with a warrant under the sign-manual to demand the Great Seal. When the secretary returned with this coveted ensign of office, a base courtier clasped his majesty's knees, exclaiming: "Sir, you are now a king."

Assuredly there was a great fall here; but still Clarendon's enemies were not satisfied. Perhaps they dreaded his future return to power. They determined to prevent this; they thirsted for his blood; they brought against him an impeachment for high treason. The late Lord Chancellor Campbell has characterized the articles of the impeachment as "preposterously vague and absurd." There seemed little chance of a conviction against him. The King was anxious that he should leave the country; this would be enough to satisfy his enemies. The royal word was pledged that, if he would withdraw, no further step would be taken against

him while he was in exile. Very unwillingly, but in obedience to the King's wish, which he had always treated with almost absolute submission, Clarendon withdrew beyond seas. His enemies seized upon this as an occasion against him. They passed a bill through Parliament banishing him forever, and making his return an act of high treason. We now come to days which are generally looked upon as the most sombre in Clarendon's career; but those who take a more solemn view of life, and chiefly regard a man's highest interests, will turn away with relief from the thronged galleries of Whitehall and the rising glories of Clarendon House to Montpellier, to Moulins, and to Rouen.

With a well-nigh broken heart and enfeebled form he betook himself to France. The French government treated him alternately with harshness and consideration, according to the variations of their political relations with the English government. After many checkered days he settled himself for a time at Montpellier. Here he finished his little work on the *Psalms*. He has prefaced this by a letter to his children, from which we make some quotations, as giving in the best form the shape of mind to which his fall had brought him:

"My children, you have undergone so great a share with me in all the inconveniences and afflictions of my banishment, that it is but justice to assign you a share likewise of whatsoever I have gotten by them; and I do confess to you I found so great a serenity and tranquillity of mind in composing these considerations and reflections upon the *Psalms* of David, that I am willing to believe that the reading them may administer some kind of relief and ease to you in any trouble or adversity to which you may be exposed. In all times somewhat extraordinary hath been thought to be contained therein for the instruction, encouragement, and reformation of mankind, and for the rendering our lives more acceptable to God Almighty. . . . I began to exercise myself in these meditations in the time of a former banishment, when, to the public calamities with which the King and the kingdom were afflicted, and to my own particular, my forced absence for so many years from your dear mother and from you, the nature of that employment I had from the King, and the scene upon which that employment was to be acted, added very much

to the melancholique of the condition I was in. . . . I proposed to make some reflection upon every psalm, in order from the subject-matter, (I do not say from the occasion of writing the psalm, which I doubt is not well known to many who have taken upon them to determine it,) or rather from some expressions in it, to the drawing some consolation to myself, by raising hopes which might seem to be supported by so strong a foundation; and I was not disappointed; but, proceeding in the same method at some house dedicated to that purpose, I went through about half the psalms whilst I continued in that employment, and found my mind so well composed that, I thank God, I never entertained any temptation, nor ever felt an inclination in myself to get out of the miserable condition in which I became honestly involved, and in which I underwent as many pressures and hardships as can be imagined—literal want of bread excepted, and very narrowly avoided.

"It pleased God, by a chain of miracles, at last to bring that to pass which all the world thought impossible to be done. . . . And in this miraculous restoration and prosperity I had my full share, which I enjoyed many years, in an envious proportion of the King's favor and good opinion, which I had endeavored to preserve by all the industry and fidelity a servant so obliged ought to perform; having (God knows) never any thing before my eyes or in my purposes but the King's honor and happiness. . . . I have too much cause to believe and confess that, though, to the utmost of my power, and according to the understanding God hath given me, which, no doubt, hath many defects, I have not failed in the performance of my duty to the King and to the country, I have abundantly failed in my duty to my God, and not enough remembered his particular saving blessings and deliverances of myself and family in the time of my adversity and banishment, nor the vows and promises I then made to him; and for that reason he hath exposed me to new troubles and reproaches for crimes I am in no degree guilty of, and condemned me to a new banishment in my age, when I am not able to struggle with those difficulties that encompass me. I am sure I discontinued this heavenly exercise upon the Psalms themselves and the whole body of the Scriptures; and God, in his great mercy, awakened me out of the lethargy I was in, by reproaches I least apprehended, and a judgment I least expected or suspected, and drove me out of that sunshine that dazzled me, withdrew the King's favor from me, out of that crowd of business that stifled all other thoughts, and condemned me to such a solitariness and desertion as must reduce my giddy and wandering soul to some recollection and steadiness. . . . I thank God from the time that I resumed this exercise I found my mind every day more agreeable to my fortune; and

I never omitted the prosecution of it, on those days which I had assigned to it, unless want of breath or intolerable pain constrained me."

The love of literature was an immense relief to Clarendon. His old age exhibited a ceaseless literary activity. Besides his historical and autobiographical works, he wrote, among others: *A View and Survey of Hobbes's Leviathan*; *Animadversions on a Controversy respecting the Catholic Church*. *An Historical Discourse upon the Jurisdiction assumed by the Pope*. To his great grief, his daughter, the Duchess of York, went over to the Church of Rome. He wrote a most elaborate letter to dissuade her. In it we find expressions of Christian charity and toleration which we may suppose his own sufferings had taught; happy, indeed, for his fame and usefulness if he had only learned the lesson earlier. "There are many churches in which salvation may be obtained, as well as in any one of them, and were many even in the apostolic time. There is, indeed, but one faith in which we can be saved—the steadfast belief of the birth, passion, and resurrection of our Saviour; and every church that receives and embraces that faith is in a state of salvation." The death of the Duchess occurred not long after; and, a change being necessary for his broken health and spirits, he removed to Moulins.

Yet he learned to recognize the blessings that had accompanied his fall. He learned to speak of his banishment as "his third and most blessed recess, in which God vouchsafed to exercise many of his mercies toward him." Three such "recesses or acquiesces" he used to reckon up in his life. The first of these was when he was living in Jersey; the second when he was ambassador at Madrid; the third was his final banishment. He used to say that, of the infinite blessings which God had vouchsafed to bestow upon him from his cradle, he used to esteem himself so happy in none as in these: "In every one of which God had given him grace and opportunity to make full reflections upon his actions and his observations, upon what he had done himself and

what he had seen others do and suffer; to repair the breaches in his own mind, and to fortify himself with new resolutions against future encounters in an entire resignation of all his thoughts and purposes into the disposal of God Almighty, and in a firm confidence of His protection and deliverance in all the difficulties he should be obliged to contend with; toward the obtaining whereof he resumed those vows, and promises of integrity, and hearty endeavors, which are the only means to procure the continuance of that protection and deliverance."

Yet, as the years rolled on, the old man earnestly desired once more to see his native country "before he went hence to be no more seen." To the last the fond hope was always before him that he might yet be restored to something of his old position. He removed to Rouen, that he might at least have the melancholy satisfaction of being so much nearer to English soil. He sent a petition to the unfeeling king that he might be allowed to die among his children. "Seven years," he pleaded, "was a time prescribed and limited by God himself for the expiations of some of his greatest judgments; and it is full that time since I have, with all possible humility, sustained the insupportable weight of the king's displeasure. Since it will not be in any one's power long to prevent me from dying, methinks the desiring a place to die in should not be thought a great presumption."

It was not so to be. The worthless monarch did not even vouchsafe a word of answer to this pathetic appeal. Rouen was to prove the last scene of his wanderings. He died there one winter day, in the cold, friendless winter of his life, at the age of sixty-five.

The moral of the fall of Clarendon is this—the moral to how many a sad narrative of broken hopes and broken hearts!—

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man."

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in princes."

London Society.

FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

By no possible mercantile transaction short of selling the Hall "and entering the lodge at the gates," as Mrs. St. John used to add spitefully, could the Fenton family see how the debts were to be met; or rather, how Mr. Hunter's loan was to be repaid; for nothing else was pressing, though much was owing. The estate was heavily mortgaged already, and would do little more than cover its own shame even if sold; unless it was sold at a fancy price. Mr. St. John had been unfortunate in some mining transactions; he called it being badly hit; and his private means, which had once been very fair, had gone to mere rags and tatters. Mr. Fenton himself had never been careful about money; but had always spent a penny more than his shilling, using his fortune a little too royally, if pleasantly, both for pride and sense; so that things did really look very awkward for them, unless Mr. Hunter could be brought to relent, or Georgie be made to concede—neither of which two contingencies seemed likely to happen. And in the mean time, Mr. Pike wrote letters of accumulative harshness, and the split between the two houses was widening into a gulf which soon, not even Georgie, as the Curtius, would be able to fill up. In the midst of which discomfort of circumstance and feeling Mr. Hunter gave a grand ball to all the gentry round, and to some that were not gentry; but not, of course, including the Fentons; his quarrel with whom had been the standard subject of gossip for the whole dreary winter month during which it had lasted.

Yet a Brough Bridge ball without pretty Georgie Fenton was Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out—the summer without flowers—the winter without Christmas. It was not like a Brough Bridge party at all, said many of the young men, stalking through the rooms discontentedly, and feeling personally ill-used by her omission.

But if the entertainment fell flat and dead in the minds of many, it was brisk enough to slender Miss Annie Turnbull, who, now that "the Fenton girl" as she styled Georgie, was definitively shelved, seemed to think her chance of the Hunterian greenhouses and vineries not so bad after all. Both she and Miss Le Jeune knew by heart that often-neglected truth, that the best moment to strike is during a rebound, and that a man's heart is never so easy to win as when he has just been rejected by another. And they put in practice what they knew. By the end of the evening they had advanced their chance many stages on the way to certainty; and they saw that, with a few more strokes, the iron which had been so long impervious to their blows would take just the shape they wished. Others thought so too; for Mr. Hunter made himself quite conspicuous by his attention to Miss Annie, he being one of those crafty pachyderms who, even when they are wounded, never turn their soft side to the world, but present only impenetrable hides and jointed plates of armor which not the sharpest eyes can pierce through—a man to stare down eagles in his quiet stolid way, and to let foxes eat into his vitals without a cry.

And when the Fentons heard all about the ball, which they did from half a dozen good-natured friends, and were told how Mr. Hunter had opened it with Miss Turnbull, and had danced with her every other dance—such a marked thing you know, and really quite insulting to the other ladies! only that he dancing so badly no one cared, except for the mere look of the thing; and how he had taken her down to supper before all the dowagers, old Lady Scratchley and all, saying quite loud, that beauty was before age in his eyes—and had toasted her as the beauty of Brough Bridge and the belle of the ball, when he and the other gentlemen had made havoc with the remnants; and when the same good-natured friends, seeing from which quarter the wind was setting, were unanimous in their praises of Miss Annie's beauty and Miss Annie's grace, and Miss Annie's lady-like manners, and her dignity and aristocratic

appearance, and all the rest of it—then Mrs. St. John felt that the Fenton family vessel was really sinking, and that nothing short of a miracle could save it.

The shipwreck seemed none the less imminent, when, about a week after the party, Miss Le Jeune and her niece called at the Hall with that unmistakable air and manner of success which tell of a woman's triumph.

"We were sorry you were not at Mr. Hunter's the other night," began Miss Annie with the most affable manner and in her sweetest voice: she had a great many manners and voices too.

"I hear it was a pleasant evening," answered Mrs. St. John curtly.

"Oh! delightful—he most delightful evening I have ever had!" cried Miss Annie enthusiastically. "I had no idea that Mr. Hunter's house had such capabilities of beauty."

"It is a capital house," said Georgie, when her sister, disdaining a reply, took to knitting her zebra sofa-cover, with portentous energy, "and has plenty of room for all kinds of beautifying."

She meant simply what she said, that the space was so large you could do what you liked in it; but Miss Annie told Mr. Hunter, in good faith too that she was repeating the sentiment if a little confusing the words, that Miss Fenton had said, when she, Miss Annie, had praised his house, that "there was plenty of room for improvement, though it was a large place." And as Mr. Hunter was proud of his house, and, like many men who calculate the artistic value of a purchase by its money cost, exceedingly proud of his taste which he believed to be superior to most men's, poor little Georgie's reported sarcasm did not help to make things sweeter between them.

"You should have been there, Miss Fenton," continued Miss Annie; "why were you not? I was looking for you all the evening, and made so sure you would come!"

"We were not asked," said Georgie smiling: she smiled at Miss Annie's transparent falsehood.

"Not asked! Why not? Why you?"—emphasized a little satirically—

"were always such a very great favorite of Mr. Hunter's! What have you been doing to get out of favor?"

Miss Annie's eyes were called gray; but they were of the kind which becomes sea-green under the influence of certain emotions; and they were green now.

"There have been some painful matters between Mr. Fenton and us," said little Georgie; "and as he is angry with us, it is scarcely likely he would ask us. I thought every one in the place knew that he had cut us," she added, in her turn looking straight into Miss Turnbull's face.

"And we always thought you were to be mistress of The Oaks," said that lady, maliciously. "How strangely things turn out in this life!"

"Yes," said Georgie; "but it would have been more strange if I had ever been mistress of Mr. Hunter's house."

Miss Annie gave a little laugh. She thought so too, now. "There might be worse fates," she said, smoothing the back of her glove, and looking down demurely.

"A great many," said Georgie frankly; "to be mistress of such a place as that would be a most enviable position to most women."

"Oh! then, it is the man you dislike!" cried Miss Annie, looking up, her eyes very green indeed, and her face in a manner radiant with malice.

"I did not say so," answered little Georgie firmly: "I never said I disliked Mr. Hunter, because I do not; but we may like a friend most sincerely and yet not wish to marry him. People never seem to think that possible," she continued warmly. "You are accused of personal dislike so soon as you will not marry any one, no matter what your reason: as if one could marry all the people one likes as friends and acquaintances!" she added, arching her eyebrows as was her pretty trick when excited.

"Well, Miss Fenton, don't be angry," answered Miss Annie just a trifle insolently. "I am sure I had no intention of exciting or displeasing you. You are always so excitable—it is such a pity!"

Georgie laughed. She was too good-tempered to take offense; besides, she

was not really excitable. She had only a vehement manner sometimes—not often.

"Good-by, then," said the ladies, aunt and niece, rising to take leave. "Good-morning, Mrs. St. John," continued Miss Le Jeune, "and do not be very much surprised if you should hear something more particular some day soon," with an arch glance to where Miss Annie stood twisting her muff.

"O aunt!" said Miss Annie; but she did not blush, though she simpered.

"I'm sure I don't know about hearing any thing particular," returned Mrs. St. John tartly. "I hope it won't be any thing disgraceful if we do—that's all!"

"I know what you mean, Miss Le Jeune," said Georgie good-naturedly, "and when we are told officially that we may, I am sure we will all congratulate you most heartily!" and she looked the heartiness she spoke of.

"What a fool you are, Georgina!" said her sister, when they were alone.

"Aunt, I can not make that girl out! Is she a simpleton?" said Miss Annie, when they also were alone.

"I can, my dear; she is in love with some one else," answered Miss Le Jeune.

"But who can it be, aunt? There is no one in the place to fall in love with—except Mr. Hunter," said Miss Annie. But the saving clause a little dragged, as if it had been forced out by reflection.

"Perhaps it is with Mr. Dunn, or Adolphus Globb," Miss Le Jeune answered. "But whoever it is, she is in love with some one, you may be sure."

Fortunately for Georgie, neither of them remembered the ex-secretary, or connected that drive in the dog-cart with the present rejection of the iron-merchant's hand, and the ruin of the Fenton family.

Ruin, indeed! for now there was no reprieve possible. Mr. Hunter had been struck, and well struck too—struck home, while the iron was fiery hot with indignation—and he had yielded to the blows and been hammered into the shape desired. Suddenly he awoke to the consciousness of Miss Turnbull's manifold perfec-

tions; he became quite a convert to the doctrine of blood as exemplified in her birth and condition—he, the son of a day-laborer in the mines, whose highest post had been captain of the mine!—he, the despiser of all the my-lords that ever lived, in favor of the self-made men shaping the coarse clay of their own fortunes by their own hands! Also at the same time he found out that auburn hair and green-gray eyes were far more beautiful than chestnut hair and dark-blue eyes; that Miss Le Jeune was worth a dozen Mrs. St. Johns; that Miss Annie Turnbull put Miss Fenton in the shade in every thing—mind, manners, appearance, and character; in a word, he formally recanted his professions of faith to little Georgie by making an offer of marriage to Miss Annie, which was accepted without even the pretense of blushing.

Accepted and rendered irrevocable by the grand ceremony which took place in the parish church not two months after that tremendous snow-storm when Charley Dunn and Louisa Globb had called at the Hall, and Mr. Hunter had staid to dine and make love to Georgie after. The whole thing was rather too hurried, perhaps, for true aristocratic dignity; and in its very haste expressed both Mr. Hunter's feverish dissatisfaction with himself and his dread of reflection; and Miss Le Jeune's dread, on her side, lest some untoward accident should occur even at the eleventh hour to prevent penniless niece Annie from becoming Mrs. Samuel Harmer Hunter and the mistress of The Oaks after all.

And now what could the Fenton family do but bow their heads to the inexorable decree of fate and marriage, and die decently at the foot of the great statue of debt as social somebodies henceforth reduced to mere ghosts? Their funeral hymn was sung in noisy fashion enough—set to the jarring chords of the auctioneer's hammer when he put up the old Hall for sale, and Mr. Hunter became its purchaser for a sum not quite two thirds its real value; when all the neighborhood swept through the desecrated rooms, and chaffered for precious relics.

Fortunately, they saved enough out of the wreck to give them a small means of living; "better than the work-house, but only just better," said Mrs. St. John; and indeed two hundred a year to the past owner of the Hall with its park and pleasant crofts, its conservatory and pretty model cottages, its gardens, seductive shrubberies, gay glass-houses, and all the other charms of an English country estate, was little short of beggary—a pittance barely lifting them above actual starvation, as it seemed to them. So this was where Georgie's motto had landed her; and out of "faithful and true" was spelled the fall of one of the most ancient houses in or about Brough Bridge. But though grieved and cast down, and sometimes a little bewildered, Georgie had never wavered, and never felt the sacrifice ill-bestowed. "He will surely come back to me," she used to say to herself. "God will preserve his life for me, and I know that he will keep his faith untouched!"

This change of fortune brought with it other changes in the family; for Mr. and Mrs. St. John, no longer finding their account in home housekeeping, went off into the world to try what fortune would come to them through a woman's shrewishness and a man's supineness; and Georgie and her old father were left alone. Which was just the best thing that could have happened to them; it brought them nearer together when love was their only consolation; and, strange as it seemed, the old man was happier now than he had ever been in his life before. For Georgie, doing what she could to repair the mischief she had caused, devoted herself to him with all the intensity of her nature, careful only that his last days should be calm and blessed, and full of the truest dignity and sweetest solace.

The Brough Bridge people stood bravely by their deposed princes. True, they were toadies, as all are who are poor and worldly both; but they were also aristocratic, and loyal to their leaders even when in exile. Like devotees to whom the mutilated torso is still the god, they recognized the glory of the Fenton past in the respect which they paid to the Fenton present.

The carriages that used to come sweeping up that bold curve before the Hall windows now drew meekly by the little gate which led into the small cottage-garden; and it became a point of honor with them all to include "little Georgie" in every matter of gayety set on foot. The same people looked smilingly on Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, of course; no one thought of making the Fenton fall a party question—not even Charley Dunn, who had felt it as keenly as if it had happened to his own sister; but though they looked smilingly, and calculated the dances and the suppers and the good dinners and the archery-meetings, and all the other pleasures emanating from the new inmates of the Hall as worth the sacrifice of a little puritanical sincerity, yet the retired iron-merchant lost more real popularity by his conduct to the Fentons than he would ever regain if he staid for generations at Brough Bridge. And he knew this, too; and so did Miss Le Jeune and Mrs. Hunter. A country place is one huge Dionysius' ear, and even whispers are carried on the heads of the waving corn, or on the breath of the evening wind; and that Midas has ass's ears is known to all the gossips for miles round—and to Midas himself—if told only to the eglantine in the hedges, or to the clouds in the sky. For which reason he hated (or thought he hated, which answered the same purpose) little Georgie and her father with increased intensity, and never let slip an opportunity when he might hurt her, and so turn the arrow in his own wound dexterously. But she, comforted by her patient duties, secure in her love, and not ill at ease in her conscience, bore every thing with unruffled equanimity, and did not envy Annie Turnbull either her husband or her grand home, knowing so surely what greater grace would be hers in the days to come—knowing the reward of constancy and the triumph of faith that would justify her to the world, as she had been already justified to her own soul.

Months passed. The seasons blossomed, and ripened, and waned; winter came again, and after winter the spring, and then the blooming summer, and then autumn time, and winter once

more. Little Georgie's girlhood, like the springtime, came up to its loveliest culmination and then passed into the summer of mature womanhood; but still no lover came back from over the seas to make her his wife, and still her life was fed on hope alone. People said she would be an old maid—oh! she was certain to be one, unless she would marry Charley Dunn at last, as a reward for his many years of devotion; but as for any one else—then there was an expressive shrug—poor Georgie Fenton! her day was gone by, and such a sweet pretty creature as she was once, too! Charley Dunn, however, "didn't do," somehow; and Georgie remained single at the little cottage, devoted to her father, and wearing always that same sweet look of inward content which had become habitual to her since their fall. Strange, was it not, that she should be so happy under ruin?

The old father at last began to droop, and Georgie was soon to be alone. It was in the autumn time, when the days are short and gloomy, and the nights are long and dull, and when loneliness is as bad as actual suffering. Yet this trial, too, Georgie had to undergo. Her father died just as the winter set in; and henceforth her hearth was unshared and her house was empty. She suffered, too, in income; for the old man, true to his habitual indolence made no will—would make none—and the two sisters shared the property between them, each having about a hundred a year, the one for her private pocket-money, the other for her maintenance. And then it was that Georgie had her second "eligible" offer in the person of the newly-appointed vicar of the parish, a young and very estimable man, whom also she refused for the sake of that shadowy love of hers over the seas among the barbarians, whose faith she believed in as in the sunshine of tomorrow, and whose love was dearer to her than her life. "Faithful and True;" no! she would never forget Roger Lewin's motto!

Georgie's hundred a year was, of course, at her own absolute disposal. It was little enough to live on, but with care and good management it did

pretty well; better in the country where she was known, than in a town among strangers, where she would be judged according to her means only. The capital was in the funds, yielding the standard three and a half per cent; and more than one adviser counseled her to sell out, and invest in something more lucrative; and not a few counseled her to speculate boldly—not wildly, but with judgment and insight; advising her as if she had been a stock-broker herself, and knew all the mysteries of settling-day, and time-bargains, and bills of exchange, and Capel Court stags, and all the rest of it, instead of being a little ignorant country goose, who never could be made to comprehend even the art and science of banking. For a long time she turned a deaf ear to every thing proposed; but, not being obstinate save on one point, she finally yielded, and gave a power of attorney to Mr. St. John for the sale of her three thousand pounds, he having promised her in a memorable letter always rising up in judgment against him, that it should be invested in a mortgage he had handy, giving her, at five per cent, one hundred and fifty pounds a year, instead of only a hundred and five. Georgie thought the odd forty-five would be very welcome; and she knew that mortgages were as safe as consols; so she thanked her brother-in-law for his kindness, sold out her store, and sat down to her lonely dinner, quite rich in anticipation.

Mr. St. John took her money; and did *not* invest it in the mortgage. With the best intentions in the world, he bought some shares in a foreign mine which was to make every one's fortune, really thinking that he had thereby secured Georgie a handsome independence for life. Stephen St. John was one of those feather-headed men who never learn wisdom from experience, and who are forever twisting Atlantic cables out of sea-sand.

The consequences so fatally sure to ensue to all women who speculate at first hand or second, came to Georgie. The foreign mines, after raising an enormous sum from English speculators, suddenly collapsed; and Georgie, and Mr. St. John himself, and all others who had trusted in them, woke up

one morning to irreparable disaster. It was as if the dykes had broken loose in the night; or Solway Moss had again suddenly marched forth, pouring stones and mud and ruin over their whole estates. So now surely the cup was full, and "Faithful and True" was the asp round its edge—a mere will-o'-the-wisp, leading her by false likeness of warmth and light through nothing but swamps and quagmires!

She was ruined; more hopelessly than even when Mr. Hunter sent off his angry letter of instructions to Mr. Pike—than even when the old Hall was put up for sale to the highest bidder, and knocked down to her rejected lover at two thirds its real value. For a moment she felt stunned, a little sick, when she read Mr. St. John's letter. The world looked so large, and blank, and dark to her! and yet she had to go out into it, and make her way through its desolation as she best could. Earnestly she desired to remain at Brough Bridge; but by what magic process to get her living out of the inhabitants of this poorly-dowried place? The attempt seemed very hopeless; and yet it must be made; for she must live by work if she would not starve in idleness. She had but one resource; few women have more, or other—she could teach. At least, she ought to be able to do so, for she had been well taught herself; and there were a few young creatures about, whose minds wanted training such as she perhaps could supply as well as another; and specially there were Mr. Hunter's two children at the Hall; the one a girl of seven, and the other a boy of five, who would come under her hand very well. So Georgie had some circulars printed, in which it was set forth that Miss Fenton would engage herself as instructress in all manner of arts and sciences to all requiring her services, at so much a week; by no means too high terms, poor Georgie! These circulars she sent to all the people round about; and, among others, to "Mrs. Samuel Harmer Hunter," (the lady liked all her names to be used,) "The Hall."

"I heard she was ruined," said Mr. Hunter morosely. He was seldom any

thing but morose, especially to his wife.

"And I suppose that is why you have been in such a dreadful temper these last few days," retorted his wife, whose soul had never shaken off its jealousy, nor her eyes cleared themselves of their sea-green.

"I did not know that I had been particularly disagreeable," said Mr. Hunter with a sneer. "I know too well by this time that I am always disagreeable to you, Mrs. Hunter, whatever mood I may be in."

"Upon my word, you are not a bad guesser," said Mrs. Hunter with an unpleasant laugh. "You are becoming quite brilliant in your old age!"

Then she went to her "davenport," and without more words, or any thing like consultation with her husband, wrote off to Miss Fenton a cold offer of an engagement for three days in the week only, to teach her two children all they ought to know.

Georgie quivered a little when she received this note. She had never been on visiting terms with the Hunters since their marriage; and of late, scarcely on bowing terms. As time wore on, Mr. Hunter had become more and more severe against her; her every trial seeming not to soften, but to anger and inflame him; thinking, with as much bitterness as wounded self-love, of the fine position she had thrown away for a disgraceful fancy, and of the insult she had offered him in her rejection and most shameful preference. Which showed that at least the hurt of love remained, if of a soured and heated kind, not even skinned over with pity or forgiveness. But painful as it was to her to go to the Hall under any circumstances—doubly painful under the present—it would not do to let sentiment and feeling interfere with her life, thought Georgie; so she buckled on her armor, and answered Mrs. Hunter in her own form, accepting the engagement proffered, and proposing to begin next Monday; it was now Friday.

"I have engaged that Miss Fenton to teach the children," said Mrs. Hunter contemptuously tossing Georgie's note to her husband. He took it with almost a start; but so easily suppressed that Mrs. Hunter saw only a certain

quickness of movement, which might have been mere rudeness or *gaucherie* of manner—"snatching like a monkey," as she phrased it; "I suppose she is capable of teaching them the rudiments," she added, even more offensively.

"I should say better than their mother," retorted Mr. Hunter, who had passed into the phase of utter disbelief in any virtue, quality, or acquirement whatever of his wife's.

"Of course *you* think so!" said Mrs. Hunter with her unpleasant laugh. "What a pity it was she did not reciprocate your high esteem!"

And then they betook themselves to their daily occupation of jangling, which they followed with as much zeal as if their bread depended on its continuance for a given time unchecked.

The day of trial came; and Georgie went to the Hall, for the first time since she left it with her old father, a ruined man through her. There was the old place; the conservatory, where she and Roger had so often had their brief stolen meetings; the large bay-windows where he used to snatch a few precious moments more, when lynx-eyed sister Carry was out of sight and hearing; the shrubbery where she played as a child; the fields behind the house, where the red cow once ran at her, (she could just see the green through the trees, and the old thorn standing in the midst); the way to the back-door; and the very kitchen-window all askew, where old Jane, the cook, had so often given her "sugar-bread" through the bars; all the old memories of the past coming on her in a flood as she went slowly up the walk, counting the flowers, and recognizing every bush and plot, till she stood on the broad low step, and knocked at the door.

In the hall stood Mr. Hunter, cold, stony, and insolent with that insolence of despair which knows there is nothing to be had from love. But Georgie had nerved herself, so did not shrink. She went to her work with something of the desperate courage of a man going up to the cannon's mouth, and resolved to undergo whatever might be appointed. She bowed to the master as he passed; and he coldly to her;

yet the sight of her face in her own hall moved him, and he thought of the time when he saw her last there, she in all the bloom of girlhood, and he in the flush and confidence of love. She was but just twenty then; now she was eight and twenty, and her youth had gone, and years of care and sorrow had dimmed her beauty, and traced on her face the tracks and courses of the future deepened lines—not so far off now! But still the countenance was sweet and tranquil if sorrowful, and pure and loving as always. And when he thought of what love it was that shone upon it, and of his own humiliation, his heart turned into stone again, and he drew back the hand he had more than half extended to welcome her.

And so she passed him without a word of greeting, and followed the servant into the drawing-room, where sat Miss Annie Turnbull translated, in her usual aristocracy and transcendent insolence.

Mrs. Hunter bowed as her guest entered; but she did not rise from her place, and she did not offer her hand. "I presume, Miss Fenton, you are capable of the charge you assume, and of the trust reposed in you?" she said at once, without further preamble, tranquilly continuing her bead-work.

"Your children are not very far advanced, I suppose?" answered Georgie quietly. "I do not feel afraid to undertake their education. Would you like to put me through a preliminary examination?"

Mrs. Hunter looked up sharply. Was Georgie Fenton really a fool, as she had so often called her, or was there a subtle secret sarcasm in this, almost beyond her own powers of penetration? She read nothing in the quiet face looking full into hers, but she got uncomfortable herself, and with her discomfort somewhat more insolent.

"I scarcely think there is any necessity for that," she said, as if half-doubtful on the point. "You were educated as a gentlewoman, and I have no doubt have retained sufficient traces and reminiscences of that time to be an efficient trainer of a lady's nursery. But, of course, both Mr. Hunter and

myself are particular—very particular, indeed—as to the person we place about the children, and you must forgive me for being explicit."

"You are quite right to be particular, and explicit too," answered Georgie; "and I will give you all the information respecting myself that you like to ask. Would you like to know the school I went to when I was young? and about poor dear mamma's family?"

Again Mrs. Hunter was startled; but not liking to undertake a duel where her adversary kept her weapon masked, she prudently retreated. "What nonsense you are talking, Miss Fenton!" she said tartly; "as if I did not know all about you well enough by this time!"

"Then I do not see the good of prolonging this conversation," said Georgie rising. She had gained her point. "You know all about me, you say, and have agreed to my terms: had I not then better begin at once with the children, instead of taking up your valuable time longer? If you agree to my teaching them at all," she continued a little hastily, "it is really a waste of time to enter into the question of my capacity, or whether I am fitted by education and habits to become the governess of two little children of five and seven!"

"You have not conquered your old excitability, I see," said Mrs. Hunter coldly, ringing the bell. "Show Miss Fenton into the school-room," she said, as the servant entered. "Good morning, Miss Fenton; I hope I shall have reason to be satisfied with you in every respect," she added, as Georgie, bowing to her more haughtily than becomed a poor governess quitting the presence of her patroness, walked away to enter on her first day's duties as governess to the Harmer Hunter children at the old Hall.

When she went home that night, she cried herself to sleep like a baby. But she did not give in: the path appointed for her walking was rough, and lonely, and stony enough, and her heart failed her for fear of its terrible ways and the pitfalls besetting it; but she knew that she ought to go through with it to the end, letting

neither temper nor sentiment move her: and she did so.

This was the beginning of Georgie Fenton's teaching the undeveloped young at Brough Bridge; and soon she had quite a sufficient *clientèle* to make her easy about the butcher and baker, and such grim ogres of destiny waiting at the back of all unprotected females, self-helping, whose own hands are their only safeguards against destruction. She gained, too, in respect, if that were possible; for the Brough Bridge people liked her stanch adhesion to them, and loved to contrast it with the flighty restlessness of the present day, when "girls are never satisfied unless they are sprawling all over the world," as the old Admiral said, puckering up his little shrivelled monkey face curiously. Even old Lady Scratchley, who had never been a profound admirer of the Fentons in their palmy days, offered Miss Georgie free bed and board, and twenty pounds a year "compliment," (she was a euphemistic old lady, that!) if she chose to go to Laburnam Cottage as nominal guest, but in reality as companion. Which was a great deal to emanate from beneath that wonderful beflowered wig; seeing that, as it was, the old lady could scarcely get both tattered ends to meet, and calculated mouths and loaves as if she was calculating diamonds and their settings. But Georgie preferred the cold independence of her governessing; and now that the first shock was over, and she had settled into her new niche in the Hall—where, to do them justice, the Hunters never disturbed her—liked better to teach the little ones their two and two make four than to read Balzac and the *Times* alternately to my lady, varied with episodes of scandal such as only aristocratic old ladies, despising the commoner sort, can indulge in. In which she was wise; the iciest and hardest independence being better than fetters worn under eider-down and pranked round with silk velvet, let them be never so slight and never so richly covered.

How every body was getting married at Brough Bridge! every body but Georgie Fenton, who "hung on hand" in a manner marvelous to all

men. Even Charley Dunn, forsaking the colors he had worn on his sleeve for more than twelve years now, took upon himself to reward Miss Louisa's rollicking constancy, and to put their two nothings a year into one common purse, with the rather wild design of making something out of the conglomerate. Maggie Wood and the old Admiral were married last spring; and pretty Mary Dowthwaite had hooked and landed young Mr. Whiting Fox, the diplomatist from London; Miss Moss had found her official assignee the year of the Fentons' downfall and Miss Annie's elevation; and one of the Miss Hawtreys had perched on a twig of foreign growth, and sang her little French romances and Italian canzonettas under a roof-tree of her own. But none of the Miss Globbs had gone off yet, though Louisa had long been talked about with Charley Dunn, and half Brough Bridge said they had been engaged this dozen years or more; which was premature and an extension of the fact; they only "made it up last week," said Charley, "and you are the first we have told it to after mamma and the girls, Miss Georgie."

"And I am sure I am very glad!" said little Georgie cordially. "You are quite formed for each other, and I do not think you could have made a better choice, either of you."

Charley winked his eyes; a habit of his when he was rather at a loss what to say; and Miss Louisa laughed one of her loud explosive laughs, like a hilarious ten-pounder going off.

"Only one!" she said, or rather shouted. "Charley would have had no objection to another choice, if she would have had him, Miss Fenton!"

And then they all laughed, and Georgie blushed for a variation. "You were always a mad-cap," she said to Louisa, "and will never be better."

"Never above confessing the truth and sticking to it," said Miss Louisa.

"Well, never mind, this is the truth now!" cried Charley giving her a great hug as they turned homeward through the lane.

"Oh! the saints be praised, I'm not jealous, Miss Georgie!" called out Louisa at the top of her voice. And

at that moment the Hunters' carriage, with Mr. and Mrs. Hunter in state together, dashed past Georgie standing by her little garden-gate, and heard what Miss Louisa said, which made them wince, though from different causes.

Georgie Fenton, though of a pure constitution, was not strong; and the incessant exposure to all weathers tried her, especially in the winter. She struggled manfully against the feeling of weakness and weariness creeping over her, but she could not overcome it; and it was often almost more than she could do to walk the mile and a half which lay between her cottage and the Hall. Then she caught cold, and had a hollow cough, and a pain in her side, which she in her innocence and bravery called a "stitch;" and so began to be seriously ill, as every one who looked at her could see. Even Mrs. Hunter who first called it affectation and nonsense and sundry other things of the same moral standard, even she was forced to allow of the excuse which came one day, "too ill to leave my bed, but hope to be better soon:" while Mr. Hunter almost groaned, as he said between his teeth, "I wish she would die, it would be the best thing that could happen to her!"

And so poor Georgie broke down at last, and the wolf that had been so long kept away from the frail door now put his black paws into the gap which her failing health had made; and soon it seemed that not only his paws but his whole gaunt body would come through. The people were very kind—very kind indeed, at first. They sent her wine and jelly, and good things which she could not eat: and on some days she was overloaded, and on others almost starving: but, however kind people may be, this desultory manner of nursing an invalid is not very satisfactory; besides, even the most generous get tired of doing kindnesses to the same person after a time—unless, indeed, they can establish a sort of individual right of patronage, and then they will go on swimmingly for as long as the world knows—and all more or less believe in fairy godmothers, who supply good

gifts unseen in the gracious secrecy of the night. All these, and more phases than these, the Brough Bridge people went through during little Georgie's illness; but she bore up through it all with her own sweet patience, and never once felt that "Faithful and True," which had brought her to this was aught but a talisman and a blessing.

"And even if he is dead," said Georgie weeping, "I would rather live as I do now, true to his memory and to be his wife in heaven, than have any amount of riches from any other man." At which Charley Dunn, to whom he said this, wept too, and, taking her hand, kissed it as if he had been a Catholic kissing a relic, saying earnestly: "God bless you! you are the best and dearest little woman in this world!"

Before the spring came round again, Georgie Fenton was justified in her faith. In the cold winter night came a hurried knock at her little door, and a stranger, snow-clad, and with the frost-rime hanging round his beard and hair, entered her small room where she lay on a couch beside the fire, as white as the snow-drifts outside. She started and cried out as the tall, rough-looking stranger dashed aside the little servant at the door and strode in as one with authority; but she cried out no more when he took her up in his arms from off the couch, and held her to his heart, whispering her name. It was Roger—now her Roger, her own, for life and death, for time and eternity—come back as he had promised, and as she had believed and lived for. "Faithful and True" both of them had been; and now their day of recompense had come: such as ever comes to truth and fidelity, to courage and to constancy, to honor and to love!

Fraser's Magazine.

WRITINGS OF BOLINGBROKE.

THE precise rank in English literature to which Lord Bolingbroke is entitled, is one of those literary questions on which no final judgment has yet been delivered. It seems, at first sight, to possess none of those attractions

which in the case of other eighteenth century authors have secured the settlement of their claims. Some have been gifted with humor, of which no lapse of years can destroy the flavor. Some have written great standard works, the admitted representatives of English genius in the literature of the world. Others, again, have been famous wits and talkers, or identified with some special principles dear to the heart of the English nation. But Bolingbroke, unluckily for himself, possessed none of these recommendations. Though a charming conversationalist, he was no professed wit. His works are fragments; and his principles either forgotten or suspected. He was unsuccessful as a statesman; and in seeking to make literature retrieve his lost position in politics, he only fettered his pen without advancing very far toward the recovery of his power. Between these two stools, indeed, he fell to the ground in more senses than one. His political engagements prevented him from giving that complete devotion to any kind of literary work which is necessary to the highest success in it, while his philosophical writings, immature and discursive on this very account, have created in turn an ineradicable prejudice against his politics. Churchmen hate him for a skeptic, and skeptics hate him for a Tory. The fashionable school of criticism affects to look down upon his style, and modern science pronounces his philosophy superficial.

But for all this there certainly are reasons which make the nature of his works a subject of real interest to the student, be he a literary or a political, a philosophic or a social student. Bolingbroke stands out clearly enough among the men of the last century, if not exactly as the founder of a school of thought which Voltaire fancied he beheld in him, as the founder at least of what we now understand by the term political literature. And even in philosophy, though he was only one among others in this country, it appears that he gave a great impulse to the progress of skepticism in France, if one may not go so far as to call him the actual tutor of Voltaire. The Frenchman, we know, received a very

deep impression from his intercourse with Bolingbroke; and returned to France as the apostle, in his own eyes, of that new creed of which he thought England was the mother. As a writer of English, who has exercised a great influence upon style, Bolingbroke deserves more attention from the class of professional critics than he has hitherto received. And as a social figure in our past annals, of what a circle is he not the centre, whether in London or in Paris, on his farm at Dawley or in his old Manor-house at Battersea!

In saying that Bolingbroke may fairly be called the founder of modern political literature, we are not overlooking all the mass of pamphlets and newspapers which had been published for political purposes long before the time of St. John. But these could scarcely be called literature. Dryden's poems of *The Hind and Panther*, and *Absalom and Achitophel*, more nearly answer to the standard; while, of course, the *Guardian*, the *Spectator*, and the *Tattler* bore every now and then a tinge of political color. But earlier in the *Examiner*, and later in the *Craftsman*, Bolingbroke was the first man who made "journalism" a power in the state. The contributors to the *Postboys*, and the *Courants*, and the *Flying Posts*, and the shoal of papers which swarmed under such names in the reigns of William and Anne, were, as a rule, men of no mark or education: the Grub-street gang, indeed, who, though they might sometimes sting, were never strong enough to crush; who, though they might vex individuals, would never agitate ministries. But when Bolingbroke came into the arena, the conflict at once assumed a new shape, which it has borne, with certain intervals, ever since. In conjunction with Swift and Arbuthnot, whose articles he inspired, he raised the *Examiner* to the rank of a great party organ exercising a direct influence upon public affairs. The Whig *Examiner* was immediately brought out by Addison to counteract the effects of the Tory one. Neither of them were long lived; yet both lived long enough to afford encouragement to future efforts; and after his return from France in 1723, it was a very

little while before Bolingbroke resumed the post, which he had dropped in 1711, of a periodical political essayist.

The *Craftsman*, which was commenced in the month of December, 1726, was a weekly paper edited by Nicholas Amherst, under the *nomme de plume* of Caleb Danvers. The chief contributors, besides Amherst himself, were Lord Bolingbroke and Pulteney; and as it was undertaken on a larger scale, and with more serious and extensive designs than any former paper of the class, so was its success, or at least its circulation, the greatest which had yet been known—greater even than the *Spectator's*. The *Examiner* had been, as it were, a trial, a mere prelude on an organ whose powers, then but little understood, were destined to so vast a development. But the *Craftsman* was a far more vigorous, well-considered, and well-sustained effort, which brought journalism of that peculiar class from infancy to adolescence at a bound. And whereas Bolingbroke himself wrote but few papers in the *Examiner*, though he doubtless suggested the majority, he was, from its commencement, the leading contributor of the *Craftsman*, and the author of all its popularity. From that time to this there has been a constant succession of journals, conducted on the same principle, with different degrees of ability. When the *Craftsman* ceased, Lord Chesterfield contributed to the *World* a series of political essays of which Bolingbroke, whom he greatly admired, had obviously supplied the model. Smollett and Junius caught up the mantle in turn. It was passed on to the daily papers which, about the time that Junius ceased writing, first began to acquire their modern shape, weight, and respectability. It inspired more especially the *Anti-Jacobin*, the *Examiner*, and the *John Bull*; and in quite our own day was revived again in the existing *Press*.

All members of the profession of journalism, therefore, as well as all believers in the usefulness of the press, are bound to respect Lord Bolingbroke, however much they dissent from his opinions, as the first man who brought to the practice of it the prestige of a noble name, a great position, and a

great genius; who showed how well it could be conducted by statesmen, gentlemen, and scholars; who made it, in two words, what it has never since ceased to be, a part of politics and a part of literature.

The immediate object which this celebrated journal proposed to itself was not directly attained. That was neither more nor less than to write down Sir Robert Walpole. For ten years Bolingbroke and his colleagues labored incessantly at the task; but at the expiration of that time so slight an impression had been made on the Parliamentary strength of ministers that Bolingbroke retired from the field. At the general election of 1735, though Walpole's majority was reduced, it was still powerful enough to bear him up for another seven years. Accordingly, in the following year, the *Craftsman* was discontinued, and Bolingbroke returned to France, having lost all hope of effecting for the present that coalition against Walpole which at one time seemed within his reach; and feeling it perhaps unsafe, as well as useless, to continue to provoke the minister, who was now emboldened to retaliate by a renewed lease of power. But although the fire of the *Craftsman* had failed to bring down Walpole's colors, it is impossible to doubt that it left him in a sinking state. The effect of such a series of essays, so full of knowledge, so full of epigram, so loftily sarcastic, and so bitterly ironical; written with that nameless air of superiority which denotes the man of rank and fashion and practical acquaintance with the great world in all its aspects, of which humbler men only dream, must have been enormous. It shook even, though it could not at once throw down, the solid walls of Whiggery, held together, as they were, by golden mortar. But outside of that narrow fortress, in and among the rising generation as yet unlimed by the fowler, it is hardly going too far to say that it created a great party. The men who had reached middle age when George the Third ascended the throne must have been at the most impressionable period of life when the *Craftsman* was in vogue. Four fifths of them were Tories. Johnson, Gibbon, Hume, Gold-

smith, Smollett, were all Tories. Of the leading men of letters of that generation Fielding was almost the only Whig. It seems mere perverseness to doubt that much of the result was due to that powerful writer who picked up the rival creed from the dust in which it lay during the first years of the reign of George the First, sedulously filtered it of all its Jacobite elements, gave it once more numbers, an idea, and a purpose, and identified it with the union of two principles, which seemed to comprise all which Englishmen cared about—liberty and loyalty.

That the political theories embodied in the *Dissertation upon Parties*, and others of Bolingbroke's writings published either in the *Craftsman* or separately, will not always bear the test of scientific examination is quite true. His conception of a remedy for the evils of Walpole's administration was perhaps as hollow as the evils themselves were real. But all men could see the reality of the one, while all, especially young men, could not see the hollowness of the other. Immense influence has been exercised ere now by works of which the authors themselves would have been puzzled to explain exactly what they meant. If Bolingbroke had been put to the question, he would have found it very difficult to explain how his ideal constitution was to work. But held up merely as a contrast by the side of the prevailing system, it brought out into bold relief the particular evils of the latter, while the weakness of the plan by which they were to be avoided in future was concealed under glowing generalities. These, however, were quite sufficient to impose on the imagination when the reason had been already silenced by an appeal to actual facts. Walpole's government was bad. Men could not shut their eyes to that. Bolingbroke's theory was a grand one; they were proportionately impressed with it. Whether it would work or not was a question they were not called upon to solve, and which it did not perhaps occur to them to ask. Their common-sense was satisfied by the negative side of the argument, their imagination by the positive; the strength of the one helped out the

weakness of the other; and as we reflect on them we shall cease to feel the least surprise at the immense reputation which Bolingbroke enjoyed in his lifetime, or to doubt the preponderating influence which he exerted over the renaissance of Toryism in the middle of the eighteenth century.

The only pieces composed by Bolingbroke prior to the commencement of the *Craftsman* are the letter to Sir William Wyndham, which we have described in a previous article, and the reflections upon exile, of which it is enough to say that it is merely a paraphrase of Seneca, which Bolingbroke wrote to amuse himself while in exile, about the year 1717: we may therefore pass on at once to an examination of that series of political and historical writings which, commencing in 1726, continued with brief interruptions down to 1749. One considerable drawback upon the pleasure of reading these earlier contributions of Bolingbroke to the columns of the *Craftsman* is the unimportant and, at the same time, very complicated nature of the transactions to which they refer. From the Peace of Utrecht to the war of the Austrian succession—that is, a period of nearly thirty years—the succession of petty intrigues, petty wars, petty treaties, and petty conferences, in which Great Britain was mixed up, is perfectly bewildering. Neither Spain nor Austria was satisfied with the Treaty of Utrecht. Spain had lost Gibraltar and her Italian provinces, which, though they had never belonged to Philip the Fifth, were still considered national losses, and her bitterness of feeling toward England on these accounts was doubtless one of the causes of those perpetual collisions between the Spaniards and the English in the West-Indies, which for twenty years was a salient topic in British politics, and a fertile source of embroilments. Austria was, of course, not satisfied with having lost the whole Spanish inheritance, and she was intent, at the same time, upon some commercial schemes which were thought likely to be injurious to England. George the First was uneasy about Hanover, and was besides extremely anxious concerning a couple

of small German duchies which he had purchased, soon after his accession to the English throne, as a defensive outwork to the Electorate, and of which the Emperor of Austria persisted in withholding the investiture. For the better preservation of these dominions, and the attainment of this last cherished object, it became necessary for his Majesty to keep up a strong Hanoverian interest among the German states, of which various petty members received large annual subsidies from England in return for "guarantees," not worth the paper they were written on. Denmark and Sweden, also, doubtless with rather better reason, were retained at a heavy standing fee to watch over the safety of Hanover. In pursuit of these national designs, and to conciliate by turns the Emperor of Austria and the Regent of France, England had, by the beginning of the year 1727, been driven into two wars, and been a party to three distinct treaties, all of which had only more and more involved her in the network of European quarrels without any equivalent benefit to the English nation. The first war, in which Admiral Byng destroyed the Spanish fleet at Passaro, had so far been glorious to this country; but the second war of 1726 was chiefly represented by the disastrous expedition of Admiral Hosier, whose written instructions were certainly either the most absurd or most disgraceful ever given to an English admiral, while the peace by which it was concluded still left the three points most important to the interests of Great Britain virtually unsettled. The Spaniards had made no formal renunciation of their claim to Gibraltar, which they based on some former undertaking of the English government, and thus a sure field of constant bickering between the two nations was still left open. No adequate compensation for past injuries inflicted on our commerce had been exacted from the court of Madrid, nor any guarantees for the future. And in the third place, the opportunity had been lost of compelling the French to desist from the violation of that article in the Treaty of Utrecht which provided for the demolition of Dunkirk. It was at the mo-

ment when these complicated causes of dissatisfaction were uppermost in the public mind that St. John reappeared upon the scene.

Walpole had steadily refused to re-admit him to the House of Lords, and he was now to feel the full weight of his resentment. The *Craftsman* was issued for the first time in December, 1726: but Bolingbroke did not contribute to the first few numbers. Instead of that he published, during the months of January and February, three papers called the "Occasional Writer," "inscribed to the only person to whom they can belong," in which, under the character of a Grubstreet hack, he offers his pen to Walpole in a strain of contemptuous irony, possessing high literary merit. His first paper in the *Craftsman* was an essay called the "Vision of Camelick," which, however, is decidedly inferior to the rest of his productions. It is but a bad imitation of the many fine allegories scattered up and down the *Spectator*, under which Bolingbroke represents the corruption of Parliament, and the suspension of the Constitution under Sir Robert Walpole. This kind of writing was evidently not in his way; and as he never made another attempt at it, it is to be presumed that he thought so himself. But he very soon turned his efforts into their proper channel. And in a variety of papers, from which we shall presently give some extracts, he drew up an exhaustive criticism on the conduct of the British government in their relation with Spain, France, and Austria, which could not have failed to make a deep impression on the public. Walpole, on his side, had no one competent to cope with him; no one who knew so much, could write so well, and possessed the same power of setting forth his arguments in a style at once logical and fluent. The subjects of most of these essays are what we have already described: the restitution of Gibraltar, the demolition of Dunkirk, the bad management of ministers in throwing Spain into the arms of Austria, the futility of their advocates who tried hard to show that some other ministry and not Walpole's was answerable for these various difficul-

ties. Our readers would not thank us for disinterring these tedious and now forgotten controversies. It is sufficient to say that the style in which Bolingbroke handles them belongs to the highest order of periodical literature, and might be studied with advantage by the journalists of modern times. Three papers which he wrote in the *Craftsman*, about 1730, on the "Policy of the Athenians," may still be read with great pleasure: for although the great attraction for his contemporaries, in this as in many of his other historical pieces, must have consisted in the skill with which he adapted the circumstances of ancient times to his own age, and so produced under the names of bygone characters the living persons whom he hated; still, there is in these particular papers so much of freshness and originality, both of thought and language, that no man of taste could read them without real pleasure, though the political allusions were a sealed book to him. Athens is England. The Chevalier is represented under the character of Hippias, the Jacobites as the friends of the banished Pisistratidæ. Persia, with her dream of universal empire and her exertions in behalf of the banished family, aptly represented France. The treatment experienced by Athens at the hands of other members of the confederacy, during the war with Xerxes, is the treatment experienced by Great Britain at the hands of Austria and Holland in the war with Louis. Pericles curiously enough is twisted into a prototype of Sir Robert Walpole. And the policy of Athens generally, from the close of the Persian to the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, is made with marvelous ingenuity to illustrate step by step the policy of England after the Treaty of Utrecht. The new foreign policy which came into England with the Guelphs, and which partly in the interest of George the First's German territories, but partly no doubt for the sake of amusing the English nation, and diverting their attention from phenomena which it was not well for them to contemplate, consisted in making ourselves a party to every squabble that broke out upon the Continent,

from the Danube to the Elbe, is most happily satirized in these papers by a picture of the new Athenian policy after the battle of Plataea. It was then that Athens first aspired to hold the balance of power in Greece, and sought to fortify her position by an extended system of foreign alliances and foreign dependencies, secured very often only by a lavish outlay of Athenian gold. There can be no doubt at the present day that this part of the price which England paid for the new dynasty was not condemned without reason by the parliamentary opposition of the period. It is quite true that neither George the First nor George the Second would have consented to remain in England upon any other terms. But this resolution did not tend to make them more popular with the English people: and, without indorsing the round assertion of Johnson, so late even as 1777, that "if England were fairly polled, the present King would be sent away to-night, and his adherents hanged to-morrow," it is matter of notoriety that the systematic sacrifice of English interests and English money to propitiate a German dynasty and support a Whig ministry in power, was a grievance implicitly believed in by three fourths of the British nation between the years 1720 and 1760. This conviction it was to which the birth of a new Tory party in the country was mainly owing. And it was to a very great extent by the writings of Bolingbroke that this conviction was created.

The truth is, as we have stated on a previous occasion, there were certain damning facts against the administration of Walpole which no act could disguise or palliate. Ministers had on their side the able assistance of Bishop Hoadley, who edited the *London Journal*, and to whom, under his title of Publicola, Bolingbroke more than once addressed himself. But government had a case which could not be defended by any arguments of detail. Their defense really rested on the broad ground that the Hanoverian dynasty represented parliamentary government, to which the Stuart dynasty was hostile: that there was no alter-

native between keeping that dynasty on the throne by humoring the King's partialities, and handing back the English crown to the claimant by divine right: that in consequence the means were justified by the end; and though the price exacted was a large one, the result so obtained was fully worth it. But arguments of this kind have in a contest of journalism no chance whatever alongside of the practical arguments which it was in Bolingbroke's power to adduce. They are arguments rather for posterity than for contemporaries. And there is, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact that as far as the paper warfare was concerned, Bolingbroke's victory was complete.

The miscellaneous papers which at this period of his life Bolingbroke either published in the *Craftsman*, or printed for private circulation, are collected together in one volume under the title of *Bolingbroke's Tracts*. Some of his best performances are included in them. But of all that we have mentioned none exceed the "Case of Dunkirk Considered," in which he examines the various excuses and subterfuges to which the French had had recourse to evade compliance with the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht, the fulfillment of which, however, had been rigidly enforced upon them, first by the ministry of Oxford, and afterward by the ministry of Sunderland. He then proceeds to trace the various steps by which, from small beginnings, the French had contrived to reconstruct the demolished works, and make both the town and harbor as formidable as ever. This process was not commenced till the year 1725, the year of the Treaty of Hanover, in which an intimate alliance was effected between France and England, with no object upon England's part but to secure the German interests of George the First against the ill-will of Austria. In that year the English Commissioner at Dunkirk, Colonel Lascelles, who had been appointed to see that the works were thoroughly destroyed, was recalled. And immediately the French set to work with activity to replace the whole seaport in its original condition of defense. The English government was com-

pelled, by the attitude of the House of Commons, to take some notice of the flagrant violation of the Treaty. Some formal remonstrances were addressed to the Court of Versailles. The French answered that the reopening of the harbor, of which the British government complained, had been effected by a miraculous tide which the inhabitants of the place regarded as an interposition of Providence in their favor, but that his Majesty's protest should be attended to—with more, to the same effect. The reply, of course, was just as much a mere form as the remonstrance; and the restoration went merrily on. Here Bolingbroke had a topic exactly suitable to his powers. He is never so great as in unraveling a tissue of intricate facts and *ex parte* statements; which he presently arrays before the reader's eye in their due connection and subordination, leading up to the conclusion which they carry by the most luminous process of logic. We can scarcely conceive a more damaging assault on any government than the "Case of Dunkirk Considered."

In the mean time, however, Bolingbroke had by no means confined his pen to single articles of this description. In the month of September, 1730, he commenced in the *Craftsman* a series of essays upon English history from the Conquest to the Civil Wars. To these articles he appended the signature of Humphrey Oldcastle, which thenceforth became known as *Oldcastle's Remarks*. Although these essays contain many striking and original reflections upon the events of each successive epoch, which make them literature for all time, yet no doubt their principal charm, in the eyes at least of politicians, is, as in the case of the *Policy of the Athenians*, the series of parallels which he discovers in our early history to both the men and the measures of his own age. Devoting but a brief space to the early Norman kings, in whose reigns we are to presume he found little to suit his purpose, he first begins to reveal the pith of it when he comes down to the Edwards. By the reign of Edward the Second, he is led to reflect on the perpetual resistance which has been sustained by the people of this country

to both the Crown, the Barons, and the Church. In the reign of Edward the Third, he notes the readiness with which the people supported him because his ends were national. If he taxed them heavily, they at least saw that their money was spent on great and national objects. "A prince who adds to the national stock has a right to share the advantage he procures, and may demand supplies from his people without blushing. But a prince who lives a rent-charge on the nation he governs; who sits on his throne like a monstrous drone in the middle of a hive, draining all the combs of their honey, and neither making nor assisting the industrious to make any; such a prince, I say, ought to blush at every grant he receives from a people who never received any benefit from him." An unmistakable satire upon George the Second, whose government was weak enough to recognize it by arresting Franklin the printer, though proceedings against him were afterward abandoned.

His character of Richard the Second is another distinguished parallel between him and George the Second; sharpened, moreover, by something which looks very like a threat. He speaks of his "packed Parliament managed by Court favorites." "When the Parliament," says he, "took the part of the people, the people followed the motions of Parliament. When they had no hope from Parliament, they followed the first standard set up against the King. It is very remarkable that these extremities fell upon Richard the Second, at a time when every thing seemed to contribute to his support in the exercise of that arbitrary power which he had assumed. Those whom he had most reason to fear were removed, either by violent death or by banishment; and others were secured in his interest by places and favors at court. The great offices of the crown and the magistracy of the whole kingdom were put into such hands as were fit for his designs; besides which he had a Parliament entirely at his devotion; but all these advantageous circumstances served only to prove that a prince can have no real security against the

just resentments of an injured and exasperated nation."

The reign of Henry the Fourth naturally suggests to Mr. Oldecastle the subject of parliamentary title to the crown, and the resemblance to be seen between the relations of the new dynasty to the Yorkists, and the relations of the Guelphs to the Jacobites.

"The party of Richard the Second, even after the death of that unhappy prince, broke out into open rebellion against Henry the Fourth, but their efforts were vain. He held the crown fast which the Parliament had given him, and the chief of his opposers perished in their attempts. Happy had it been if they alone had suffered; but here we must observe a necessary and cruel consequence of faction. As it oppresseth the whole community, if it succeeds, so it often draws oppression, not on itself alone, but on the whole community, when it fails. The attempts to dethrone Henry the Fourth justified him, no doubt, in supporting himself by a military force.

"They excused him, likewise, very probably, in the minds of many, for governing with a severe hand; for doing several illegal and tyrannical actions; for invading the privileges of Parliament, at least on the point of elections; and for obtaining by these means frequent and heavy taxes on the people. For as this might appear the harder, because it happened in the reign of a king who had no title to his crown but the good will of the people, and the free gift of Parliament; so it might appear, on the other hand, the less grievous, because some part of it was rendered necessary by the opposition which a faction made to a parliamentary establishment, and because the rest of it was represented, perhaps, under that umbrage, to be so, likewise, by the court logic of that age.

"A people may be persuaded to bear patiently a great deal of oppression, as long as they can be persuaded that they bear it only to defend their own choice, and to maintain their own acts; but if they discover this to be nothing more than a pretense, by which such powers are kept up as are unnecessary to their security and dangerous to their liberty, by which the wealth of the whole nation is drained into the coffers of a few, and by which, in one word, they become exposed to ruin by the very means which they take to avoid it, it can not be expected that they will be patient very long."

The relation of Henry the Seventh to the same party supplies another parallel, from which a different moral is deduced. "He behaved toward the Yorkists, not as a just king but

as the head of a party." The nation, however, was tired of faction, and would not join in the insurrections against him, however much he might deserve it; on the contrary, they intrusted him with further power for the suppression of them. "Because he had governed ill, it was put into his power to govern worse; and liberty was undermined for fear it should be overthrown." A more complete expression of what must have seemed the character of the early Georgian era to the Tories can not easily be imagined.

To the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Bolingbroke devotes the whole of two long essays. It is throughout a continuous satire upon the reign of George the Second. No doubt, in the government of that queen, Bolingbroke saw his ideal of a patriot king as nearly realized as possible. The more we reflect on this ideal itself, as well as on all that Bolingbroke says of the power of the barons and the clergy, and the rise of the power of the Commons, the clearer it is that he was unconsciously advocating that kind of democratic monarchy which it has been reserved for our own times to realize under somewhat different conditions. He lays down, for instance, as a reason why the sovereign should protect the rights of the House of Commons in particular, that the power of the people is more favorable than the power of the aristocracy to the independence of the crown. Of Queen Elizabeth he says: "Nothing she asked was ever refused by Parliament, because she asked nothing which would have been refused by the people. She threw herself so entirely on the affections of her subjects, that she seemed to decline all other tenure of the crown." We shall examine the tendency of this principle, if carried to its legitimate results, when we sum up the general character of Bolingbroke's creed. At present we must hasten to conclude our sketch of Oldcastle's remarks.

In his observations on the reigns of the Stuarts, Bolingbroke pursues the question of hereditary right, as, indeed, it is one chief object of the whole of this series to demonstrate that no such right was acknowledged

by the British Constitution. That Bolingbroke did not distinguish with sufficient clearness between hereditary right and indefeasible right must be clear, we think, to all readers of his works. For it does not follow that because a right is hereditary, it can not be forfeited. But to waive this point, we find throughout these latter essays the same attempt to find parallels for the King and his ministers as we see in the former ones. Several features in the position of Buckingham at the courts of James and Charles the First are carefully shaped into a resemblance of the position of Walpole. It was to save this bad minister from popular indignation that Charles the First incurred the distrust and indignation of his subjects. "Other circumstances which often happen, happened likewise in this case. The minister was universally hated, the King was not. . . . The interests of the crown were sacrificed to those of the minister." In this way he perpetually suggests Walpole without naming either him or his age. Nor does he quit this subject without pointing out that beyond the depth into which good government had sunk, during the reigns of the two first Stuarts, there was a lower depth still; and this is his description of it:

"This situation would have been bad enough, God knows, yet not so bad as the other; for, in the second place, if the Parliament had been made dependent on the crown, (no matter by what kind of influence; whether by the distribution of honors, the translation of bishops, the corrupting the electors and the elected, or the other methods King James took,) the mouth of the people had not been stopped, indeed; but it had been formed to speak another language than that of the heart. The people must have suffered, and the Parliament must have rejoiced. If they had felt an increasing load of debt, the Parliament must have testified great satisfaction at the diminution of it. If they had felt the decay of trade, and the growth of national poverty, the Parliament must have boasted of the wealth and flourishing state of the kingdom. If they had seen the interest and honor of the nation, as they saw it too often, neglected or sacrificed, the Parliament must have exulted in the triumph of both. In short, such a depending Parliament must not only have connived at the grievances of their country, but have sanctified them too. They

must not only have borne the rod, but have kissed it; not only the rod of their prince, but the rod of some upstart minister, who owed his elevation to his dishonor, and his favor to his shame."

Oldcastles' Remarks, which began upon the fifth of September, 1730, terminated on the twenty-second of May, 1731. They had raised the sale of the *Craftsman* to a prodigious height; and Bolingbroke, resolving to strike again while the iron was hot, soon after commenced a fresh series of letters, entitled a *Dissertation upon Parties*, which were collected together and dedicated to Sir Robert Walpole in 1735. While these letters were appearing in the *Craftsman*, its sale was twelve thousand weekly. The *Dissertation upon Parties* has the fault of being too long, and of being interrupted by digressions, whose bearing upon the subject of the treatise it is not always easy to perceive. But the point which Bolingbroke here sets himself to prove is simple enough. Parties in this country had always arisen out of some antagonism between the crown and the nation. Before the Revolution that antagonism took the form of an assertion of, and protest against, prerogative; and the parties to the dispute were respectively termed Whigs and Tories. With the establishment of the House of Hanover on the throne, that dispute was, as Bolingbroke professed to think, set at rest forever. The names of Whig and Tory, therefore, had no longer any real meaning. But, unfortunately for the nation, the Whigs, or rather a section of the Whigs, by betraying the ancient cause of liberty, had revived the old antagonism in a new form, and were supporting, through the instrumentality of corruption, the very same arbitrary power which they have denounced under the guise of prerogative. To conceal this truth, this new and inverted state of parties, from the public eye, the government affected to believe that the old distinction of parties was still in force; and that the opposition to ministers was founded on the same principles which had inspired the party of prerogative in the days of the Stuarts. This delusion, which minis-

ters were so much interested in propagating, Bolingbroke set himself to expose; and the exposure of it, in one sense, was a work of little difficulty. It was easy to show that the principles which the Tory party then professed were in theory adverse to arbitrary government by whatever means attained; what they might turn out to be in practice remained to be seen. The reply which ministers had it in their power to make, they, perhaps, did not fully comprehend, even had they chosen to make it. Admitting the corruption which Bolingbroke laid to their charge, they might have shown him, conclusively, that between the danger to the Constitution by ruling through a venal Parliament, and the danger of ruling by prerogative, there was a deep generic difference which robbed his argument of one half its value. Ministers bought the votes of electors and the votes of members. Very good. But they had to buy them; and it might so happen that the sellers should refuse the price. Bribery was at all events a perpetual acknowledgment of a power external to the crown, which had to be conciliated by some means. But prerogative was an express denial of that power. Once habituate the people to that, and all power of controlling the action of government was taken out of their hands. A mercenary soldier may sell his sword to the highest bidder; but while he keeps his sword, he can not easily be enslaved. But deprive him of his arms, either by force or by his own consent and indifference, and though he can no longer be venal, he no longer has it in his own power to be free.

In spite of his denouncements of prerogative, the great Tory party which Bolingbroke called into existence was obliged to fall back upon some more practical positive idea than is to be found in any of his writings, when they came themselves to be in office. That idea was the restoration of the royal prerogative to what they considered to be its due weight in the Constitution; and the redress of the balance which fifty years of Whig government had gradually deranged. But no such idea as this is to be found

among the works of Bolingbroke; and the consequence is, that his authority, as a political writer, began to decline, exactly as the party which he had formed and animated began to act as well as talk. At the same time it is, perhaps, only fair to observe that George the Third did to some extent carry out the idea of the Patriot King. He "threw himself on the affections of his subjects." And by neither going beyond nor lagging behind the public opinion of his own day, contrived to identify himself with his people and to defeat, with their aid, every aristocratical combination that was formed against him. We know that George the Third had been nurtured upon Bolingbroke's writings: and if, therefore, we suppose what is not an extravagant hypothesis, that these political works were the foundation of a system of government which prevailed for nearly seventy years, the rank to which they are entitled, and the interest which they ought to inspire, becomes more exalted than ever.

When, after the general election of 1735, Walpole, as we have seen, was secured in the possession of power for another seven years, Bolingbroke returned to France, where he staid, with one or two intervals, till 1742. It was during this period that he wrote his *Letters upon History*, *The Patriot King*, *The Spirit of Patriotism*, and *The State of Parties at the Accession of George the First*. These were all addressed to Lord Cornbury, a young and promising member of the new Tories, whose headquarters were at Leicester House. Of the theories contained in the three last of these productions we need say no more than we have said already of his *Tracts* and his *Dissertation upon Parties*. The most significant feature about them is the attack upon his own party, which Bolingbroke introduces into the *Spirit of Patriotism*, for having first put their hands to the plow, and then looked back, as they began to do before Bolingbroke left England. As these passages contain some very pointed allusions to Pulteney and other leaders of the party, we can understand why Bolingbroke did not de-

sire them to be published. Of the style we shall say a few words presently. The *Letters upon History* are of a very desultory character. In these Bolingbroke passes in review the histories of Greece and Rome, the sacred history, and various modern writers with whom he compares them. In the course of this disquisition he broaches for the first time those skeptical views about the Scriptures which have made him notorious; but he does not seem to have formed to himself any very clear ideas of what he believed or disbelieved. He quotes with apparent approbation the theory, which is now so familiar to us, of the partial as opposed to the plenary inspiration of the Bible; yet elsewhere he writes as if he thought even that was conceding too much. He maintains, certainly, that the whole credibility of the Old Testament depends upon the New; and seems to think he has made a good point when he contends that Judaism was never believed by mankind before Christianity. Of course if it had been, it would have ceased to be Judaism. Among the Jewish and the Greek historians he can find no one to his mind. Herodotus is a loquacious fabulist; Thucydides and Xenophon are statesmen and philosophers; but then they are exceptions, and they treated only of small fragments of history. Of Polybius and Dionysius of Halicarnassus he has a low opinion. He thinks very highly of Livy, Tacitus, and Sallust; and evidently had as little suspicion of the errors which lie imbedded in Livy, as of the truths which lie imbedded in Herodotus. Guicciardini he preferred to Thucydides, and Davila he preferred even to Livy. It is not easy, however, to collect all the premises from which he draws these conclusions. But one general principle, we think, we can discover in these pages: Bolingbroke seems to have thought that short periods of history, treated by themselves, must inevitably be deficient in the qualities which alone made history valuable. It is the business of history, in his eyes, to supplement the shortcomings of experience: to show us, "complete examples" of events analogous to those which are

passing before our own eyes, but of which one man can seldom or never see the entire process, the cause, the effects, and the various connecting links. The thirst for minute and original information, which has grown up in the present century, throws a difficulty in the way of writing history upon the scale of Hume and Gibbon; and we may almost say that, accepting the definition of history as philosophy teaching by example, we have arrived at that stage in the composition of it when a division of labor has become necessary, and when we must look to one class of writers to give us the examples, and another to find us the philosophy. But a hundred and twenty years ago, when historians were less solicitous than at present to make sure of every inch of their ground, the opinion of Bolingbroke was natural; and no doubt the *principle* itself is true. The longer the period over which a history extends, the more complete will be the chains of causation which it unwinds before us, and the more effective in consequence the political lessons which it teaches. But a history of England at once comprehensive as the old-fashioned histories, and as accurate and conscientious as the new, is a literary work which still remains to be achieved.

Bolingbroke divides modern history roughly into three periods. From the years 1500 to 1600—from 1600 to the Peace of the Pyrenees in 1658—and from the Peace of the Pyrenees to his own time; and in the two last letters he takes up the third of these periods, and illustrates, by his style of treating it, his general idea of the way in which histories should be written. His statement, though somewhat "sketchy," shows, nevertheless, the hand of a master. He thoroughly understood foreign affairs, and had studied with great industry the various wars, treaties, and alliances, which occupy the history of Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. On this ground he was thoroughly at home; and if he is sometimes a special pleader, he always understands his case. In the concluding letter of all is to be found the completest of all the vindications

which Bolingbroke put forth at different times of the Treaty of Utrecht.

In 1749, when Bolingbroke was seventy-one years of age, he wrote his last work. The ruling passion was strong in him to the last. It was entitled *Some Reflections on the Present State of the Nation*, and bore for its motto the appropriate words of Cicero: *Mihi autem non minoris curæ est qualis Respublica post mortem meam futura sit, quam qualis hodie sit.* The gist of this essay is the paramount necessity of reducing the national debt; and of course it contains a variety of severe reflections upon money-jobbers, fundholders, contractors, *et hoc genus omne*, who thrive and fattened, according to Bolingbroke's ideas, upon the public distress. We must add, however, that, though he is unjust to the commercial interest, he gives some very good advice to the country gentlemen, whom he exhorts to submit to the increased land-tax for a few years longer, in order that the whole national burden may be permanently reduced thereafter, reminding them, at the same time, that the interest of one part of the community is the interest of all, and warning them strongly against the evils of class legislation.

We have now concluded our review of the political and historical writings of this celebrated man. Our general verdict is, that, as a political polemic, he stands without an equal; that his historical essays, when devoted to periods and events which he understood well, are among the finest in the language; but that his original speculations, whether historical or political, are often visionary, sometimes crude, and now and then even superficial. The most powerful and stinging of journalists, a most accomplished practical statesman, a diplomatist with few equals, neither nature nor study had fitted him for a philosopher; and no matter what the subject which he endeavored to handle in this spirit, his inaptitude would always show itself.

It is not our intention to review at any length his posthumous philosophical productions. The *serus studiorum* is visible throughout them all; and there is something almost offensive in a man affecting to take up metaphysics

as a diversion, and then to prove that all philosophers had been mad upon the subject till he arose to set it right. These ideas seem first to have germinated in his mind during his first residence in France. At that time he became an honorary member of a French literary club, called the Entresol, where he read a paper upon Locke, and where, in 1718, he held a disputation with an atheist in favor of the thesis that God exists, and that the world had a beginning, but refuting at the same time the authority of Scripture. He himself informs us that he became a philosopher at forty, a statement which exactly corresponds with our hypothesis. Finding this kind of philosophy fashionable in France, where politics, in the English sense, had no place, it is clear to us that Bolingbroke applied himself to the study of it rather as the recognized path to a reputation for *esprit* than for any more substantial reason. A man of his extraordinary mental powers of course made a great deal more of the subject, coming to it even in this way, than ordinary men would have done. He read extensively, and generalized with great plausibility; but we no more believe he really understood what he read, the Platonist, the Aristotelian, the Cartesian systems, than we believe that Lord Palmerston is accurately acquainted with the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, or that Mr. Bright is an accomplished classical scholar. In fact it was not to be expected. Few men, even who had received in their youth a careful training in the science of logic and metaphysics, would, after twenty years of public life, still retain both the power and the habit of abstract thought which is essential to such studies as Bolingbroke's. Those who have had such a training will know directly what we mean. But for a man whose mind has not been so disciplined, who did not acquire the power of abstraction while his intellectual faculties were young and flexible—to make any thing of metaphysics in after life, we hold to be impossible. And this we have every reason to suppose was Bolingbroke's case. The more purely historical portion of his philosophical writings is not, of course, open to the

same criticism. The germs of these, however, are all to be seen in the first two *Letters upon History*; and the opinions which they express, which were not novel in England, even in George the Second's reign, are still less novel at the present day, when recent controversies have brought them again before the public.

To what extent Bolingbroke was indebted for any of his ideas, whether political or philosophical, to French literature is uncertain. He associated a good deal with Voltaire, both during his first residence in Paris, 1716–1723, and during Voltaire's visit to England, 1727–1730. On the first occasion, indeed, he knew the Frenchman only as a poet; on the second, Voltaire was writing his *Letters on the English*; and though these were not published till some years afterward, we can readily understand that Bolingbroke might have heard from Voltaire most of the ideas which they enunciate. It is, however, the opinion of M. Remusat, whose authority is entitled to all weight, that Bolingbroke was the tutor of Voltaire, not Voltaire of Bolingbroke. He thinks that the great position of Bolingbroke, as a noble, a statesman, and an orator, overawed and imposed upon Voltaire, who drank in his opinions greedily, and hastened to translate them to his countrymen. He can find, he says, no traces in English literature up to that time of any influence exercised by Voltaire in England; he says the same of Montesquieu, who came here in 1729. The only French writer that we know of who may perhaps have given a turn to Bolingbroke's thoughts is Fenelon, who, curiously enough, in his *Essay upon Civil Government*, published in 1722, travels over precisely the same periods of English history as Bolingbroke did afterward in *Oldcastle's Remarks*, deducing therefrom conclusions exactly the contrary of Bolingbroke's.

Bolingbroke's philosophy, though it rested on a very slender foundation of deep and accurate knowledge, and though it was taken up by him more as a *πάρεργον* than as the work of his life, was thoroughly congenial to his temper. It may seem a strange thing to say of one who has been esteemed

a consummate intriguer, but we are nevertheless convinced of the fact, that the key to Bolingbroke's character was a hatred of mystery and pretense. He had such boundless confidence in himself that he scorned not only dissimulation, but sometimes even ordinary prudence. He was a very free talker, and rarely kept a secret. He followed his private vices before the eyes of the whole town. What are all these conventions, he seems to have said to himself, by which society is bound? What *is* religion? What *is* the Bible? What *are* respectability and virtue? What *are* all these grave and pompous men who pretend to know so much more than I do? What is it that they do know? Do they understand themselves what it is? He fretted and fumed at the wires which were always bringing him up short, and kicked at the men who laid them down. This is the general explanation of his skepticism; it arose not from conviction, but from feeling; not from research, but from impatience; to which causes we may add likewise his particular quarrel with the English clergy, of whom the Jacobite majority regarded him as a traitor to his principles, while the Whig dignitaries cursed him, of course altogether, as the foe alike of God and King. He is never so happy as when he gets a chance at a bishop, and chuckles greatly over Butler's *Analogy*, of which the "Right Reverend author concludes that it is not so clear a case, after all, that there is nothing in revealed religion."

Of Bolingbroke's style, conflicting opinions have been held; but those who know his works best have generally admired it the most; those who form their judgment of it from his one or two most popular works may not perhaps have read his finest writings. It is eminently the style of an English gentleman; a style of careless correctness and plain elegance. In these respects Bolingbroke resembles Swift; but he has more variety of cadence and more rapidity of movement than the author of *Gulliver*. He writes with all the fire and impetuosity of an orator too excited to choose his words and too full of ideas to pack them into neat short sentences. If he spoke, as we

must naturally suppose he did, in the style of his writings, his speeches, we should fancy, must have been more in the manner of Lord Derby than of any other living orator. But his composition, though always easy, and often diffuse, is at the same time studded with epigram and antithesis. His style exhibits English prose making the first step in advance from the simplicity of Swift and Addison to the rhetoric of Burke and Johnson. Burke's style, indeed, is manifestly indebted to Bolingbroke, for though he began by a caricature he ended with a serious imitation. Of all the writers, however, of this latter epoch, Gibbon is the one who reminds us most frequently of Bolingbroke. Not that there is much resemblance between the stately and unfaltering tread of the *Decline and Fall* and the fierce vivacity of the *Tracts* or the *Remarks*; but continually, in the turn of a phrase, in the curl of the lip visible as though one saw the writer, in a certain peculiar elevation, we detect the close study of Lord Bolingbroke. Both, indeed, are masters of irony finer and sharper than Burke's, scarcely inferior to Swift, and on the whole perhaps above Lord Chesterfield, in whom again we trace the handiwork of St. John; and this common gift may make them seem liker than they are. But there is one instrument of language with which Bolingbroke surpassed them all. Of invective, at once passionate and dignified, furious yet not extravagant, we shall search English literature in vain for specimens equal to Lord Bolingbroke's. Neither writer nor speaker of his own age could bend that silver bow or launch those deadly arrows. Pope and Junius are the nearest to him; but the first at a perceptible, the second at a very long interval. Lord Macaulay sometimes approaches him, and it is possible that Burke and Sheridan, or Fox and O'Connell, in some of their most famous speeches, might be thought to press him very closely, but none of them are truly his equals. The reader, however, shall judge for himself; the following is from the dedication of the *Essay on Parties*, to Sir Robert Walpole:

"Believe me, sir, a reverence for the Con-

stitution, and a conscientious regard to the preservation of it, are in the political, like charity in the religious system, a cloak to hide a multitude of sins; and as the performance of all other religious duties will not avail in the sight of God without charity, so neither will the discharge of all other ministerial duties avail in the sight of men, without a faithful discharge of this principal duty.

"Should a minister govern in various instances of domestic and foreign management ignorantly, weakly, or even wickedly, and yet pay this reverence and bear this regard to the Constitution, he would deserve certainly much better quarter, and would meet with it, too, from every man of sense and honor, than a minister who should conduct the administration with great ability and success, and should at the same time procure and abet, or even connive at such indirect violations of the rules of the Constitution as tend to the destruction of it, or even at such evasions as tend to render it useless. A minister who had the ill qualities of both these, and the good ones of neither; who made his administration hateful in some respects, and despicable in others; who sought that security by ruining the Constitution, which he had forfeited by dishonoring the government; who encouraged the profligate and seduced the unwary to concur with him in his design by affecting to explode all public spirit, and to ridicule every form of our Constitution; such a minister would be looked upon most justly as the shame and scourge of his country; sooner or later he would fall without pity, and it is hard to say what punishment would be proportionable to his crimes. To conclude this head, therefore, since the obligation of interest and duty on every man, especially on every minister, and more especially on a prime or sole minister, to reverence the Constitution, to conform his conduct to it, and neither to invade nor suffer it to be invaded by others, are so undeniable and so strong, and since the means which the minister's power gives him to preserve it in purity and vigor, to corrupt and weaken it, are so many, nothing could be more proper than a dedication to one in your exalted station, of papers that are written to explain this interest, and to enforce this duty, and to press them on the understanding and conscience of every man in Britain, but of him most who is most concerned."

The following is the opening paragraph of a tract on "Good and Bad Ministers," at a time when it was thought probable that Walpole might be turned out:

"Whilst a wicked and corrupt minister is weighing out panegyrics and dedications against just satires and invectives; or, perhaps, is numbering his creatures and teaching

them their implicit monosyllables; whilst he is drawing out his screen, and providing for a safe and decent elopement; or, it may be, comforts himself with the hopes that the public joy at his removal will drown all future inquiries; or that he shall keep sweet a good while longer, till the worm seizes his carcass, and posterity preys upon his memory; it may not be improper to turn your thoughts upon the reverse of his character, and to inquire by what marks a good minister may be found out and distinguished; or, since he is only a creature, by what arts, and in what method, he may be formed and brought into being. A people who are running the hazard of a death-bed repentance want nothing so much as a good minister; and a bad one dreads nothing more than an honest successor, who comes after him without treading in his steps; takes his place without giving into his secrets; and will not be won by a share of his rapine to partake, at the same time, of his crimes and corruptions."

The next extract is the conclusion of a reply which Bolingbroke wrote to a pamphlet in which Walpole had attacked him, either personally or through one of his writers. The "noble pair" are Walpole and his brother Horace:

"But there are men in the world who know that there is something in life better than power and riches; and such men may prefer the low condition, as it is called by the remarker, of one man, to the high condition of another. There are men who see that dignity may be disgraced, and who feel that disgrace may be dignified.

"Of this number is the gentleman whom I have undertaken to defend; who possesses his soul without hopes or fears, and enjoys his retreat without any desires beyond it. In that retreat he is obedient to the laws, dutiful to his prince, and true to his oaths. If he fails in these respects, let him be publicly attacked; let public vengeance pursue and overtake him; let the noble pair indulge for once their passions in a just cause. If they have no complaints of this nature to make against him, from whence does this particular animosity proceed? Have they complaints of any other kind to make, and of a private nature? If they have, why is the public troubled on this account? I hope the remarker's mask is now taken off; that the true drift of this personal railing is enough exposed; and that the attention of mankind will be brought back to those more important subjects which have been already started, and to those which every day may furnish."

The following specimen of irony is from the first number of the *Occasional Writer*, in which Bolingbroke, in the

guise of Grubstreet, offers his services to Walpole:

"I am not ignorant that when Carneades offered to argue for virtue, and then against it, Cato proposed to drive that great philosopher and orator out of Rome.

"But Cato was a man of narrow principles, and of too confined an understanding. He considered virtue abstractedly, without any regard to time, to place, and to that vast variety of conjunctures which happen in the course of human affairs. In common life, morality is no doubt necessary, and therefore legislators have been careful to enforce the practice of it; but whenever morality clashes with the interest of the state, it must be, and it always has been, laid aside. These are my opinions; and it is a great comfort to my conscience to find them confirmed by the practice of some reverend persons whose examples ought to be of greater weight with me than that of a wretched pagan; I shall therefore show myself neither squeamish nor whimsical in pursuing the enterprise to which I offer my services, but shall remain firmly persuaded that all the moral virtues I may be occasionally guilty of in so good a course, will be exalted into political virtues.

"After this plain and honest account which I have given of myself, it may be allowed me to say that you can not find a person better qualified for your service, or more worthy to be lifted among those who draw their pens in your cause; and of whom I am willing to hope that you have a greater and abler body in reserve than you have hitherto judged proper to bring into the field.

"It is evident that a minister, in every circumstance of life, stands in as much need of us public writers as we of him; in his prosperity he can no more subsist without daily praise than we without daily bread; and the farther he extends his views, the more necessary are we to his support. Let him speak as contemptuously of us as he pleases, for that is frequently the manner of those who employ us most and pay us best; yet will it fare with his ambition as with a lofty tree, which can not shoot its branches into the clouds unless its roots work into the dirt, from which it rose, on which it stands, and by which it is nourished."

These examples of Bolingbroke's style will, we think, bear out our encomiums, and explain at once the great reputation which he enjoyed, and the rigor with which he was proscribed. The career of the *Craftsman* has been sometimes spoken of as if Walpole treated it with contempt. He did no such thing. He employed journalists, in one case a bishop, to reply to it, and wrote, we believe, more than one

retort with his own hand. But what is more, there can be little doubt that after the elections of 1735 he drove Bolingbroke from England by threats of a fresh proscription. Sir Robert could endure no longer the indefatigable persecution which had pursued him nearly eight years. And that he did at length turn round upon his adversary, and use the powers which he wielded to silence him, is the best proof we can have that the joints of his armor had been pierced.

No notice of Bolingbroke's position in literature would be complete without some mention of his relations with its then chief. As is well known, he supplied Pope with the philosophy for his *Essay on Man*, and suggested to him likewise a far more charming work, namely, the *Imitations of Horace*. Nor, indeed, is it improbable that many of the particular parallels were likewise conceived by Bolingbroke, who, as we have seen, had a special turn for them. The first published communication to Pope bearing directly on the subject of the *Essay on Man* is the "Letter to Mr. Pope," written apparently about the year 1730, and afterward prefixed as an introduction to the philosophical works. In this letter we see the raw material, sometimes the actual expressions of that poem. The gist of it all is the question asked by Pope at the beginning of his first epistle:

"Say, first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?"

And no man, we think, can read this letter with attention, and then, after reflecting on the constant personal intercourse which existed between the two, doubt that Pope's part in the essay was that merely of the versifier. A story, indeed, was set afloat which went so far as to represent that Pope did not understand what he wrote; that Bolingbroke had boasted he would make him a heretic without his finding it out; and that he was immensely dismayed when Warburton pointed out to him the real tendency of these doctrines. We do not think, however, that all the circumstances of the case warrant this assumption; and we are rather disposed to believe that Pope's

dismay, if he showed any, arose from this, that he had desired to have the credit of a freethinker among his own set, without his opinion being suspected by the world at large. It is far more like Pope to have been governed by such feelings as these than to have been so dull as not to understand his tutor. We must quote one passage from the introduction, in illustration of the tone and temper with which Bolingbroke wrote of the clergy, and also as a good example of his best style.

"The authority of the schools lasted till the resurrection of letters, but as soon as real knowledge was enlarged, and the conduct of the understanding better understood, it fell into contempt. The advocates of artificial theology* have had since that time a very hard task. They have been obliged to defend in the light what was composed in the dark, and to acquire knowledge in order to justify ignorance. They were drawn to it with reluctance; but learning that grew up among the laity and controversies with one another, made that unavoidable which was not eligible on the principles of ecclesiastical policy. They have done with these new arms all that great parts, great pains, and great zeal could do under such disadvantages. But this Troy can not be defended; irreparable breaches have been made in it. They have improved in learning and knowledge, but this improvement is as remarkable at least among the laity as among the clergy; besides which it must be owned that the former have had in this respect a sort of indirect obligation to the latter; for, whilst these men (the clergy) have searched into antiquity, have improved criticism, and almost exhausted subtlety, they have furnished so many arms the more to such of the others as do not submit implicitly to them, but examine and judge for themselves. By refuting one another when they differ, they have made it no hard matter to refute them all when they agree; and, I believe, there are few books written to propagate or defend the received notions of artificial theology which may not be refuted by the books themselves."

Whatever we may think of these sentiments, it is impossible to refuse the highest praise to the clearness, vigor, and point with which they are expressed.

The last circumstance connected with the literary life of Bolingbroke, is the publication of the *Patriot King*. It is a curious illustration of the state both

of literature and politics at that period, that many of Bolingbroke's writings were printed only for private circulation, and some not printed at all when they were first written. It was enough for fame, and enough for power, if they circulated among a chosen few. Thus the *Patriot King*, written as a textbook for young Toryism, and a manual for the Prince of Wales, was not, in the first instance, intended for publication. Pope, however, was one of the select circle; and a few copies were given him, of course with an express understanding that he was to comply with the author's wishes. Instead of this he had fifteen hundred copies printed. Bolingbroke discovered this after Pope was dead, bought them all up, and burned them. Unluckily, however, they had not passed through the printer's hands without toll being taken of them. After the incineration aforesaid, fragments began to appear in the columns of a monthly magazine; and then it was that Bolingbroke resolved to publish a complete edition, to which he prefixed an advertisement, reflecting very severely on Pope, whom, however, he did not mention by name. For this action Bolingbroke has been a good deal blamed. But, we must say, we think without reason. Pope's conduct was unjustifiable. The *Spirit of Patriotism* and the *Patriot King* contained allusions to living characters which the author, greatly to his credit, had never meant to make public, while the garbled versions which were now being given to the world compelled him, however much against his will, to produce the original. That Bolingbroke was justly irritated at this circumstance we shall continue to believe; as likewise that no word contained in the advertisement is harsher than the offense merited.

It has been our object in this article to illustrate the literary powers of Lord Bolingbroke rather from those works which are less known to the public than from those which are more commonly associated with the name. This, if the reader should be surprised, is the reason why we have made no extracts from the *Patriot King* or the *Dissertation upon Parties*. These are, doubtless, very brilliant performances;

* As opposed to natural.

but the world knows more of them than it does of his other writings, while, at the same time, they serve less to illustrate the peculiar powers of the author.

IN TRUST.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

ONLY a faded portrait,
Wrought with exquisite art,
That I hide from the garish daylight,
And keep in trust on my heart;
Only a shadowy image
Of one so true and dear,
That a halo of love surrounds it,
And makes its features clear.

I can not pierce the care-steeped past,
When tear-mists blind my eyes,
For mournful hues of the gloaming
Float on my thoughts that rise.
In a lonely mound, 'neath the careless grass,
They buried his sacred dust,
In the depths of my heart, far from human gaze,
I hoarded his truth and trust.

Can the callous world, with its Gorgon leer,
Deaden the beautiful glow
That blooms from the withered skies of the past,
Once lit with an iris-bow?
There are ghostly tracks of death in the years,
That have heedless, onward sped,
Unmindful of all they shattered in gloom
In their cruel, remorseless tread.

The bright of joy, and the dark of grief,
No eyes can truly see;
For none may read the scroll of the heart
With love's own sympathy.
Can I paint the charm of that spell-wrought hour,
When he cast his love at my feet,
And I wept with bliss in my thanks to God
For a happiness so complete?

'Twas a summer's day, and the joyful winds
Were loaded with honeyed breath,
And the heart of the air, with its pulses of life,
Could not harbor a thought of death;
For the fragrance of hope was scattered abroad,
And its light was spread above,
And over all was the summer calm,
As sweet as our pledge of love!

For oft, in the stealth of a chosen hour,
I wound, with a woman's art,
Remembrance of looks, and tones, and speech,
In a woof within my heart;
Until his words, like flashes of light
Revealing a hidden flower,
Laid bare the unseen bud of love
With the truth that forms its dower.

I wrote the book of our future life
With the sun-flecks of each hope,
And never a thought that was edged with gloom
O'ershadowed its horoscope;

With stolen tints from flower and sky,
Love's magic pencil wrought
Fair visions that were photographed
Through the lens of each cherished thought.

But a breeze, surcharged with venom of death,
Wrenched the book from my hold,
And blotted and wanted the hues of my dreams,
Infused with affection's gold;
Till my life seemed bare as a soddened tree,
Scathed by the wind and rain,
With no vernal sap within it,
To make it bloom again.

Till the tempest of grief had spent its force,
And I bore to the patient years
The trust of his worth and fealty,
To banish vain, futile tears;
Till my barren life was hallowed and blest
With faith's undying hues,
And my heart took strength from sorrow's mists,
As a flower is fed with dew.

Only a faded portrait,
Wrought with a marvelous art,
That the sacred past has bequeathed to me,
To place in trust on my heart,
Till the kindly years, in their gentle march,
To his soul may bring me nigh,
And restore in heaven the love and truth
That were never meant to die!

—Bentley's Miscellany.

Macmillan's Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

IN the summer of 183—, it was the fortune of the writer, between leaving school and residing at the University, to join an Oxford reading-party in the beautiful valley of Grasmere. Grasmere was then a much more sequestered spot than it has since become; there were none of the villas which have since been built; and, except two or three farm-houses on the borders of the lake, and a shepherd's hut here and there upon the mountains, the neighborhood of the little village was the very ideal of repose and solitude. Not that this most peaceful of valleys has lost its peculiar tranquillity even now, when its charms have attracted a greater number of inhabitants. It combines, indeed, so many elements of quiet beauty that its character can not easily be changed. Not so small as to give the sense of compression and confinement to the view, it is yet so bounded by surrounding hills that it has a unity and distinctness of its own. The eye

takes in its main expression at a glance; but it needs time to become acquainted with the particular features of the scene, especially to appreciate the extreme gracefulness of the contour of the mountains, among which the lake lies in still beauty, reflecting as in a mirror the trees which grow down to the water's edge, and the island in the centre.

In the south-west corner of the churchyard there is a spot which resembles in its sacredness, though so strangely contrasted in its surrounding features, the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Here are two grave-stones, inscribed respectively with the names of William Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge. At the time alluded to, both were living—Wordsworth in his house near Rydal; Hartley Coleridge in a cottage just outside the village of Grasmere, on the road that leads to Rydal. The latter was a frequent guest of our party, and companion of our walks. He was then in appearance about fifty years of age, of unusually short, even diminutive, stature; his hair beginning to be gray, his brow broad and intellectual. His gestures and movements were peculiar; he had a habit, even in company, of rising from his seat, and laying his hand upon his head, with open fingers, as if measuring its shape and size; and, when he thought that no one observed him, as he walked among the quiet roads, or on the hills, he would wave his arms as if reciting poetry or conversing with the mountains, his companions. His eyes, if memory serves right, were dark gray, and the expression of his face thoughtful and benevolent, with a touch of sadness. He was a frequent attendant at the church on Sundays; but even there his poetic fancies often seemed to follow him, and it was difficult not to watch his features with wonder and amusement, while he stood up in his pew and looked round on the kneeling congregation, a strange but kindly smile playing on his face, as of one looking down with benevolent interest on children engaged in their devotions. Not that he himself was wanting in decorous attention to the service, for his mind was in its very structure devotional, as his writings

testify; and his conversation, though tinged occasionally with satirical or humorous allusions to religious parties, never breathed irreverence or doubt with regard to Christian truth.

Of the impression produced by his conversation it is difficult to give an adequate conception. Young men, it is true, are more susceptible of pleasure from intercourse with a really original thinker than those whose admiration is held in check by larger experience and perhaps distrust. And it may be partly due to this intense appreciation of what is far-reaching and beautiful in thought and imagery, which is the gift of youth, that the conversation of Hartley Coleridge seems in retrospect so marvellous. For the minds of the young in the four or five years preceding and following manhood are receptive of ideas to a degree that is never the case in after-life. Practical experience, in the vast majority of cases, sets a bar to the imagination, and limits intellectual interests. Even where the latter are still retained, the vivid delight in new thoughts and ideas gives place to a critical habit; we no longer climb the mountains merely for the sake of the unknown views beyond, but choose safe paths that will bring us with the least trouble to our journey's end. The *abandon* with which we threw ourselves upon the untried regions of thought is gone, never to return. Nor can the mind, that retains to the end most of its first freshness, recover the keen delight and the eager admiration with which, in the opening of its powers, it welcomed the utterances of gifted men, and drank in their teaching.

Even older men, however, have borne testimony to the remarkable brilliance of Hartley Coleridge's conversation. It was not that it was sprightly, clever, and witty; such conversation is sometimes most fatiguing. It was not, as his father's is described, an eloquent, rapt monologue; there was nothing in it obscure and misty, no oracular pretension, no dark profundities. Yet few ever exemplified more strongly the in-born difference between genius and talent. Beautiful ideas seemed to be breathed into his mind perpetually, as if they came to him from the mountain breezes, or welled up in his heart and

mind from an inexhaustible reservoir within. There was nothing like effort, nothing like that straining after brilliance which wearies while it amuses; all was simple, unaffected, spontaneous. Perhaps the fact that his companions were younger than himself, and glad to listen to the poet's words, encouraged the unrestrained flow of his thought. Among equals there is apt to be rivalry, or at least reserve; appreciation and sympathy from younger men often unlock stores of thought, and draw out its treasures. And in Hartley Coleridge these were vast and varied—to his younger hearers apparently inexhaustible. A wide and diversified range of reading, especially in poetry, philosophy, and biography, had supplied him with abundant material, which his original and ever-active mind was continually shaping. Nor, although evidently pleased to pour out his reflections, did he monopolize the conversation, as some great talkers are wont to do. A question or remark from any of his younger hearers would engage him in a new train of thought, and he would listen to their arguments with perfect courtesy and patience, and without any of that self-conscious superiority which sometimes makes the conversation of clever men so oppressive.

It must not be supposed that the only topics that interested him were poetry and literature. His remarks on politics, and church questions, or other subjects of the day, were keen and original, often humorous or satirical. There lay in his mind, as in that of men of imaginative genius there always is, a fund of humor, breaking out now in sparks of wit, now in somewhat broad and boyish jests. "What is the charge for asses?" he would suddenly say to the astonished turnpike-keeper on the Thirlmere road, putting his hand in his pocket, and turning to count his companions as they passed the toll-bar. Occasionally, but not frequently, a tinge of bitterness would dash the current of his talk; more often, in a few words of powerful irony he would denounce some popular untruth, and expose its fallacy. Such passages are to be found here and there in his writings, although their prevailing tone is grace and tenderness. His mind,

indeed, had a strong element of stern and masculine feeling, which did not often rise to the surface, but which, if he had given it scope, would have made him eloquent and powerful as a moral teacher or a satirist.

And yet, notwithstanding the varied play of his intellect, and a certain child-like enjoyment of his gifts, the whole impression left on the mind by intercourse with him was one of sadness and pity, mingled with admiration. There was cause enough for this, unhappily, in his life, in facts which this is not the place to dwell on—which, indeed, it is no concern of ours to dwell on at all. Inheriting in a high degree his father's genius, he inherited something of his defect of will. One unhappy weakness marred, without staining, a character which was in its substance singularly innocent, benevolent, pure, and child-like. Few men could have done less harm; few men of such diversified genius have written so much of unmixed good. But the consciousness of great power combined with any degree of moral weakness, of lofty and immortal gifts, lifting their possessor above common men, while in strength of will and self-control he feels himself unequal to them, must create a sadness, deep and bitter, in proportion to the intrinsic worth and purity of the heart. This sadness was a prevailing feature in Hartley Coleridge's mind; it was expressed in his features, it underlay his conversation, it is the key-note to much of his poetry. That it never issued in defiance, or in unjust anger, or irreverence; that it never tempted him, as it has tempted so many others, to call good evil, and evil good; that it is always humble, self-accusing; still more, that in its deepest and most regretful moments it is always hopeful: this marks his character, in our judgment, as one worthy of all sympathy and love.

Few poets have left a more distinct impress of their mind and heart upon their works than Hartley Coleridge. Much of them belongs to that kind of poetry which is wrung by sorrow from the soul of genius. Nothing can exceed the melancholy of some of his sonnets; as of that deeply touching one:

"Once I was young, and fancy was my all,
My love, my joy, my grief, my hope, my fear,
And ever ready as an infant's tear,
Whate'er in Fancy's kingdom might befall;
Some quaint device had Fancy still at call,
With seemly verse to greet the coming cheer;
Such grief to soothe, such airy hope to rear,
To sing the birth-song, or the funeral,
Of such light love, it was a pleasant task;
But ill accord the quirks of wayward glee,
That wears affliction for a wanton mask,
With woes that bear not Fancy's livery;
With Hope that scorns of Fate its fate to ask,
But is itself its own sure destiny."

Or the following :

"Youth, thou art fled—but where are all the
 charms
Which, though with thee they came, and passed
 with thee,
Should leave a perfume and sweet memory
Of what they have been?—All thy boons and
 harms
Have perished quite. Thy oft renewed alarms
Forsake the flutt'ring echo.—Smiles and tears
Die on my cheek, or, petrified with years,
Show the dull woe which no compassion warms,
The mirth none shares. Yet could a wish, a
 thought,
Unravel all the complex web of age—
Could all the characters that time hath wrought
Be clean effaced from my memorial page
By one short word, the word I would not say;
I thank my God because my hairs are gray."

In mere music and rhythm, his sonnets often come nearer to Shakespeare's than those of any modern poet, not excepting Wordsworth. The English language contains few more exquisite ones than that on the lack of great poets in this age :

"Whither is gone the wisdom and the power
That ancient sages scattered with the notes
Of thought-suggesting lyres? The music floats
In the void air; even at this breathing hour
In every cell and every blooming bower
The sweetness of old lays is hov'ring still;
But the strong soul, the self-sustaining will,
The rugged root that bare the winsome flower,
Is weak and withered. Were we like the fays
That sweetly nestle in the foxglove bells,
Or lurk and murmur in the rose-lipped shells
That Neptune to the earth as quit-rent pays,
Then might our pretty modern Philomels
Sustain our spirits with their roundelay."

That again to Homer is scarcely inferior, especially in the concluding lines, describing the varied music of the old poet's verse :

"How strong,
How fortified with all the num'rous train
Of human truths, great poet of thy kind,
Wert thou, whose verse, capacious as the sea,

And various as the voices of the wind,
Swelled with the gladness of the battle's glee,
And yet could glorify infirmity
When Priam wept, or shamestruck Helen pined."

The peculiarity of the sonnet, its ending as it were without an end, was adapted perhaps to a certain incompleteness, not of thought, nor of expression, which are often highly finished, but (if the expression may be used) of *character*, in the poet's mind. The sonnet finishes, yet does not finish the subject; it contains a complete thought, but suggests that there is more behind. In the use of the double syllable at the line—

"Could any sin survive and be forgiven,
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven,"

giving a quiet ring to the verse, and varying its monotony, as well as in the happy introduction of the tribrach, or the anapæst :

"To greet the pressure of immaculate feet,"

Hartley Coleridge is a consummate artist. But the characteristic of his poetry, throughout, is its unaffectedness. There is no straining after effect, no staring, startling epithets, no elaborate and artificial simplicity. All is graceful, tender, beautiful—the growth of a mind in which grace and beauty were native elements.

Whether his genius was capable of a sustained flight it is hard to say. The longest poem in his first volume (that published in his lifetime) is not the most striking; but that called the "Prometheus" (in the posthumous volume) though a fragment, is in itself a gem of exquisite beauty. It is an adaptation of some of the many mysterious ideas which cluster round the story of the benevolent, suffering, unbending Titan. In no modern poet can we point to a more beautiful passage than that in which the sylphs describe the infancy of Jupiter, at whose enforced desertion his mother Rhœa

"would have given her godhead for a heart
That might have broken;"

then his growing boyhood, while his future greatness dawned upon him gradually, and he longed for the day :

"When the glad sons of the delivered earth
Should yearly raise the multitudinous voice

Hymning great Jove, the God of Liberty!
Then he grew proud, yet gentle in his pride,
And full of tears, which well became his youth
As showers do spring. For he was quickly
moved.

And joyed to hear sad stories that we told
Of what we saw on earth—of death, and woe,
And all the waste of time."

There is throughout this beautiful poem a classic grace embodying deeper than classical thoughts, a music as of the songs of sylphs, and occasionally a grandeur not unlike that of Keats. We do not fear that the reader will regret the perusal of these "reminiscences," if they only introduce him to this single fragment.

Perhaps the writings of Hartley Coleridge are hardly known as much as they deserve to be. The blaze of glory around Tennyson dims for the present the lustre of cotemporary poets. But as long as grace, pathos, and tenderness have charms when clothed in an expression of simple but finished beauty; as long as there is interest in the sorrows, and struggles, and hopes of a highly-gifted and good, though imperfect man; as long as there is sympathy, for purity and tenderness of feeling, and delight in the melody of exquisite verse: so long will his works deserve a place among the genuine productions of high poetic genius.

Fraser's Magazine.

LORD PALMERSTON.

THE public career and character of Lord Palmerston have been so fully detailed and discussed by our morning and weekly cotemporaries, that our tribute to his memory will be best paid in the shape of a few strictly personal recollections and impressions.

His first acceptance of high office was related by himself the year before last, *apropos* of a bet said to have been made and won by the late Mr. Milnes, the father of Lord Houghton, a man of remarkable abilities and acquirements, although somewhat of an idler in his youth. He was lounging in a club when he overheard a college friend saying that something was as unlikely as "Bob Milnes becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer."

NEW SERIES—Vol. III. No. 1

"And why should I not become Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Simply because the odds are a thousand to one against you."

"Will you lay a thousand to one?"

"Yes, in tens."

"Done!"

The bet was regularly booked—ten thousand pounds to ten. When Perceval wrote to Mr. Milnes to offer him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he inclosed the offer, with a ten pound note, to his friend.

Such was the anecdote, which was disputed on the ground that Mr. Milnes never had such an offer, although mentioned in the correspondence and memoirs of the period.

Lord Palmerston was referred to, and he immediately related how he had been mixed up in the matter. Perceval sent for him, and said he had a curious proposal to make. He had offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Milnes, who would probably refuse it: if he did, would Lord Palmerston take it? Lord Palmerston said he must consult his friends, especially Lord Malmesbury, (the diplomatist,) who advised him to refuse, on the ground that finance was not in his line, and that his future prospects might be compromised by failure. He refused accordingly. Thereupon Perceval said: "I have since offered the office of Secretary at War to Milnes. If he refuses, will you take that?" He did take it; and his long and prosperous career began. This version differs from that of Mr. Plummer Ward, who states in his diary, as the result of a conversation with Lord Palmerston, that three things were offered, namely, "a seat at the Treasury by way of introduction to the Seals," in addition to the other two.

Every one has heard the story of Sheridan's dinner-party, at which the sheriff's officers acted as waiters. On its being mentioned as apocryphal at Brockett, "Not at all," exclaimed Lord Palmerston, "I was at it. Sheridan, Canning, Frere, and some others, including myself, had agreed to form a society (projected, you may remember, by Swift) for the improvement of the English language. We were to give dinners in turn; Sheridan gave

the first; and my attention was attracted to the peculiarity of the attendance by the frequent appeals on the part of the improvised servants to 'Mr. Sheridan.'

"And did you improve the language?"

"Not certainly at the dinner; for Sheridan got drunk, and a good many words of doubtful propriety were employed."

He was a purist in language, grammar, and orthography, and some curious illustrations of his zeal for their reformation are preserved in the Foreign Office. He had a confirmed dislike to "that that" and "had had;" as in a sentence thus constructed: "It was said that that general had had a check."

In the last Speech from the Throne her Majesty is made to say that she had great satisfaction in *recurring again* to her Parliament. Some of the literary men objected, and their objection was stated to Lord Palmerston one evening, (February tenth,) when he had been unexpectedly detained in the House of Commons, and had only just risen from an eleven o'clock dinner. He defended the expression, and maintained the argument with unabated spirit, till the subject was dropped. The next morning, before ten, the objector received the following memorandum, written in the Premier's clear, bold, well-known hand:

JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

"In this Life the Thoughts of God and a future State often offer themselves to us. They often spring up in our Minds, and when expelled *recur again*." *Calamy.*

One meaning of "Recur," is "to have Recourse to," and it is perfectly good English to say "I have recourse to you again."

Etymologically, "to recur" = "to run back," and one may with Propriety say I run back, or come back, to you again.

The Queen recurs or comes back to her Parliament at the end of every Recess, and she does *again* that which she has done often *before*.

P. 10/2—65.

His acute sense of the value of words made him fidgety under mis-

quotation. When Pope's line on Peterborough was repeated thus—

"Here he whose lightning *broke* the Iberian lines,"

"*Pierced*," was his quiet correction.

It having been remarked how many popular quotations are incorrect, he immediately supplied several additional instances; amongst others—

"He who's *convinced* against his will;"

Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum.

He was as much at home in Italian as in English; and some amusement was caused in the House of Commons by his correction of his accomplished friend, Mr. Monckton Milnes, (Lord Houghton,) who unluckily said Cagliari instead of Cagliari.

Of late years Lord Palmerston had so much writing to get through that he had neither time nor eyesight to spare for books. Even his newspaper reading was limited. The stores of information he accumulated and opportunely applied were mostly derived from oral sources: from an admiral, general, or governor, just returned from a foreign station; from a diplomatist on his transit from one capital to another; from an intelligent traveller, or a well-informed-foreigner. The facts he got from them were carefully packed away in a corner of his mind till wanted, and always came out wonderfully well-sorted and fresh. In the autumn of 1863, he was riding into Southampton with Mr. Cowper, when he heard that an Austrian of distinction was there on a sort of free-trade mission, and was about to explain his views at a public dinner. Lord Palmerston attended the dinner, and made a speech, in which he astonished every body by his familiarity with the subject and with the position of the Austrian government in relation to it; that familiarity being exclusively based on the report of a conversation with Count de Rechberg repeated to him a few days before.

Literature was the fashion of his early days, when (as Sydney Smith remarked) a false quantity in a man was pretty nearly the same thing as a

faux pas in a woman. He was tolerably well up in the chief Latin and English classics; but he entertained one of the most extraordinary paradoxes touching the greatest of them that was ever broached by a man of his intellectual calibre. He maintained that the plays of Shakespeare were really written by Bacon, who passed them off under the name of an actor for fear of compromising his professional prospects and philosophic gravity. Only last year, when this subject was discussed at Broadlands, Lord Palmerston suddenly left the room, and speedily returned with a small volume of dramatic criticisms, in which the same theory (originally started by an American lady) was supported by supposed analogies of thought and expression. "There," he said, "read that, and you will come over to my opinion." When the positive testimony of Ben Jonson, in the verses prefixed to the edition of 1623, was adduced, he remarked: "Oh! these fellows always stand up for one another, or he may have been deceived like the rest." The argument had struck Lord Palmerston by its ingenuity, and he wanted leisure for a searching exposure of its groundlessness.

The most wonderful thing about him, it has been truly observed, was the manner in which his faculties went on ripening to the last. On his first becoming Premier, his conduct of affairs in the House of Commons was condemned for levity of tone and misplaced jocularity. "Let him remain Premier for a year or two," observed a member of the highest literary and political distinction, "and our standard will be lowered till we prefer this laughing devil-may-care method of getting through business to the wit of Canning and the gravity of Peel." But Lord Palmerston (whose levity was on the surface, and useful as well as justifiable against established bores) rose with each succeeding session, and on great occasions was rarely found wanting in moral influence, or in the dignity befitting his position. He did more than conciliate good-will by his suavity of demeanor and tact: he commanded respect by his grasp of mind, his readiness of resource, his compre-

hensiveness of view, his knowledge of his country and his countrymen, his vast experience, his known patriotism, his expansive liberality, and by all that combination of qualities, acquired or innate, which make up what the French emphatically term *caractère*. His alleged carelessness was the ease of a consummate master of the craft. He wielded his weapon

"With hand whose almost careless coolness spoke
Its grasp well used to deal the sabre stroke."

He was the most earnest of statesmen, despite his levity: just as, despite of that touch of Hibernicism in gait or bearing which the Brummel school disapproved, he was one of the most perfect gentlemen that ever lived. This was pointed out with intuitive sagacity and felicity of touch by Mr. Kinglake in accounting for the prolonged misappreciation of Lord Palmerston in England:

"His partly Celtic blood, and perhaps too in early life his boyish consciousness of power, had given him a certain elation of manner and bearing which kept him for a long time out of the good graces of the more fastidious part of the English world. The defect was toned down by age, for it lay upon the surface only, and in his inner nature there was nothing vulgar nor unduly pretending. Still the defect made people slow—made them take forty years—to recognize the full measure of his intellectual strength." During nearly half that number of years before he became Premier, his name was associated with the liberal policy of England all the world over—to such an extent, indeed, that it was positively personified in him. Instead of *ce perfide Albion*, it was *ce diable de Palmerston*, that was denounced by every absolute court in Europe, and it was on him that the hopes of every oppressed and struggling nationality were fixed. The title of "great" can not be denied to a statesman who has thus stamped his impress on his age.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Lord Palmerston did every thing off his own bat after 1834. Referring no later than June last, to the Eastern complication of 1840-1841, he

related that, on M. Thiers (October, 1840) announcing an intention to call out an extraordinary conscription of one hundred and fifty thousand men, Lord Melbourne wrote to the King of the Belgians, to this effect: "Thiers's announcement is a threat. By G—d, I won't stand it! If this goes on, I will immediately call Parliament together, and see what they think of it." This letter was forwarded to the King of the French, and the Thiers ministry came to a speedy termination.

Lord Palmerston was by no means a rash foreign minister, and cautiously avoided involving the country in serious warfare. In his diplomatic contest with M. Thiers, he had Austria, Prussia, and Russia upon his side. His Spanish operations were in support of the lawfully-constituted sovereign and authorities. When Austria and Prussia quarreled over Hesse-Cassel, and were about to come to blows, he had only to hold up his hand, and Prussia would have crossed the Rubicon. General Radowitz was overruled, and compelled to give way, because even the moral support of England was refused.

Lord Palmerston's approval of the *coup d'état* was certainly incautious and premature. We suspect that he was hurried into it by the hope of seeing an Orleanist or Legitimist Restoration indefinitely postponed. The visit to Compiègne also laid him open to much gratuitous misrepresentation. It was there that Louis Napoleon expressed to him a regret that the imperial *régime* was inevitably unfitting the French for self-government. He joined the *chasse* glittering with green and gold à la Louis Quinze, in a plain red hunting coat which had evidently seen service on more business-like occasions. His predilection for the Emperor did not outlast the appropriation of Nice and Savoy; and he thoroughly enjoyed the joke (Lord Houghton's we believe) at Cambridge House, on a French Secretary's saying, on his way to the refreshment room—"Je vais prendre quelque chose." "Vous avez raison: c'est l'habitude de votre pays."

Lord Palmerston's steady support of Turkey against the Christian pro-

vinces (like Serbia) nominally subject to her sovereignty, ill accords with the policy which encouraged Lombardy to rise; but his conviction was that what Turkey lost would be so much gained by Russia or Austria; and that the disruption of the Ottoman Empire might lead to the establishment of an unfriendly power across our overland road to India.

Another ingrained opinion of his was that the treaties for the abolition of the slave-trade should be stringently enforced.

We are now one and all rapidly becoming non-interventionists. Lord Palmerston's doctrine, right or wrong, was, that Great Britain should never miss an opportunity of transplanting or promoting free institutions, nor ever stand by and see a weak nation oppressed by a stronger one. If he was wrong, we were wrong in going to war for Turkey and loudly sympathizing with Italy. If he was right, we ought to have joined France in preventing Austria and Prussia from plundering Denmark; and it was a deep mortification to him that we did not. If he had been twenty years younger, he would have done one of two things: have resigned at once on finding the majority of his colleagues against him, or have reconstructed his Cabinet and declared war. The nation, sensibly alive to the wound on the national honor, would probably have gone along with him.

This opens the wide question—too wide to be discussed now—what amount or class of principle an English minister may honorably concede to expediency? Ought Lord Aberdeen (who disapproved the war with Russia) to have resigned in 1853, or Lord Palmerston in 1864, at the risk of throwing the whole country into confusion? All our public men—without an exception that we know of—seem to have arrived at the convenient conviction that, when in office, they have nothing to do but to carry out the policy best adapted to keep them there: namely, that which is in accordance with enlightened public opinion, as represented by Parliament and the press. Lord Palmerston adopted the conventional creed in this matter. But

so far as predilections and opinions were concerned, he swerved very slightly, if at all, from the programme with which he started. He was a thorough-going Canningite at heart; liberal as regards foreign policy and religious toleration, but with an ingrained dislike to parliamentary reform and dissent. He thought the Dissenters unreasonable in claiming to be exempt from church-rates, and he had statistics to prove that the effect of the six-pound occupation clause would be little short of revolutionary. The conservative instinct at the late general election was right: he was the only genuine conservative left amongst our prominent party leaders; and the so-called conservatives who officiously volunteered a reform bill to catch radical votes, justly forfeited all right or title to the name.

The Liberal party were far from pleased at the large infusion of the Peelite or liberal-conservative element in his last government at its formation. But he had thoughts of going further, and of applying to Mr. Spencer Walpole.

There is, there can be, no difference of opinion about Lord Palmerston in private life, as a host, a guest, a companion, or a friend; although it is the fashion to say that he never had a friend, because he was not exclusive in his intimacies. He was so uniformly considerate and unselfish; so kind, tolerant, and indulgent in word and deed, his geniality, frankness, and simplicity at once put every body at ease. That charm of manner could not be feigned, acquired, or studied; it was the obvious emanation of a warm, cordial, generous nature, which it would be difficult to distinguish or separate from heart. The capacity for warm affection must be implied from the happy art of inspiring it: and who won the hearts of a large and singularly-gifted family circle like him? Who inspired such implicit reliance on his support in all who had ever acted under him or ever linked their political fortunes with his? With all his self-command, he was liable to be overcome by strong emotion. His severest illness for many years was brought on by the death of

the Prince-Consort and his fear of its effect on the Queen.

His company hours were materially curtailed by business, but, from the moment he joined the circle till he left it, he was always ready to amuse and be amused; he was never out of temper or out of spirits, never inattentive, absent, or preoccupied—the distinctive good-breeding of working statesmen, as punctuality is the good-breeding of kings. He listened as well as he talked; he thoroughly enjoyed good conversation; and he liked it the better for being enlivened with fancy and fun. He told a story capitally, frequently with an *apropos* which brought its application within Barrow's somewhat large and elastic description of wit.

"If (says Sydney Smith) I say a good thing to-day and repeat it again to-morrow in another company, the flash of to-day is as much the flash of to-morrow as the flash of one musket is the flash of another: but if I tell a humorous story, there are a thousand little diversities in my voice, manner, language, and gestures, which indicate rather a different thing from what it was before, and infuse a tinge of novelty into the repeated narrative." Thus was it with Lord Palmerston, and his best anecdotes, when he could be coaxed into repeating them, had always a fresh zest. His play of mind was equally effective in catching and improving any passing drollery or humorous thought.

When Lord Derby's translation of the *Iliad* was first announced, a guest at Broadlands told him he must keep pace with his great rival by translating the *Aeneid*. "Stop till I am out of office, and the parallel will be complete."

He laughingly quoted the authority of an eminent physician, that continuance in office, with the resulting employment, was good for the health.

"Would not active opposition do as well?"

"No, no; that stirs up the bile and creates acidity. Ask Disraeli if it does not."

Nothing, by the way, created acidity in him; he never said, or sanctioned,

an ill-natured remark on any body. On being told that a clever assailant regretted a personal attack, he said: "Tell him I am not the least offended—the more particularly because I think I had the best of it."

It was mentioned to him that his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Lewis, had been writing letters to *Notes and Queries* on "The Wakefulness of Geese." "The wakefulness of geese! Why, the Opposition will think he means them; and (what is worse) they may say they are the geese that saved the Capitol."

A couple were censured for going to country houses without an invitation. "Don't be hard on them," was his suggestion, "for if they waited to be invited they might go nowhere."

On its being stated as a good sign that Lady — was only attended by a popular physician, who shall be nameless, he said: "Ah! very true, when you trust yourself to Dr. — you should have a superfluous stock of health for him to work upon."

When at Broadlands, he was a regular attendant at Romsey church, but was occasionally late. Once, when he did not appear till toward the end of the second lesson, the sermon was more than ordinarily long, which a guest attributed to the complacent consideration of the clergyman, who was determined that his lordship should gain in one way what he lost in another. "I never saw it in that light before. I will take good care not to tax his kindness again."

He passed some hours of every day on horseback, except on Sundays, when he walked. On a cold Sunday in the November of last year, after luncheon, he proposed a walk, and led the way to the paddocks, which he opened one after the other with an enormous key produced from his coat-pocket, pointing out and speculating on the qualities of the colts. "That filly," he said, "will run for the Derby the year after next." He then took the party over the river by the ferry-boat, which he tugged backward and forward by a hard rope over a stiff pulley, taking an obvious pleasure in the exertion, and declining help. Returning home, after nearly two hours' brisk exercise, in the

dusk across the park, his foot struck against a hidden stump, and he fell flat, but was up again in a moment, saying: "There is no damage, except to the knees of my trowsers." The party looked anxiously at one another, remembering the regretted death of Lord Lansdowne, and were not quite at ease till the next morning, when he joined the breakfast-table with unshaken spirits and his wonted buoyancy of step.

He was a generous landlord, and so indulgent to the tenants on his estate in Sligo that he got little income out of it. He said one day that he had a thousand tenants who paid under five pounds a year each. "But do they pay?" "Not always: they pay when they can; when they sell the pig."

He was fond of billiards, and when at Brockett or Broadlands, played three games (neither more nor less) before retiring for the night. He was about on the level of those who play a good deal without taking rank as players. His best strokes were the winning hazards, and fortune favored him as much in this as in the political game. After three or four *flukes* he would say: "I think I had better not name my stroke." He was never the least put out by losing, although he enjoyed winning, especially if Lady Palmerston was looking on.

The personal traits and characteristic sayings of celebrated men form an indispensable part of their biography; and fortunately all that can be authentically related of Lord Palmerston will confirm and augment the admiring attachment of the British people to his memory.

Temple Bar.

ROYAL FAVORITES.

THE once celebrated Mr. Astley, of the Royal Amphitheatre, was one of the most acute men of business of his time. He could not write himself, and he had no excessive measure of respect for the gentlemen who *could*. Mr. Astley, however, was an excellent judge of the written dramas which their authors submitted to him for

representation. The writers would, with respectful confidence, assert the merits of their respective pieces; and Mr. Astley would thereupon clap a very strong word before their "merits," and would say: "Sir, has the piece a name that will look well upon a wall?"

And there *is* something in a name, after all, despite any and every great authority to the contrary. The perfume of the rose would remain the same, however ugly the appellation a botanist might attach to the flower; but the lack of sweetness in the designation might lead one who saw a rose for the first time, to pass it by without stooping to inhale the odor. The friends of that most exquisite of royal favorites, Rosamond, called her, "*Rosa munda*;" her enemies branded her with the epithet of "*Rosa mundi*." There is all the difference in the world between the sound, as between the sense of the two epithets; and this sort of difference is thoroughly understood by the "young ladies" of the thrilling melodramatic theatres. The susceptible lads who admire and applaud Miss Fitz-Norman, would keep their hearts sound if they were aware that she was really a Mrs. Crippler, who between the agonies of her scenes calmly knitted socks in the greenroom for her six-months old twin girls.

Yet there are things in nature for which an attractive name may do good service, but which require something more to render them permanently successful. *Royal Favorites* is a capital name connected with an admirable subject. It is the title of a work in two volumes, of which Mr. Sutherland Menzies is the author. As the eye glances at the title and falls on the mere outward aspect of these brilliant-looking volumes, the mind is attracted by their promise and excited by pleasant expectation. Let us add, what might be the sum of all our criticism, that when the reader has gone through the glittering series, from the favorites of Edward of Caernarvon to the round dozen of her who had insatiate appetite for favorites, Catherine the Second of Russia, he will acknowledge that Mr. Menzies is one who does not tire of his work, and whose industry and

persistence are, in these easy-going days, something remarkable.

We do not know on what authority the first Bonaparte founded his statistics; but he was fond of asserting to his own familiar friends that out of a hundred favorites of kings, ninety-five had been hanged, ("*Sur cent favoris des rois quatre-vingt-quinze ont été pendus*.") Nations, the same imperial authority once remarked, have always been badly administered when the government has been in the hands of favorites. This maxim, however, is far from being indisputable. Many sovereigns might be named who governed wisely only through favorites of higher intellect and honester purpose than their patrons, and who ceased to govern well as soon as they lost the support and guidance on which they used to rely. Even some of those *belles pécheresses*, the mistresses of the kings of France, were so much superior to their royal lovers as to keep them in the path of every duty, save one, from which those kings were too much given to stray. Even that unclean Gascon, Piers de Gaveston, was neither vulgar in manner, nor in spirit a coward, nor in mind a fool. Mr. Menzies, who has no love for his hero, says that much for him with undoubted truth. And equally truly is it asserted of Agnes Sorel, that "faulty," as Mr. Menzies, with much liberality, designates her character to have been, the lady of beauty worked as wonderful a metamorphosis in the indolent character of Charles the Seventh as the Maid of Orleans did in the fortunes of France. Voltaire has misrepresented both of these remarkable women. France is just now engaged in collecting means wherewith to raise a magnificent and permanent testimonial to the valor, the virtues, and the patriotic services of Joan of Arc. To Agnes Sorel there can be, of course, no such record of her deeds. But her portrait may be fittingly found in the edifice inscribed, "*À toutes les gloires de la France*;" for she exercised an influence—not so "mysterious," perhaps, as Mr. Menzies describes it—for good, over a king who could not have been otherwise influenced. We quite agree with the author that Agnes Sorel was

"emphatically a woman fitted to grace the best days of chivalry, and to shine in that precise period of the middle ages when respect and love for the sex were mingled with other noble, gentle, and generous sentiments;" but when Mr. Menzies adds that these sentiments were "altogether unknown in Greece among its fascinating hetære, as shown toward the austere, high-minded, but in latter times degenerate, matrons of Rome," we take some exception to the statement. Pericles loved Aspasia sufficiently well to make her his wife; and the intellect rather than the beauty of the lady enabled her to form the most brilliant orators of Greece. The generosity, at least, of sentiment which carried admirers to the feet of Lais, and which was so lavish as to have given rise to the proverb, "*Non cuius contingit adire Corinthum*," is not to be disputed. When Phryne, accused of impiety, unveiled her bosom to her judges, their reverence for so much beauty led them at once to the gallant injustice of acquitting her. Lamia and the upper hussydom of Greece astound us by the extravagance of their vices; but there were virtues too among many of them, and the memory of her who bit off her tongue, rather than betray her country by a word, was nobly and generously immortalized by the erection of a commemorative statue of a tongueless lion.

In the treatment of so wide a subject as "royal favorites" something like an arbitrary arrangement is to be expected. Such is the case in the thousand pages of these two volumes. Their contents, however, will be sufficiently, if summarily, indicated by the statement that, as regards England, we have chapters on the favorites of Edward of Caernarvon and his Queen; on those of Queen Elizabeth, James the First and his consort; and finally on George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who occupies a full half of the second volume. Of French subjects, we have Agnes Sorel, Diana of Poitiers, the minions of Henri of Valois, Chastelar, the fair Gabrielle, the favorites of Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, and Marie de Rohan. Spain yields Maria de Padilla; Italy, the Italian favorites in France of Maria

de' Medici; and Russia contributes in a single chapter notices of the twelve favorites, or, as it may be more correctly put, twelve of the favorites, of the second Catherine. This list might be, of course, indefinitely extended, but Mr. Menzies has been sufficiently liberal. His fifteen chapters contain abundant illustration of the lives of the individuals who come under the head of "royal favorites;" and the work would have been more than overdone if a single addition had been made to the measure already heaped and running over.

We must further remark that in a work of such variety and extent some inaccuracies must inevitably occur. These will be found rather in the English than the foreign subjects. The former will bear some revision preparatory to a second edition; and meanwhile intelligent readers will easily rectify such errors as they may detect. It must be remembered that the subject belongs to the romance of history, and is mostly so treated by the author. Livy is an accepted historian, although we may not place implicit credit in the long dialogues in which some of his characters indulge. In a like way, we are not called upon to believe that all the ladies and gentlemen in these volumes addressed each other in the *ipsissima verba* here set down to their account. Such speeches, however, are founded on actions; and they illustrate, according to the writer's view of the subject, the manners, customs, deeds, and morals of the periods in which the respective scenes are laid. It must be understood that we do not indorse all the opinions of the author which are suggested in these speeches, nor all the conclusions at which he arrives in judging his heroes and heroines. On the other hand, his zeal and industry have been so indefatigable, that in consideration of what is so rare, a generous criticism will overlook some shortcomings.

Mr. Menzies remarks of the creation of Gaveston by Edward the Second as Earl of Cornwall, that such a creation was "an honor then, as now, usually reserved for the royal family." This is not quite correct; and the subject is of sufficient interest, historically, to

be worth while pausing upon for an instant. Gaveston was the sixth earl, and two of his predecessors were of illegitimate birth. The third earl, Reginald, was a natural son of Henry the First, and the fifth was the illegitimate child of Reginald. It was within the prerogative of the crown, however unwisely exercised in this case, not only to make Gaveston Earl of Cornwall, but to endow him with all the possessions of Edmund, the last previous Earl, who had died in the convent founded by him at Ashridge, leaving no heirs. Edmund's property, like his title, lapsed to the crown. When Edward the Third, in 1337, created his first-born son Duke of Cornwall, he limited that title, henceforth and forever, to the eldest male heir to the throne. Again, Mr. Menzies very truly shows with what fatal facility Gaveston made enemies by wounding their vanity and self-esteem. The arrogant Gascon probably never had a more bitter enemy than Thomas of Lancaster. Capgrave, in his Chronicle, informs us wherefore: "1307," which was the year before Gaveston was named Earl of Cornwall, "the same Peter made a great tournament fast by Wallingford, where he had gathered many jousts, aliens, and others; and they bore down in jousts many Englishmen; that is to say, Thomas Earl of Lancaster, Humfrey of Herforth, Eymor of Pembroke, John Warenne, and many others, for which he had great indignation." Mr. Menzies has not omitted to notice this tournament, nor some of those whom the foreigners overcame there; but by a little slip of the pen he has forgotten to name that redoubtable Thomas whose tilt out of his saddle into the dust was one of the chief causes of the action which led to Gaveston's death.

It is a singular fact that Thomas of Lancaster (and, we may add, of Leicester and of Lincoln) was as ready to fling contemptuous phrases at others as he was indignant at having them flung at him by Gaveston. He was a popular man because he hated foreigners and opposed the court. But his opposition to the court was made in no better spirit than that of the royal

favorite to the peers who were his enemies. Thus, when Edward the Second summoned a parliament to York, Thomas stationed himself at Pomfret, and barricaded the road so that the barons could not proceed northward. When the King himself came thither, on his way southward, Thomas and his men issued from the castle, and hailed the sovereign with every ridiculous, vile, and contemptuous epithet they could find in the vituperative vocabulary. Lancaster himself had chafed at Gaveston having spoken of him as a vain stage-player; but at Pomfret the King's kinsman pelted his superior with vulgar names. We will not omit to notice further, as an illustration of the morals of a prince who was not much more estimable than the haughty favorite whom he hunted to a cruel death, (such a death as he himself was doomed to suffer, the first so inflicted on an English prince of the blood-royal,) that the Earl de Warenne, who shared with Thomas the humiliation of being overthrown at the tournament at Wallingford, was the paramour of Lancaster's wife Alicia de Lacy; and that the husband received that too celebrated lady home again when she chose to abandon her lover! The gentle Alicia is suspected of having attempted to poison Lancaster; and of her three subsequent husbands she is known to have so disposed of the second, for the sake of marrying with the third, a young fellow who survived her. There was no lady who so contributed to the gossip of the fourteenth century as this lively Alice, "Countess of Lancaster, Leicester, Lincoln, and Salisbury."

As we continue to peruse the lessons inculcated in these annals of royal favoritism, the one that leaves the most impression is that such favor was always fatal to him who enjoyed the privilege. The fact, however, is, that in those olden days men fought fiercely for a position and for influence, and violent death was generally the penalty paid by the losers. A German proverb says that it is dangerous for ordinary men to eat cherries at the tables of princes; but most men consider that it is more unpleasant

still to be uninvited to the table, and unable to reach the fruit. Favoritism, no doubt, had its peculiar perils; but so had every condition of life. The third Hugh Despencer was hanged and outrageously mutilated; but the first and second came to as violent end; for the second was hanged too, and the first was among the slain at the battle of Evesham. As for Queen Isabella and Mortimer, their tale has been told by their enemies; and we suspect that we are far away from the exact truth of the story of that royal favorite and his well-abused mistress. All the known and scattered details have been carefully put together by the author; but there is left on the mind of the impartial reader, a feeling that what we possess is chiefly *ex-parte* testimony, and that neither Isabella nor Mortimer has had hitherto a fair trial before posterity.

Leicester and Hatton, Raleigh, Essex, and Blount, are the "favorites" whom Mr. Menzies classes under the reign of Elizabeth. We must say that we do not share his ill opinion of the first, nor his good opinion of the last; but this may not be the case with the majority of his readers. Probably the only wise, or at least the wisest, man of the five, was Sir Christopher Hatton, who, as the author remarks, made more friends and fewer enemies, than perhaps any royal favorite that ever existed. The secret of that success lay in the fact that Hatton was neither too presuming on one side nor too arrogant on the other. It was different with the other favorites of Elizabeth; none of whom came to grief, however, through their position as favorites. Leicester kept in favor to the end of his life; and Elizabeth's indorsement of a note written to her by the earl on his dying-bed—"His last letter"—we take to be conclusive of the fact that, however speedily the Queen found consolation, she had then a tender and mournful regard for that wayward Robin who had so often pleased and as often perplexed that rather capricious mistress. Raleigh's many errors have been forgotten in the memory of his undeserved fate, in the reign of James. Essex perhaps stood nearer to the pure kins-

womanly favor of the Queen than any other man could have done; but Elizabeth's regard for him was of a totally different character from that she experienced for Leicester. Essex was a relative whom she would have guided; Leicester was a man whom perhaps she loved. As for Blount, he was one of those men who love their neighbors' wives better than they do their own. Our contempt for him is as great as it is for any of the favorites of James and his consort, Anne of Denmark—Moray and Ruthven, Ramsay, Herbert, Hay, and Carr; there is an odor of blood or uncleanness about the very best or the least wicked of them. There is great interest as well as great scandal—that is, great offense—in their several histories; and it is singular that Mr. Menzies, after detailing the history of some of the king's favorites, should remark that "it is rather curious that James, the most slovenly of men in his own person, should have been as fastidious even as Elizabeth touching the looks and dress of those who were about him." The "fastidiousness" of James arose from a motive which did not influence the Queen. Those Stuart favorites came to various evil ends. Moray and Ruthven were murdered; Ramsay left no heir to his proud title of Earl of Holderness; Philip Herbert, horsewhipped in his lifetime, left behind him the memory of his popular name—"the memorable simpleton;" Hay founded no line, as he had hoped, of Earls of Carlisle; and Carr Earl of Somerset is "carrion" that, Mr. Carlyle says, in his peremptory way, "had better be buried." Implicated in the murder of Overbury, and under the pressure of charges of even a worse nature, Carr stinks in the nostrils of fame. Yet he was not abject by nature; and one historian—desirous of saying a good word for a man against whom every one flings a stone—Mr. Dixon—remarks: "More than one popular poet found in Carr a patron and a friend. He was kind to Jonson—more than kind to Donne. For years he maintained the closest intimacy with Overbury—a connection not to have been kept with that sensitive and haughty man of genius had

Carr been the fool in feathers and rosettes he is commonly made."

We have already stated that the lion's share of this book is given to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. As illustrations of royal favorites, however, Mr. Menzies might almost have been justified in giving a history of all the Buckingham peers, from Walter Giffard the first Earl, created just eight hundred years ago, to the last duke, whose memoirs and correspondence can hardly be said to have highly edified the public. It is most singular that long as this particular peerage has existed, it has never yet been borne by more than three members of the same family. The second Giffard died childless; the only De Clare left no male issue; the second Plantagenet left no issue at all, and so ended the earls in 1399.

In the year 1444, Humphrey Stafford, son of Anne Plantagenet, Countess of Stafford, sister of the last Earl of Buckingham, was created Duke. This favorite had special precedence granted him over all other dukes not of the blood-royal; but there was another favorite, Henry de Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, who disputed this right of precedence. So difficult was it to adjust the balance of this dispute by the merits of the respective claimants, that parliament, in despair, at last decreed by an especial act, that supreme precedence should be enjoyed by each duke in alternate years. Only three Staffords held this poor privilege. The first was slain in battle; the other two were beheaded; and under consequent attainder, the honors of the house became forfeited. Some eighty years later, the last male representative of the great Duke of Buckingham, the first Humphrey Stafford, claimed the inheritance of his family honors and titles; but he was refused on the ground of his poverty; and he died in obscurity, under the pseudonym of Fludd.

The earldom was revived and the marquise created in 1618, in the person of the royal favorite George Villiers, who occupies so important a space in these volumes, and who was raised to the dukedom in 1623. Reresby described him as the finest gentle-

man, both for person and wit, he had ever seen. This proud and mischievous peer ended his career by assassination; and in the person of his worthless son—a royal favorite too—the line of Villiers became extinct in 1632. From 1703 to 1735 the title was held by the two Sheffields. To them have followed the Grenvilles, the first of whom was the king's favorite, who assisted George the Third to overthrow the coalition, and yet of whom the King said in his illness that he (George the Third) hated nobody but the Marquis of Buckingham. The dukedom was revived in 1822, the present possessor being the third of his house who has held the title.

Of few peerages can such a history as this be written. Of the duke to whom Mr. Menzies has devoted the greater portion of his pages, the author says that he "had lofty aspirations, a spirit which was fitted to lead others by its own invincibility, and a mind of quick conceptions. . . . The genius of the man was daring and magnificent; and his elocution was graceful as his manners. But these were natural talents; he possessed no acquired ones." It seems to us that in this case historical fact is at variance with the author's judgment. Indeed this sketch of Buckingham is the least satisfactory of the author's performances. The domestic series of state papers will enable him to correct the inaccuracies of some portions of this life; and the last published history of Bacon, or the article which appeared thereon in the first number of this magazine, will, if consulted, help him to a more correct appreciation of the great Chancellor than he has come to in his own pages.

Probably to most readers the chapters which treat of Mary Stuart and Chastelar the poet will offer the greatest attraction. They are amplified from Mignet, and narrate one of the most romantic of stories. Mr. Menzies belongs to that numerous class who as implicitly believe in Mary's innocence as they have faith in her beauty. "All about her," we are told, "yielded to the resistless" (*sic*) "charm of that beauteous face and form, which only to look on was to

love. Cotemporary poets might aptly say that *the loveliest rose of Scotia bloomed on the topmost branch*. Ronsard and De Bellay called her the *tenth Muse*." Speaking again of the ill-fated Queen's beauty and its evil consequences, Mr. Menzies remarks that, "of all the eminently beautiful women the world has ever seen, Mary Stuart wrought the most of wreck and utter ruin with the kindest disposition and best intentions." Chastelar belonged to that school of poets which was founded by De Bellay and established by Ronsard. The former contended that except in clear imitations of the Greek and Latin classics, there was no chance of salvation for French literature. Ronsard, the great favorite of his period, the spoiled child, as he has been called, of princes and people, is justly charged with having abused the privilege of imitating the classic authors to such a degree as to render the French language unrecognizable in his verses. But he was not thus unwise in *all* his works, some of which are thoroughly French and very musical. Around Ronsard clustered the poets known by the name of the *Pleiad*, from their numbers; and beyond that circle shone a bright company of cotemporary poets, including Regnier, of the masterly *Satires*, and Agrippa d'Aubigné, whose *Tragiques* continue to enjoy a well-merited reputation.

This was exactly the school that Mary Stuart most loved and imitated; and Chastelar, the first of her favorites, came to her additionally recommended by his affiliation to the school of poesy in which she herself had studied, and whose songs she had sung to that precious harp which is still preserved in the family of Stewart of Dalguise. This Chastelar was a Dauphiny gentleman of the fearless and reproachless blood of Bayard, whom, according to Brantôme, the poet very closely resembled. Of Chastelar's power as a poet Brantôme quaintly says: "He wrote even verses of the very best, and as good as any gentleman of France could write, making use of soft and gentle poesy like a true cavalier." He had been a page in the house, and a soldier in the tents of Montmorency.

He had glittered in the old Louvre and in the new Tuileries, and had crossed swords with men whom he stretched dead on the grass of the Pré aux Clercs. He was without doubt a most accomplished gentleman, and was shaped to win admiration, if Mr. Menzies's picture of him be really to the life, in which counterfeit presentment we see his "long dark curls and bright eyes," to look on which "was to behold the poet-type in its most attractive form; and when to beauty of feature and culture of mind were added a graceful figure, skill in horsemanship as in all knightly exercises, great kindliness of disposition and gentle mirth, what wonder that with the ladies of Mary's court to be in love with Chastelar was as indispensable a fashion as to wear a pointed stomacher or a delicate lace-edging to the ruff?" Subsequently, the reader's attention is directed to the shadows as well as the lights in this portrait, and we find that Chastelar possessed "the defects as well as the good qualities of the men of the day," and that he was "indifferent as to religious matters." He seems to us, moreover, to have been influenced by that common vanity which makes fools believe themselves irresistible in the eyes of women. His extraordinary story is somewhat marred by this folly; nevertheless, there is so much of the purely romantic in the details of his life, there was such daring in his love, such calm and touching heroism in his death, as to set him in estimation far above the second favorite of Mary, the luckless Rizzio.

There was something highly dramatic in the way in which Chastelar first entered the court of Mary Stuart. He came in the suite of M. de Damville, who formed part of the Queen's escort when she left the *beau pays de France* for Scotland. Damville was deeply in love with Mary, who was unconscious of the homage; and he engaged Chastelar to accompany him and to reside at the Scottish court, after he had himself left, in order that the gifted young gentleman from Dauphiny might transmit to him information of interest touching the Queen; but Damville was not at all aware that Chastelar was as passionately enamored of the Queen as

he himself was. Chastelar had frequently been near her person at the French court, and one of the first objects of his life was to obtain a footing at the court of Scotland. Neither gentleman knew that the other was his rival, and Mary Stuart was equally ignorant of their eagerness to find favor in her eyes. Had she been as indifferent to admiration as she had previously been unconscious of their devotion to her, this little drama would not have terminated in disgrace and death.

Whatever were the means by which Chastelar recommended himself to Mary, they were completely successful. He went on missions for his mistress between Scotland and France; but we know nothing of their nature, save as regards the less important of them—as, for instance, when Chastelar carried from Mary to Ronsard the famous guerdon of chased silver which she bestowed on the minstrel for the sweet homage of his flattering song. In a passage curiously identical with one in Mignet, Mr. Menzies says that “on Chastelar’s return to France, at the time of the first civil war, he had felt no disposition to march with Damville against his co-religionists the Huguenots, or join the Huguenots against his liege lord, Damville.” Of course, the “liege lord” of Chastelar was the King of France, and not Damville; but his heart acknowledged a liege lady too; and to her service he returned, eager to show the depth, breadth, and intensity of his allegiance.

From the period of his being finally attached to Mary’s household, that course commenced for which it is hardly possible to say who is the more worthy of blame. The more the story is ventilated, the less do we like the Queen’s share in it. What greater presumption could there be than that of the Frenchman who wrote love-verses which he presented to the Queen? What greater indiscretion than that of Mary, who penned replies to these amorous odes, and made the young poet madly ecstatic, not only by such indecorous condescension, but by her familiarity with him, the long conversations they had together, and the access to her which was allowed in Chastelar’s favor, when it was denied to

nobler, graver, and wiser men? It may have been all mere coquetry or thoughtlessness on Mary’s part; but she had been brought up in a profligate court, and had learnt there a defiance of public opinion, which is, nevertheless, always fatal to the reputation of a woman. Mignet records that “during all the winter of 1563 Chastelar was allowed more frequent access to her private cabinet than any one of her nobility.” Brantome—who, as Sir James Mackintosh remarks, “fortunately for posterity,” attended Mary from Calais to Edinburgh, and furnished historians with materials for history—Brantome says, that she “made good cheer for Chastelar, and frequently entertained him.” Knox gives, with similar testimony, much that is more damaging still. He not only denounces the immodest dancing of the Queen and Chastelar, as partners, and their scandalous intimacy, but adds that the Queen would sometimes lie on Chastelar’s shoulder, “and sometimes would privily steal a kiss of his neck. And all this was honest enough,” says Knox, in his angry sarcastic manner, “for it was the gentle entreatment of a stranger.”

Of the trifling quality of some of the familiarity with which Mary treated the French poet Mr. Menzies gives one instance; for which, however, he does not cite his authority. Such authority would have been worth naming, as it would have enabled us to fix the original proprietorship of a joke which has been claimed alike for Joseph Miller and Peter Pindar. The Queen had commended a new copy of amatory verses by Chastelar as “a very happy piece.” “How could it be otherwise, madam,” replied Chastelar, bowing low, “with such a subject!” “Nay, nay,” said Mary, laughing and blushing at the same time; “I am no subject, Chastelar, but an anointed queen. Thou canst not make a subject of me.” Chastelar blushed in turn, as Mr. Menzies tells us, with his characteristic fondness for rather superfluous detail, and said, smiling, “Your wit, madam, has thrown me out,” etc. To those who are curious in the chronology of jokes, some information as to the authority on which this passage is

founded would have been very acceptable. Mr. Menzies could not have found any difficulty in satisfying our natural curiosity on this point. That his means of obtaining exclusive information are greater than those at the disposal of ordinary writers is made evident by a passage in which he tells us of what the Earl of Moray once said to himself when he was alone! Commonly a person, when alone, does not fall into talking with himself; a man in such a position may think, but he will not speak. Novelists even rarely make a character thus solely colloquial, and soliloquies on the stage are simply the methods by which the audience gets at the designs of him who is made by the author to speak aloud. To return, however, to Mary and the first of her luckless favorites.

It is evident that the madness of arrogance into which the young poet fell was lit up in him by a species of encouragement of his adoration on the part of the Queen, which seemed at least to say to him: "Who asketh faintly teacheth to deny." It was only when he construed that encouragement in a too fervent sense that the Queen's action might have been read by him as meaning: "He comes too near who comes to be denied." Similar encouragement, and similar misapprehension of what seemed encouragement, had previously exposed Mary Stuart to some very brutal wooing. One Captain Hepburn had addressed his homage to her with such unsentimental rudeness, that it is difficult to understand how the Tarquinian captain escaped the gallows. Of Chastelar's first act of felonious presumption there are two accounts. Mr. Menzies adopts that in which Chastelar, "proceeding from one impropriety to another," at length secreted himself in a closet in the Queen's bed-chamber, in which he was discovered by the indignant Mary herself. The second account saves her from this humiliation, without screening the crime of the offender. It is therein said that some of the Queen's female attendants found the poet concealed under the royal bed, and that they ejected him from the chamber before the Queen appeared. Either way, as we have said, the offense was equally

great; but it was not visited with the rigor which certainly should have fallen upon the offender, who, if the details here given are to be credited, was simply banished the court and kingdom, in a note addressed to him by the Queen's own hand. We are further told that the female attendants were bound to secrecy, and that Mary was satisfied with thus saving, as she supposed, Chastelar's life and her own reputation.

Chastelar, however, does not appear to have believed that the Queen's indignation was serious. He was so irreclaimably mad as to have some right to the pity which Mary felt. Nothing but madness, or a belief, which may be taken for a part of madness, that the Queen looked upon him with something of more tender quality than compassion, could have induced this man to commit the same offense twice. Yet, two nights after this scene in Edinburgh, the Queen, on her way to St. Andrew's, entered her sleeping-apartment at Burntisland, and as she did so, Chastelar issued from behind some hangings, and flung himself at her feet. That he could have got access to such a chamber bespeaks much negligence on the part of the attendants, or such custom on their side to see Chastelar wend whither he would, that they never thought of prohibiting him. Be this as it may, at this fresh offense Mary lost both patience and pity. At her screams, Moray, her half-brother, and a host of followers, rushed into the room, and the Queen's first eager cry was for Moray to stab him. On the other hand, Chastelar lost something of his dignity if he replied, as is here stated, to the questioning of Moray, that he had come into the Queen's room "to take leave of her majesty before returning to France, for which I set out to-morrow." At the best, this must have been mere subterfuge, and it served no purpose. Moray, who cared little for Chastelar's life or his sister's reputation—willing rather to destroy both—ordered the poet to prison, and would not listen to any extenuating circumstances suggested on his behalf by Mary herself! The whole party, offender and offended, passed onward to St. Andrew's,

where within three days the too presuming poet was put upon his trial, by way of preparation for his execution. During this investigation, "the Earl of Moray made repeated indirect attempts to lead him to make statements prejudicial to the Queen, urging him, with a show of candor and pretended regard for justice, to inform the court of any thing and every thing which he thought might be available in his defense, without regard to the rank and condition of those whom such statements might implicate. This language was too plain to be misunderstood. Every one present perceived that it contained a pointed allusion to the Queen. Chastelar, amongst the rest, felt that it did so;" and he first laid all the scandal to his own folly, and then ascribed it to the intensity of his love "for the noblest and loveliest of created beings."

This plea was not calculated to benefit the prisoner, who was forthwith condemned to be beheaded, and small time left him for shrift. Some of that time he passed, however, in taking leave of the Queen in mournfully tender verse. For this poetry Mary had no appetite; she had lost her old feeling of pity, and was as little inclined that Chastelar's life should be saved as Moray was. She withdrew to Holyrood before the execution, rejected an application for mercy, "and commanded the following couplet, inscribed by an unknown hand on the wall of her chamber, to be effaced:

'Sur front de roy
Que pardon soit!'"

But there is a tradition that Mary connived at an attempt to effect Chastelar's escape.

Some accounts make this Dauphiny poet die with levity. It is evident that Chastelar encountered death in the spirit of a man who was without fear but not without feeling. He walked to the scaffold repeating the "Hymn to Death," by his friend Ronsard, in which are sung the pain and vanity of human desire, and the superior calm and content of death. This was something pagan, and Brantome records that Chastelar "employed no other spiritual book, nor minister,

nor confessor;" that is to say, neither Presbyterian nor Roman Catholic. But Knox, who detested him with all heartiness, says, "At the place of execution, when he saw that there was no remedy but death, he made a godly confession;" and Randolph asserts that he died with repentance: that he died with something too of the old troubador spirit, can not be denied. When he had concluded reciting the Hymn to Death, he turned, according to Brantome, in the direction of the place where he supposed the Queen to be, and exclaimed aloud: "Farewell, most beautiful and most cruel princess in the world!" And then, fearlessly offering his neck to the executioner, he allowed himself to be disposed of without difficulty.

Thus ended one of the most curious episodes in the history of those times. We have dealt with it at some length, because, though it be but an episode, it led to matters of greater historical importance. It excited a general desire that the Queen should place her honor under the safeguard of a second husband; and it led to that fatal marriage with Darnley—a weak, vain, diseased lad—which again was followed by the murder of a royal favorite, the cruel assassination of Mary's husband, and her re-marriage with the murderer, hot and bloody with his evil work. Other consequences ensued, which it is beyond our limits to narrate; but war, the sword, or the executioner is to be found in each succeeding episode of that miserable queen's most miserable life. As the question of Mary's immediate marriage would not have been so pertinaciously urged but for the scandal raised by Chastelar, we may at once see what misery arose out of the indiscretion of the Queen, who caused, if she did not encourage, the presumption of the poet. But we need not speculate on what might have been, but for this early fault in Mary's checkered career. The story, as it can be told from such authorities as exist, is not narrated perhaps in all the fullness that the truth would bear. All that we are likely to obtain from state papers that may yet be discovered may not add much to help conclusions at which we have already arrived, con-

tingently and conjecturally. We may guess that which may be hereafter proved; meanwhile, we are thankful for what we can get, and are especially thankful to all chroniclers who have power to condense their materials, who do not employ their imaginations in the elaboration of facts, who eschew affectation, who refrain from misappropriation of the labors of others, who have patience to weigh authorities, and sense and fairness in determining between conflicting evidence.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FAMILY.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

WE offer to our readers, at the head of this number of *THE ECLECTIC*, a rare and beautiful engraving, representing a family scene of great interest and attraction. The principal personage is a prince among all the poets of the world. His name, his writings, his works and his fame will live as long as great thoughts, beautiful language and cardinal principles shall find a dwelling-place in the admiration of mankind. He opened the great gold mines and the silver mines of ideas, and brought out their priceless treasures, and coined them into a literary currency for all coming ages. The genius, the wisdom, the talents and the productions of Shakespeare have never perhaps been equaled by any man not divinely inspired. Foremost in the grand literary phalanx, the banner of Shakespeare waves on high above all his compeers, while around his standard he rallies all the champions in the field of intellect and mental progress. But giant pens in past ages have written his eulogy, and it is akin to presumption to attempt to say more. Our readers will pardon us thus far. Our object is simply to introduce them or present them to Shakespeare and his family at their home at Stratford-upon-Avon. We suppose it was on some evening about 1600. Shakespeare had been engaged for some time in writing the tragedy of *Hamlet*. He had perhaps completed it. Desiring to please and gratify his wife and children, he had proposed to

read it to them. The allotted evening had come. The family are together. The reading has been begun and progressed at some length. His wife and children are apparently much interested in the tragic story. They are all in a listening posture. The wife is looking up from her needle-work in fond admiration. Shakespeare seems to be repeating the language of the tragedy from memory, holding the manuscript in his hand while his eyes are turned, not upon the faces of his family, but upon some object in the room, perhaps to aid his memory in repeating what he had written. Without any positive knowledge on the subject, we may believe the truth of the representation in the engraving. It is, moreover, quite possible that had some visible or invisible photographer been present to take an impression of the scene, this may have been the truthful one.

Our object is simply to explain the engraving, and impart, as far possible, a sort of life-like impression to the mind of the reader. A brief biographical sketch of the family personages seems necessary—not so much of the father, whose history is well known, as concerning his wife, and especially their son and two daughters—for the purpose of adding interest to the engraving.

William Shakespeare, the national dramatist of England, was the son of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, and was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, on April twenty-third, 1564, as averred by tradition—being St. George's day, the anniversary of the patron saint of England. His baptism is recorded three days afterward in the parish register, preserved in the Stratford church, where it may still be seen by the traveler. The house and the chamber in which the great bard was born, are objects of intense interest. On the window in the room may be seen scratched Sir Walter Scott's well-known signature and the famous name of William M. Thackeray. In regard to the accuracy of Shakespeare's portrait as seen in the engraving, we can only say it corresponds in a great degree to the bust of the poet at Stratford, and with all the best portraits we have seen. We pass over the child-

hood and youth of Shakespeare as not needful to our explanation of the engraving. At the age of eighteen, he was a handsome, well-made young man, hazel-eyed and auburn-haired, with all his natural gifts superadded to his wonted elasticity of spirits and frankness of youth. He was an object of interest and attraction to the fair maidens of Stratford. But not there did he find a wife. In the little hamlet of Shottery, about a mile to the west of Stratford, dwelt Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman. Her, Shakespeare wooed and won when in his nineteenth year, while Anne had reached the maturer age of twenty-seven. They were married at Worcester, the seat of the diocese in which Stratford is situated. The eldest child was a daughter, who was named Susanna, who afterward became the wife of Dr. Hall, of Stratford. She appears in the engraving leaning on her father's shoulder, with elbows resting on the table. Her baptism is recorded in the parish register on May twenty-sixth, 1783. This would make her age to be about seventeen, by supposition, at the scene in the engraving. The only other issue of the marriage were twins, a boy and a girl. Their names were Hamnet and Judith, who were baptized February second, 1585. Hamnet, the son, must have died soon after the time of the scene in the engraving, where he appears about fifteen years of age, a lad of a fine countenance. Judith, his twin sister, lived to be the wife of Thomas Quincey, of Stratford, a wine-merchant. In the engraving, Hamnet appears standing and listening, while Judith is sitting on a low seat, leaning on her father's knee, gazing up into his face.

The cottage in which Anne Hathaway resided, still exists at Shottery, and presents, at the present day, nearly the same appearance that it did in the time of Shakespeare. There is the neat

NEW SERIES—VOL. III. No. 1

and pretty garden and the little orchard near by. A vine climbs up the wall of the house to which Shakespeare used to come love-making to Miss Anne. The reader can examine her portrait in the engraving and decide for himself the quality of her beauty and intellect as best he may. The scene in the engraving may be considered historic. It is a subject for careful study. Shakespeare died on his fifty-second birthday, of a fever. Anne survived her husband seven years, and was buried in the same church at Stratford. Susanna, the wife of Dr. Hall, a principal physician at Stratford, died July eleventh, 1649, aged sixty-six. Judith, the other daughter, died in 1662, at the age of seventy-seven. She left three sons, who all died without issue. Thus, in fifty-four years, the lineal descendants of Shakespeare became extinct.

We close this brief explanation sketch with a pleasant incident in the life of the great bard, which illustrates his adroitness and courtly tact.

Shakespeare was personating on one occasion the character of a king in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, who, in walking across the stage, the honored place in those days for the higher classes of the audience, dropped her glove as she passed close to the poet. No notice was taken by him of the incident; and the Queen, desirous of knowing whether this procedure was the result of mere inadvertence, or a determination to preserve the consistency of his part, moved again toward him, and again let her glove fall. Shakespeare stooped down to pick it up, saying, in the character of the monarch whom he was personating:

"And though now bent on this high embassy,
Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove."

He then retired from the stage and presented the glove to the Queen, who is reported to have been highly pleased.

P O E T R Y .

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

(FOUNDED ON THE DRAMA OF THAT NAME BY MESSRS. TOM TAYLOR AND CHARLES READE.)

To the scaffold's foot she came :
Leaped her black eyes into flame,
Rose and fell her panting breast—
There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor death and shameful tomb—
Heard the price upon his head :
"I will save him !" she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too :
She will weep, but Ruth will do,
Who should save him, sore distressed,
Who but she who loves him best ?"

To the scaffold now she come,
On her lips there rose his name,
Rose, and yet in silence died—
Annie nestled by his side !

Over Annie's face he bent,
Round her waist his fingers went ;
"Wife" he called her—called her "Wife !" *her*
Simple word to cost a life !

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay ;
But she coldly turned away :
"He has sealed his traitor fate—
I can love, and I can hate."

"Annie is his wife," they said ;
"Be it wife, then, to the dead ;
Since the dying she will mate :
I can love, and I can hate !"

"What their sin ? They do but love ;
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight :
"I can love, and I can hate !"

"Mercy !" still they cried. But she :
"Who has mercy upon me ?
Who ? My life is desolate—
I can love, and I can hate !"

From the scaffold stair she went,
Shouts the noonday silence rent,
All the air was quick with cries :
"See the traitor !—see, he dies !"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,
Saw the ax upswinging gleam :
All her woman's anger died—
"From the King !" she faintly cried—

"From the King. His name—behold !" *his*
Quick the parchment she unrolled :
Paused the ax in upward swing—
"He is pardoned !" "Live the King !"

Glad the cry, and loud and long :
All about the scaffold throng,
There entwining, fold and fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is pressed,
While the white lips murmuring move :
"I can hate—but I can love !" *her*
—*London Society.* W. S.

ON THE RHINE.

On the little plank-pier of the village,
The village on banks of Rhine,
With peasants brown from the tillage,
See a traveling youth recline.

The rock with its castle facing,
Vine-hills in a sunny air,
The silver current chasing
With image reversed and rare.

But the youth loses eyes of dreaming
In the heat-haze luminous,
Afar where the flood looks streaming
From skies mysterious.

Till a cloud or a smoke faint staining,
A phantom emerges dim ;
Though his eye grow tired with straining,
His heart rings a happy chime

With the wash of the mighty water
As it forks at the pier piles,
And the peasant's careless laughter,
And the myriad river smiles.

He can see the deck of the steamer,
The froth of her rushing wheel ;
Now sidling smoother and tamer,
Fling the uncoiling reel !

And a maiden has waved him greeting
As he hurries across the plank,
While thirsty eyes in the meeting
Draughts for a century drank.

To the vineyards turn their glances
And storied castle shells,
To the creaming foam as it dances
In the crush of the paddle swells.

But their faces touch more nearly
Than any thing compels,
If two young travelers merely
Study the Drachenfels.

At the last I saw them standing
With wringing hands locked long ;
But the careless crowd at the landing
To separate was strong.

To bear through the years asunder
With a change of cares and strife,
Till they only vaguely wonder
Where each has roved in life.

And if either came to the river
In a far-off after year,

And saw the sunlight quiver
On water about the pier;

It would seem to them two strangers
Had met as lovers here,
While they, mere careless rangers,
Had traveled with him and her.

For the hour has been crowned and banished
When the youth stood there intent,
And the globes of the stream have vanished
Whereon his gaze was bent.

So vanished are thought and feeling
Which glimmered in boy and maid:
To the old loved places stealing
We find the Past is dead!

Our friends may be laughing or weeping
Much as they used of old,
Nor yet our little ones leaping
Over our loveless mould.

And one may indeed resemble
The man who was yours before,
And your wistful spirit a-tremble
May feel for the friend of yore.

Learn such a longing to smother!
Yesterday's friends are gone;
The man were not more another
Slept he under the stone.

Still stands the pier of the village;
But never from there again
That youth with men from the tillage
Eyes to the haze shall strain.

RODEN NOEL.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

TRYFTE IN THE SNOW.

A NOVEMBER IDYLL.

SILENT and swift the first snowflakes are falling
Through the dark glades of the myriad pines;
Far to the north the wild sea-birds are calling,
Dim in the westward the dying sun shines—
Pouring its rays on the gray turrets olden—
Turrets that crown the long weather-tried hall,
Where the broad windows glint daintily golden,
Ere the swift shades of the night can enthrall.

Cold, bitter cold! But the wind that is sweeping
Through the tall stems is unrecked of by me;
Little I heed the thick mist that is creeping
Slowly and surely from out by the sea.
Cold, bitter cold! But my heart is too glowing
To yield for a second to mist or to chill;
The elixir of love in my veins is fast flowing,
And it drowns the mere fancy of sorrow or ill.

Surely she'll come! Ah! as if in derision
Of hardly breathed doubt, now there comes on
my sight

The sweetest reality, yet such a vision
As poets have dreamed in the moments of light.
Would that the voice to my heart that has spoken,
Could syllable meaning and truth in this rhyme!
Enough that it gives me the tenderest token
Of love that defies change of fortune or time!

And how shall I paint her? how limn the expres-
sion

That lives in the light of those radiant eyes?
How symbol the half hid yet whole true confession
That comes to my heart as its exquisite prize?
The hazel-hued orbs in their beauty are peerless,
And match the brown braids that in silkiest
wealth

Are twined. Well I know that my life would be
cheerless
Were the picture not mine. And in glorious
health

The pink flushes over the face that I cherish
More than aught upon earth—while defying the
cold,
It is set in the fur-bordered hood. And there
perish

All sounds to my ears save the one that has told
To my heart, in the softest and tenderest fashion,
The truth that I hold as most valued by me,
Since I know that she scorns not the accents of
passion,
Half murmured amid the wild din of the sea!

Rush on, northern breeze! though the snow-
clouds are flying
Before the fierce might of your arrowy speed,
Although the last hours of the daylight are dy-
ing,

No soft summer beauty of evening I need.
My summer is here, where the truth that is
plighted
Beneath the pine-branches has given the earth
A sunshine by which all my life shall be lighted—
A joy that shall still be as now at its birth.

Snow clouds? *O giorno felice!* The glory
Of love unalloyed can turn winter to spring;
Blest! oh how much blest! be the one "old, old
story"

To which all the gifts of mortality cling.
Blest more be the hazel-eyed darling whose tresses
Just faintly bedrested with the wandering snow
Are the bonds of my heart, while the winter's
caresses

Entangle their braids as the wild breezes blow!
—*London Society.* W. R.

THE FORDS OF JORDAN, 1859.

'Tis scarce a hundred steps and one
Across this ridge of frost and fire,
Before the eastward view be won.
Stray on, and dally with desire,
Then lift eyes, and behold.

Hewn out without hands, they rise;
All the crests of Abarim.

Whence the prophet looked of old,
Back—o'er misery manifold,
Forward—o'er the Land unrolled
Underneath his way-worn eyes.
Quivering all in noon-tide blaze

Abarim, long Abarim
Glow, with very brightness dim.
Even as when the seer looked back
On the mazed grave-marked track;
Over Edom, furnace-red,
O'er a generation dead,

When he knew his march was staid,
 Fiends and angels watched and waited
 As the undimmed eyes closed slowly,
 As the vast limbs withered wholly
 From their ancient strength unabated,
 As into the Vale of Shade,
 Seeing, not seen, he passed away;
 And none knoweth to this day
 Where the awful corpse is laid.

The Dead Sea salt, in crystal hoar,
 Hangs on our hair like acrid rime;
 And we are gray, like many more,
 With bitterness and not with time.
 Two hours of thirst, before we reach
 Yon jungle dense, and scanty sward;
 For many a league the only breach
 Where Jordan's cliffs allow a ford.
 Lo, spurs of Sheffield do our will,
 And, little Syrien barbs, be gay;
 All morn we spread you on the hill,
 Now—o'er the level waste—away,
 With your light stag-like bound.
 So cross the plain, nor slacken speed,
 And brush through Sodom-bush and reed,
 And tearing thorn, and tamarisk harsh,
 With growth of desert and of marsh,
 Cumbering the holy ground.
 Reach Jordan's beetling bank, and mark
 The winding trench deep-cloven and dark;
 The narrow belt of living green;
 The secret stream that writhes between;
 Death's River—sudden, swift, unseen—
 He is changed from his gay going;
 Could we know the arrowy stream,
 Once, whose tender talk in flowing
 Cast us softly into dream?
 Whirling now with fitful gleam
 In his precipice's shade,
 Like a half-drawn Persian blade,
 Of black steel, darkly bright?
 At his birth he went not so,
 Swelling pure with Hermon's snow,
 But joyous leapt in light.
 Must he fare to the Sad Sea,
 Through waste places even as we?
 Yet he makes a little mirth,
 Racing downward evermore;
 And the green things of sweet earth
 Cling a little to his shore:
 Even so it is: so let it be.
 But strip and try your might with him:
 He is the type of that black wave,
 Wherein the strong ones fail to swim;
 The likeness of the grave.
 Also his waters wash us free
 From salt scurf of the Bitter Sea.
 Stem his dark flood with shortened breath,
 And take the lesson as you may:
 That the baptismal stream of death
 Doth cleanse earth's bitterness away.

R. St. J. T.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

TWILIGHT.

The night flowers open; days are short;
 The red is paling in the west;
 Even the wayward flickering bat
 Is once again at rest.

Between the nettled apple-boughs
 Shine out once more the welcome stars;
 I dream in twilight of a slave
 Glaring through prison-bars.

No sound but when the beetles fall,
 Through darkening leafage of the elm;
 The blackness gathers o'er my eyes,
 And would my soul o'erwhelm,
 But that a pallor in the east,
 That still continuous spreads,
 Tells me that mellow darks like these
 Will blossom into morning reds.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE DEAD.

LAY her softly on the bier,
 In white, as fits a maiden,
 Lead the tresses round her ear,
 With stars of jasmine laden.

Strew flowers with their leafy stalks
 Upon her quiet bosom;
 No more along the garden-walks
 'Twill bend to meet the blossom.

Hushed as noon in summer be;
 Glide on lightest paces;
 Shapes around we can not see
 Sit with silent faces.

Death has kissed those waxen lips,
 And set his smile upon them,
 Sign to Nature, as she steps
 Past her, he hath won them.

And his angels watch around,
 With serene glances,
 Awaiting from the holy ground
 Time and Life's advances.

OF THE WORLD, BUT NOT WORLDLY

SOME spirit of the air she seemed,
 When first her form I saw—
 Some fairy such as bards have dreamed
 And painters striven to draw.
 She stood amid the tender sheen
 Of gorgeous flowers and branches green.
 With golden sunshine poured between,
 And half in awe,
 My poor heart recognized its queen
 By passion's law.

But, ah! when later, unproved,
 I clasped the darling to my breast,
 And heard her sweet lips lip "beloved,"
 The while her hand my cheek caressed,
 She was no spirit then, I knew,
 But my own love, so fair and true.
 Nearer my heart her form I drew,
 And closer pressed,
 Others may sprites and fays pursue—
 Dear woman's best!

I was of simple birth and state,
 For she was one of high degree.
 She left the wealthy and the great
 To share my modest lot with me!

And now our days with bliss are rife.
 She is the sunshine of my life;
 The noblest friend and truest wife
 On earth is she!
 Far from all worldly care and strife,
 How blest are we!
 —London Society.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

"*Frost and Fire. Natural Engines, Tool-Marks, and Chips: with Sketches taken at Home and Abroad.*" By a Traveler. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1865. The relation between force and matter forms one of the most interesting problems for solution by the philosopher. Indeed, the investigation of force, with a view to discover whether matter has any existence, is an inquiry of the highest interest. There appears to be good reason for the supposition that either of the two has only an abstract being. If, for example, we in imagination remove all force from any thing which we call matter, we shall find there is nothing left. Let us deprive a common stone of the light-force which gives us a retinal sensation, and of the mechanical force which gives to our tactile sense the materials for an idea, and what becomes of the stone? If, then, we regard all phenomena as simply the manifestation of force, our studies must be confined to force alone. This would appear to be the change which our modern natural philosophy is passing through. Grove's admirable essay upon the correlation of the physical forces was the first dawning of enlarged views in physics. To it, we may say, that we owe the knowledge that all forces are convertible, and that heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and mechanical power are all the result of the operation of one force which pervades the universe. After Grove's essay came Tyndall's grand treatise upon heat as a mode of motion, and now it is pretty generally believed that all varieties of force have a common basis. The author of *Frost and Fire* has chosen a sublime subject for his work, but we fancy he has not dealt with it satisfactorily. Those who are ignorant of geological physics would hardly have imagined the nature of the work from its title, yet the latter is well and aptly chosen. Frost and fire, the two extreme exemplifications of the most powerful form of force, have had much to do in shaping out our globe and giving it its present form. The causes which operate in the formation of sedimentary rocks would, if left entirely uncontrolled, result in rendering the surface of our globe a perfectly level one. They are, however, counteracted by the effects of "fire," or volcanic force, which tilts up the surface into mountains, and by "frost," which in the production of glaciers, grooves out these mountains into ravines, chasms, and lake-basins. These effects of frost and fire are well demonstrated and explained in Mr. Campbell's volumes, and are illustrated by the writer's sketches, which in some instances are very prettily executed. There is nothing in the pages before us which has not been put before our readers in a thousand different ways before; but the author is original in his style, and if we think that he has not arranged his matter in a sufficiently systematic manner, we admit that in doing so he has made it more readable than it would otherwise have been, and most per-

sons will forgive him on that score. There is, however, one fault of which he has been guilty, and which is less excusable, and that is the adoption in some parts of his work of a series of symbols descriptive of form. It may have exercised Mr. Campbell's ingenuity pleasanter to design a number of hieroglyphics significant of shape and outline, but it must be confessed that the introduction of them is any thing but agreeable to the reader. The observations in the preface convey some idea of the character of the writer's production:

"The following pages are meant for readers who take pleasure in natural science, without being philosophers. They are records of things seen or learned, and of thoughts which sprang up while scenes were fresh, or knowledge freshly gained; they are written by one who has no claim to scientific knowledge, and they are printed for people like himself. A traveler's book is not for learned professors, but for that vagrant class who wander and think for themselves—who think of something besides daily bread and or daily turtle and champagne, how to get ease and plenty, and how to get rid of time."

"Fire" occupies the least portion of the writer's book, which may indeed be said to be a voluminous popular essay on ice and ice action. We follow Mr. Campbell from the Alps to Norway, Scandinavia, Spitzbergen, and Iceland, and as we travel with him we pause beside some huge glacier, or boulder, or moraine, and listen to his pleasant story of its history and origin. In every instance we learn some new fact in physical science, and although our teacher has a quaint and somewhat humorous mode of expressing himself, still his power, as an instructor, is all the greater from this circumstance; for we can not listen without remembering his words, and as we accompany him on his wanderings we "can not choose but hear." Let us see how he illustrates the action of icebergs in producing deposits of gravel, such, for example, as those of the Somme valley:

"A plate of ice, loaded with sand and loose stones, must drop its load in the same way whatever its dimensions may be. In a small plate the ice gradually melts, and mounds of sand form themselves into conical heaps on the wet surface. But as the ice-raft melts it loses its power of flotation, and it becomes lop-sided; one edge sinks and the flat surface becomes a sloping plain. It slopes more and more as the ice melts, till the slope becomes so great that the deck-load slips and rolls to one side and sinks the sunken edge still more. Then the mounds slip and become avalanches, slide overboard, sink to the bottom, and become mounds there. But while rubbish is shot one way the float shoots in the opposite direction, and the rest of the deck-load is washed overboard as the raft slips through the water. Ice, relieved from weight, bobs up like a board and shoots off edge-ways, because there is least resistance in that direction. When rubbish-heaps are thus shot eastward, flat ice shoots westward, and the rubbish at the bottom is deposited as a mound with a tail stretching westward."

English, Irish, and Scotch glacial geology also receive Mr. Campbell's attention, and his observations on this branch of his subject should be carefully read by scientific tourists. The publisher deserves much praise for the excellent manner in

which the volumes have been executed, both in regard to printing and illustration; the binding is quite peculiar, the covers being so arranged that they exhibit, in "relief," the ice-markings which are seen upon certain rocks in St. John's, New-Brunswick.

Charles Scribner & Co.'s Publications.—This enterprising House have recently brought out a number of important works, of standard value. It has long seemed to us that they exercise a remarkable discrimination and a sound judgment in the choice of their publications. Scarcely an inferior book can be found on their long catalogue, while scores of works in all the departments of literature, of the highest interest and of permanent and superior worth, they have given to the public. Among their recent issues, possessing special interest to the readers of *THE ECLECTIC*, we name

Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. With an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, its Plots and Episodes. By Vincent Botta. 1865. Professor Botta has rendered a noble service to his adopted country, as well as to Italy and her great poet, by this contribution. He is evidently master of the whole subject, and gives us beyond doubt the best analysis of the *Commedia* to be found in the English language. The volume is written in the spirit of a philosopher and a critic, and can not fail to take the very first rank in the books which treat of the immortal poet. The sixth hundredth anniversary of Dante's death was recently celebrated with great pomp and *déclat* by his countrymen; and among all the contributions which the occasion called forth, none, we think, will exceed this. Our readers in this connection will be interested in the leading article of this number of *THE ECLECTIC*, giving some account of the great commemoration.

Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero. By William Forsyth. (2 vols.) 1866, is another standard issue of this house. The best critics in Great Britain and in this country unite in giving the meed of praise to this new biography of the great Roman. It is more than a century since Middleton's life of him was published, and that was in many respects faulty, and was encumbered with much of the history of the times. The present gives a much fuller and more complete view of Cicero, not only as an orator and a politician, but in private life, surrounded by his family and friends. It is a work which no gentleman's library can dispense with.

Uniform with these volumes, the same house present us with an elegant edition (in 2 vols. 1866) of *The Iliad of Homer, rendered into English Blank Verse.* By Edward Earl of Derby. Competent critics on both sides of the water have passed a favorable judgment on this literary effort of the English statesman. It is said to express far more of the spirit of the original than Pope's *Iliad*. Certain we are, that, whatever be the final verdict of scholars as to the comparative merits of this rendering, it possesses much of the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old poet; and this is doubtless owing to the fact that it is given in the Heroic blank verse. The author says: "It has been my aim throughout to produce a translation and not a paraphrase; not, indeed, such a translation as would satisfy, with

regard to each word, the rigid requirements of accurate scholarship, but such as would fairly and honestly give the sense and spirit of every passage and line." An excellent review of the work by a competent critic may be found in *THE ECLECTIC* for June last. This is another work which no library can do without.

Another superb work by the same house is the *History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude. Vols. I-IV. 1865. This is in many particulars a remarkable history of this eventful period. Vivid in description, minute and reliable in its details, and fresh and independent in its structure and execution, we are not surprised that it has been generally received with so many marks of favor. The most noteworthy feature of it is the character the author gives to Henry VIII.—so much more favorable than any previous historian has given him. The work, when completed, will form a standard history of this period.—All these works are given in the very best style of book-making. They are quite equal in all particulars to the best English books.

Wet Days at Edgewood with Old Farmers, Old Gardeners, and Old Pastors, is another of "Ik Marvel's" highly popular works, the counterpart of *My Farm at Edgewood*. The present work is dedicated to Mr. Scribner, in acknowledgment of his "literary judgment" and "uniform courtesy." It is truly a fascinating book, tracing farming down through the Greek and Roman literature to the present time, and is full of interest, and highly suggestive.

Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. By J. G. Holland. Same publishers. 1866. As a practical, common-sense, and vigorous writer, Dr. Holland ("Timothy Titcomb") has few superiors in this country. Hence his great popularity. The present work has been published only a few weeks, and yet it is already in the *thirteenth thousand*.

A Summer in Skye. By Alexander Smith. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865. This volume is descriptive in character, containing lively and graceful sketches of Edinburgh, Stirling, Glasgow, and other places, and of rural scenery in the north of Scotland. The author is favorably known as the writer of that clever novel *Alfred Hagart's Household*, and other works. Besides the prose descriptions, there are several poems in the book.

The same publishers have added to their list of "Companion Poets for the People," *Songs for all Seasons*, by Alfred Tennyson, and *Humorous Poems*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Ordeal for Wives. A Novel, by the Author "The Morals of Mayfair." New-York: American News Co. 1865. This work appeared as a serial in one of the English monthlies. It belongs to the better class of this kind of literature, and will no doubt find many readers.

The Martyr's Monument, being the Patriotism and Political Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln. The same publishers. This volume was prepared at the suggestion of Professor Francis Lieber, and contains the chief speeches, messages, orders, and

proclamations of the late President. It is a monument to his patriotism, sagacity, and goodness, which will long live in the memory of a grateful nation.

Physiology and the Laws of Health. By Edward Jarvis, M.D. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1866. This is an admirable text book for schools, academies, and colleges, by one every way competent to do justice to the important subject.

ART.

Brighton.—The exhibition of the Brighton Art Society opened, on the fourth of last month, with a collection of 230 oil paintings, 195 drawings in water-colors, and five examples of sculpture. Of the whole number of works exhibited, 76 are the productions of local artists. Among the leading subjects the following may be mentioned: "Tired," F. S. Cary; "Beatrice," E. Kennedy; "Imogen," J. B. Bedford; "After sunset merrily," F. Smallfield; "The Favorite," and "The Fisherman's Daughter," J. Noble; "Dutch Shipping," H. K. Taylor; "Amager Girl," and "Danish Nurse with a Parrot," Mme. Jerichau; "Sunday," J. J. Wilson; "Vanity," S. B. Halle; "Fowey Harbor," and others, by W. Linton; "Bilberry Gatherers," J. Bouvier; "The Fortune-Teller," D. Hardy; "Calais Sands," and "Fishing Boats," both by W. R. Beverley; "Asuan, Upper Egypt," and "Moorish Ladies," C. Vacher; "Dar Thurla," H. Tidey; "A Grave Hint," "Come into the Garden, Maud," and others, Hablot K. Browne; "A Swollen Stream," J. Fahey. The catalogue contains also works by many other artists whose names are well known: E. W. Cooke, R. A.; Bennett, Holland, G. Smith, J. B. Pyne, W. Leader, J. Horlor, Niemann, S. Prout, J. Callow, W. Hunt, T. Joy, S. P. Jackson, G. D. Paris, Honorary Secretary of the Society, Gastineau, R. R. Scanlan, T. S. Robins, Miss Rayner, Mrs. W. Oliver, and Mrs. H. Criddle. Some of the pictures by these artists have been contributed by their present owners.

National Portrait Exhibition.—In accordance with a suggestion made some months ago by the Earl of Derby to the Science and Art Department, it is determined to have a National Portrait Exhibition, which will be opened in April, 1866, in the portion of the building at South-Kensington that was used for the refreshment-rooms of the International Exhibition of 1862. The exhibition is specially designed to illustrate English history, and the progress of art in England. It may be divided into two or three sections, representing distinct historic periods exhibited in successive years, depending upon the number of the portraits received and the space available for their proper exhibition. It will comprise the portraits of persons of every class who have in any way attained eminence or distinction in England, from the date of the earliest authentic portraits to the present time; but will not include the portraits of living persons, or portraits of a miniature character. In regard to Art, the works of inferior painters representing distinguished persons will be admitted; while the acknowledged works of eminent artists will be received, though the por-

trait is unknown or does not represent a distinguished person. The portraits of foreigners who have attained eminence or distinction in England will also be included, with portraits by foreign artists which represent persons so distinguished. The portraits, for the purpose of proper arranging and cataloguing, will be received not later than the second week in February; and will be returned at the end of August at the latest; but though the exhibition will continue open till that time, any owner who requires the return of his contributions at the end of July will have them forwarded to him at once. All correspondence relating to the subject should be indorsed "National Portrait Exhibition" on the cover, and, addressed to the Secretary of the Science and Art Department, South-Kensington Museum. The list of the Committee for carrying out the object includes a long array of noblemen and gentlemen interested in art, with Lord Derby as their president.—*Art Journal.*

Paris.—The French Academy of Fine Arts has awarded the "Lambert" prize to Madame Moreau, widow of the sculptor whose status of Aristophanes lately called forth so much admiration. An exhibition of water-color drawings was opened in the month of September at the gallery on the *Boulevard des Italiens*. M. E. Hildebrandt, a German artist, who enjoys a high reputation on the Continent, and who has traveled over the greater part of the world in pursuit of his art, exhibits no fewer than three hundred water-color drawings. The differences which exist amongst the methods employed by English and foreign artists in the treatment of water-colors, apart from the ability of the artist in question, render this exhibition especially worthy of the attention of artists and amateurs of all countries.

SCIENCE.

Diamonds.—It surprised many persons, some years ago, to be told that iron was an aqueous deposit; they will, perhaps, be more surprised to hear that diamonds have also a watery origin. The theory has long prevailed, that their formation was principally due to the action of fire; but Professor Göppert, of Breslau, has published an elaborate prize-essay, illustrated with colored plates, *On the Vegetable Nature of Diamonds*, which completely excludes the operation of fire. To use the old terms, diamonds must now be transferred from the Plutonists to the Neptunians. They existed at some early period in a soft, watery condition, during which they took up other mineral or vegetable substances, as may be seen inside of numerous specimens, or their surfaces were marked by the pressure of hard substances with which they came in contact. Indeed, to those persons who understand any thing of the subject, this theory will account for many phenomena connected with diamonds which seemed difficult of explanation. Professor Göppert is not the first to suggest it, but he is the first who has worked it out to so comprehensive an extent, and illustrated it by such interesting and conclusive examples. One effect of its publication will probably be to inspire enterprising chemists with notions as to the way in which they may manufacture artificial

diamonds more like the reality than the present paste.—*Chambers's Journal*.

The Ancient Rhone Glacier.—At the meeting (held at Geneva, in August) of the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences, Mr. Alphonse Favre read a most important paper on this interesting ice-sea. The determination of the altitudes at which erratic blocks are found along the old line of that immense sea of ice, which even in its present diminished size is so striking, and in the results of its working upon its general scenery of the country it once covered is so picturesque, has occupied much of M. Favre's time. He believes that the determination of these altitudes fixes approximately the limiting level of the glaciers in the neighborhood in which they are found, taking, of course, the highest erratics in each district. On this principle he finds that the slope of the ice between the Col de Ferret and St. Maurice has been exceedingly steep; thence to Villeneuve, at the head of the lake of Geneva, much less steep; while from Villeneuve down to the point at which the ice-stream burst the bounds set by the Jura, where now the Fort de l'Ecluse keeps a jealous watch, the glacier has presented a vast horizontal surface. Of course, on the Jura itself the descending stream has surged—so to speak—to various heights; but on the left bank, by Meillerie, and the foot of the Dent d'Oche, (where, however, the ice seems to have risen in a wave,) and down to the Voiron, one uniform superior limit of altitude is given by the erratics, being about 1000 metres above the present surface of the sea, and therefore some 2600 feet above the Lake of Geneva as it now stands. Before finally reaching the plain of France, the glacier met with a fresh opposition from the M. Sion, 600 metres in height, and here again the erratics tell of a horizontal surface. Beyond the M. Sion another monticule, the Grolée, (533 m.,) produced a similar result, and then the ice was lost in the plain.—*Popular Science*.

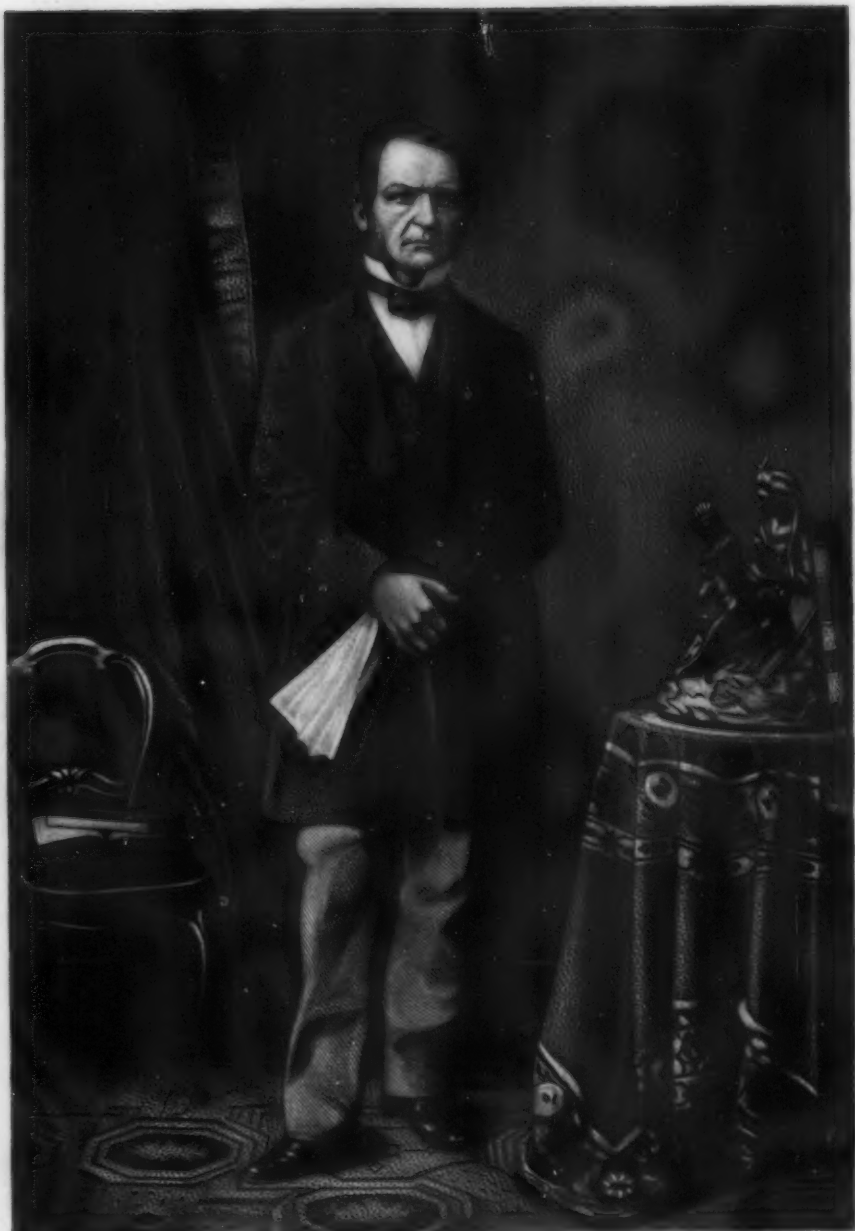
VARIETIES.

The French Treaty of Commerce.—The French Treaty of Commerce thus, or somewhat thus, came about. Strong in his denunciation as he had been of the frequent panics of French invasion of England, the idea gradually grew upon him that by far the most effectual method of rendering their recurrence most unlikely, if not quite impossible, was to cement new ties of commercial intercourse connecting the two countries, between which for ages there had been a most foolish and mutually injurious rivalry of prohibitory tariffs, and thus establish the strongest interests on both sides of the Channel against the outbreak of war. He had frequently talked over this idea with other illustrious free-traders, notably with such men as Chevalier and Bright; and Bright publicly expounded it, and urged its adoption in a speech delivered shortly after the formation of the Ministry in 1859. Chevalier, when he read this speech, wrote to Cobden, stating his belief that the time was now ripe for the completion of the idea which had formed

so frequent a subject of their mutual converse and their dearest hopes. Chevalier said he believed the coöperation of the Emperor was certain. This was a great encouragement to Cobden, and he resolved fairly to set about the task. He communicated his plans to Mr. Bright, and the two proceeded to Hawarden Castle, the seat of Sir Stephen Glyn, a relative of Mr. Gladstone, and whom the latter gentleman was then visiting. Mr. Gladstone accorded at once his warmest approval. Cobden then waited upon the Premier, who also sanctioned the enterprise, and Mr. Cobden at once proceeded to Paris to commence the execution of his difficult but glorious task.—*M. Gilchrist's Life of Cobden*.

Etymology and History of the Word "Palace."—A palace now is the abode of a royal family. But, if we look at the history of the name, we are soon carried back to the shepherds of the Seven Hills. There, on the Tiber, one of the seven hills was called the *Collis Palatinus*, and the hill was called *Palatinus*, from *Pales*, a pastoral deity, whose festival was celebrated every year on the twenty-first of April as the birthday of Rome. It was to commemorate the day on which Romulus, the wolf-child, was supposed to have drawn the first furrow on the foot of that hill, and thus to have laid the foundation of the most ancient part of Rome the *Roma Quadrata*. On this hill, the *Collis Palatinus*, stood in later times the houses of Cicero and of his neighbor and enemy Catiline. Augustus built his mansion on the same hill, and his example was followed by Tiberius and Nero. Under Nero, all private houses had to be pulled down on the *Collis Palatinus*, in order to make room for the emperor's residence, the *Domus Aurea*, as it was called, the Golden House. This house of Nero's was henceforth called the *Palatium*, and it became the type of all the palaces of the kings and emperors of Europe.—*Professor Müller's Lectures*.

Right of Adoption in India.—The right or rather duty of adoption, is no peculiar privilege; it is the specific and inherent principle of the Hindoo law of inheritance; and there is no religious obligation that is held more sacred among Hindoos. When a man has no hope of male issue it is deemed a sin in him not to adopt. Should he, however, die without having effected this great object, it is the duty of his widow, with the concurrence of the senior male relatives, to adopt a son for her deceased husband. The adopted son performs the funeral ceremonies and becomes the heir of the deceased, and henceforward loses all share and interest in the property of his natural parents. Unless there is a son or lineal descendant, there ought always to be an adoption, for even the nearest relation is not entitled to succeed merely by reason of his consanguinity; and in the event of there being no blood relation eligible for adoption, a duly adopted son from another family is the heir, to the exclusion of all collaterals.—*Major E. Bell's Letters from Madras*.



ENGRAVED FOR THE ECLECTIC BY FERRIS & GILES, N. Y.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M. P.

